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MADONNA AND CHILD

The Abingdon Religious Education Texts

David G. Downey, General Editor

WEEK-DAY SCHOOL SERIES

GEORGE HERBERT BETTS, Editor

A Second Primary Book in Religion

BY
ELIZABETH COLSON
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W. H. C. B. H.
TO THE
GENERAL COUNCIL

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A NOTE OF THANKS

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The author of "Gentle Child of Nazareth" is not known. We are told that for many years the Syrian mothers have taught these words to their children and we are glad to give this beautiful translation.

INTRODUCTORY

INTRODUCTORY

WE are secretly amused when the children tell us that they are "six and a half," or "seven and a quarter" years old, giving great importance to the fractions of years. Perhaps, however, if we who are older grew, advanced, and changed as much in six months as the children do, it would seem to us to be important to state the fractions as well as the years that make our ages.

We notice these changes when we plan and grade lessons to meet the needs of seven-year-old children, for the little six-year old, with his slight experience, his fleeting attention, and dependent ways, is gone. There has been a noticeable growth in other ways besides the inches that have been added to the stature of the little child you greeted a year ago. One can quite easily imagine kissing his round cheek after a summer of separation, but intuition tells one (just in time!) to shake hands with the seven-year-old instead. How the children have grown in a year! We notice at once an expansion of experience, a greater assurance, a fuller grasp, and a ready response to the idea of happy, interesting work and play. We notice also an increase in the power of memory. The desultory and rather illogical memories of a year ago are stronger and more retentive, and as memory continues to grow during this period it should be cultivated and supplied with the best material. Some of the best things ever written are simple in their perfection and this is true of music and pictures.

The children's contacts in the home and the school, and with the world at large, have prepared them for understanding lessons that teach the Christian virtues. They are imitative, and suggestions carried out largely through imitation—part of which is unconscious, much of it dramatic, and all of it pur-

positive—are of decided educational importance for establishing habits of proper speech and conduct. In fact, these children are in a stage of rapid habit formation and should be developing attitudes that will lead to right habits and actions. For this reason all of the material included in these lessons emphatically calls attention to what is right and good, and much of it is repeated again and again. In this connection, dramatization is of great service, and is most acceptable to the seven-year-old, as he is still very active physically and takes great pleasure in imaginative play. The dramatic is a chief interest and plays a large part in his development. Because it is repetition that causes habits to form, many teachers doubt the wisdom of making use, in the dramatic process, of stories in which wrong acts are in contrast with right. May it not be true that contrasts are needed to show vividly the beauty of truth and right? Often, when contrasts are properly treated, one has difficulty in getting children who will take the negative parts. Some children were planning to play the story of "The Good Samaritan" for the second time. Sentiment was strongly in favor of the kindly acts of the Samaritan, and of the dramatic situation of the injured man. Two boys could not be found who would take the ugly parts played by the priest and the Levite, in the story. One cannot doubt the value of action, in the formation of habits that will be permanent parts of a child's moral equipment.

The children are affectionate, demonstrative, and responsive, although less willing to show these lovable traits as frankly as they did last year.

"Blessings on them! they in me
Move a kindly sympathy,
With their wishes, hopes and fears,
With their laughter and their tears,
With their wonder so intense,
And their small experience!"

The Objective.—The religious need of very young children is to know God as a loving, protecting, heavenly Father, who sympathizes with little children and understands their thoughts. In this second primary year, to that concept should be added a response to God's love and obedience to his law. The children should become increasingly conscious of their relation to God and to God's other children the world around. There should be, at this time, definite, unmistakable teaching concerning right and truth.

At seven children can form habits of prayer, and thoughts can be trained. Religion can be identified with everyday life in a very positive way through the activities and the service work that you help them to accomplish, because a consciousness of personal responsibility is dawning interestingly. This new dignity is much enjoyed and provides a point of contact.

As the work of the year progresses watch for the appearance of the spirit of helpfulness and understanding. This year, in the lives of these children, should be so marked as to be remembered always as a time of special interest in the things the Babe of Bethlehem came to teach.

Methods and Materials.—The story method is delightful and effective, and the point of many a good story is also the point of many an important lesson. In our use of stories we have gone to the greatest book of all for much of our material. We are told by those who know that the Bible is the greatest textbook but not the only one, so you will find stories that are religious from other sources.

The impression made by story and song should be followed by expressional activities, that impulses may not be allowed to die, but develop into habits of conduct and service. Supplementing the stories are poems, hymns, pictures, and service work of various types. Comparatively little of the abundant good material available can be given here. The current magazines of religious education should be studied, for charming

and usable new material is always on the way. Care and taste must be used in the matter of selection, however, for all that is published is not good enough for your use in this connection. We need to remember that what we use in appealing to the ears and eyes of the children is forming taste, so that nothing short of the best is good enough to set before them. We must work constantly toward the formation of high ideals.

"The deepest thing a teacher does is to form taste. But all taste grows slowly, by unconscious accretion. The Chinese money-changer sets his apprentice at work handling good money only. For ten years he touches nothing else. He can then detect a counterfeit coin. How? Perhaps he cannot tell how. His way is surer, deeper. He feels it. He has taste. So with the building of the taste for good books, for pictures, for nature. It is a slow process—many a book to be absorbed, picture seen and loved, and mountain and flower and sunset gazed upon, before taste is formed.

"And the taste for godliness, for religion, is no exception. It is the finest and rarest of all tastes, and hence is the slowest and quietest of all in its development.

"But did you ever see, in the hothouse, shall we say, of the Sunday school, seed sown, harvest reaped, yes, and cakes taken from the oven, within the limits of a single half hour?"—(From *Picture Work*, by Walter Hervey. Used by permission.)

The Lessons.—The plan provides for two one-hour lessons each week of the school year. Those who teach once a week can keep the children for a longer period perhaps, and take the best from two lessons; or such lessons may be omitted as will bring the celebrations of special days and seasons and the reviews at the right time. If the lessons are thoughtfully read at least a month in advance, these rearrangements can easily be made and supplies ordered.

It is impossible to plan definitely for all climates and condi-

tions, but enough material is given to provide for necessary rearrangements where adaptation is required.

Memory Work.—The ability to memorize should be cultivated. As a rule, the seven-year-old mind memorizes easily and with eagerness and the selections have been made with reference to the interests of the children. The text need not be crowded with repetitions concerning the advisability of constantly reviewing the memory work. We are becoming more and more keenly aware of the importance of frequent and interesting reviews. The work for the month should be given as a whole from the beginning, for the stories and activities will gradually make the meanings clear and account for the sentiments expressed. If any of the selections seem to be too long, they can be cut, but if they are offered to the children as given in the text, the child who memorizes easily will have about what is right and the less ready minds will be offered an opportunity to get all that they can.

Too thorough an explanation often robs a beautiful selection of its charm, so use the memory work as a means of developing imagination. Simple explanations are suggested in connection with the memory work, and the answers to the children's questions will add what is necessary. About some passages of Scripture there is little to say and much to be felt. There can be no definitions of mystical expressions of love, delight, awe or reverence, but one can always show appreciation, and perhaps say—"I wonder!" To help a child to wonder by giving him a wonderful thought, and time to think, is religious education, for wonder is a beautiful part of praise.

Plays and Games.—Above all else, in all and through all that you give in this course, teach religion. Great use can be made of plays and games, in teaching the meaning of the Golden Rule, and for practice and experience in preferring one another in honor.

Plato had much to say about the educative value of the play

of children. In the Greece of his day all art was thought to be rhythmic and harmonious. The Greek thinkers and educators found in the games played by children a moral harmony for a world in which men could live well and serve as they should. This seems to be true of the simple games that we enjoy playing with the children, for obedience to law is a part of moral harmony, and we find that harmony, or the need for it, in all games that are worth playing. A child soon learns that he has the power to make or mar the pleasure of the whole group, and that only when every child is kind and merry and willing to play fair is the game worth while.

These things are true of the dramatizations, even the simplest of them—and the repetition of the little experiences acted is a happy way of forming habits of consideration and helpfulness. To be educational, a game or play should be faithfully played with all rules observed and obeyed.

The Offering.—We would not be worthy of being called co-workers with God if we did not help the children to give gladly and willingly. The offering is not a feature of each lesson, but there should be frequent demonstrations of how any money that is given is used, and discussions about why people give. There might also be a bit of rejoicing over free-will offerings. The suggestions given here and there in the text about the use of the children's offerings are very elementary, that they may see how the money is spent, as in the case where all go together to buy a gift or material for gifts to be sent, or better still, taken, to a child or grown-up neighbor. In this way little projects can be carried out, the children able to see every step, from the making of the plan to the thanks expressed. It is possible to use these lessons in giving to advantage only when teachers adapt them to the needs and opportunities in their own environments. It is a good thing to remember the members of the class on occasion, and sometimes out of a clear sky, for all children love surprises, and also it is a way for them to

learn by experience the pleasure of receiving. Having received, one is ready for the wonderful truth that it is still better to give. The offering is occasional in the hope that it may also be voluntary, and that the children will be able to bring what is theirs to give. Failing a regular allowance, gifts of money can be shared and money can be earned for the mite box if the project is sufficiently appealing. In this way the habit of giving of one's own can be formed and the proverbial penny taken from the family purse with mechanical regularity avoided.

Conditions Favorable to Good Work.—The ideal classroom is large and light, attractive and cheerful in coloring, and well ventilated. There should be a hardwood floor, low tables and chairs, a blackboard, shelves or a cabinet, and a piano. As the weeks pass, window boxes, plants, and bulletin boards will be added to the more permanent equipment, bringing the charm of the workshop.

Play grounds, roof gardens, school yards, near-by parks, country roads and fields should be enjoyed and used whenever it is possible. Of teaching in the out-of-doors Froebel says, "The things of nature form a more beautiful ladder between earth and heaven than that seen by Jacob; not a one-sided ladder leading to one place but in all directions. Not in dreams alone is it seen; it is permanent—it surrounds us on all sides."

Public libraries can supply stories and pictures, also reading for the teacher. If the public library cannot be reached, ask in the name of the children the privilege of borrowing from the libraries in private homes and schools, and ministers' studies.

Every church school should possess a collection of suitable pictures, books, and other materials for the use of classes. Perhaps your needs made known may serve as a stimulus toward providing equipment of this kind.

Ideal equipments are not common, and almost every teacher

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must substitute what she can have for what she should have. But the teacher who is privileged to teach religion should not be easily satisfied with second best in any department of her work, for she is pledged to the task of causing the spirit of Jesus Christ to find room in a world of men and women.

I. FRIENDLY CHILDREN

- I. A Baby's Friends.
- II. Jesus, the Friend of Children.
- III. A Thoughtful Friend.
- IV. The Friends We Cannot See.
- V. The Friends of the Birds.
- VI. Friends who Care for Us.
- VII. Friendly Behavior.
- VIII. Review.

"What is holy but that which binds many souls together?"

—*Goethe.*

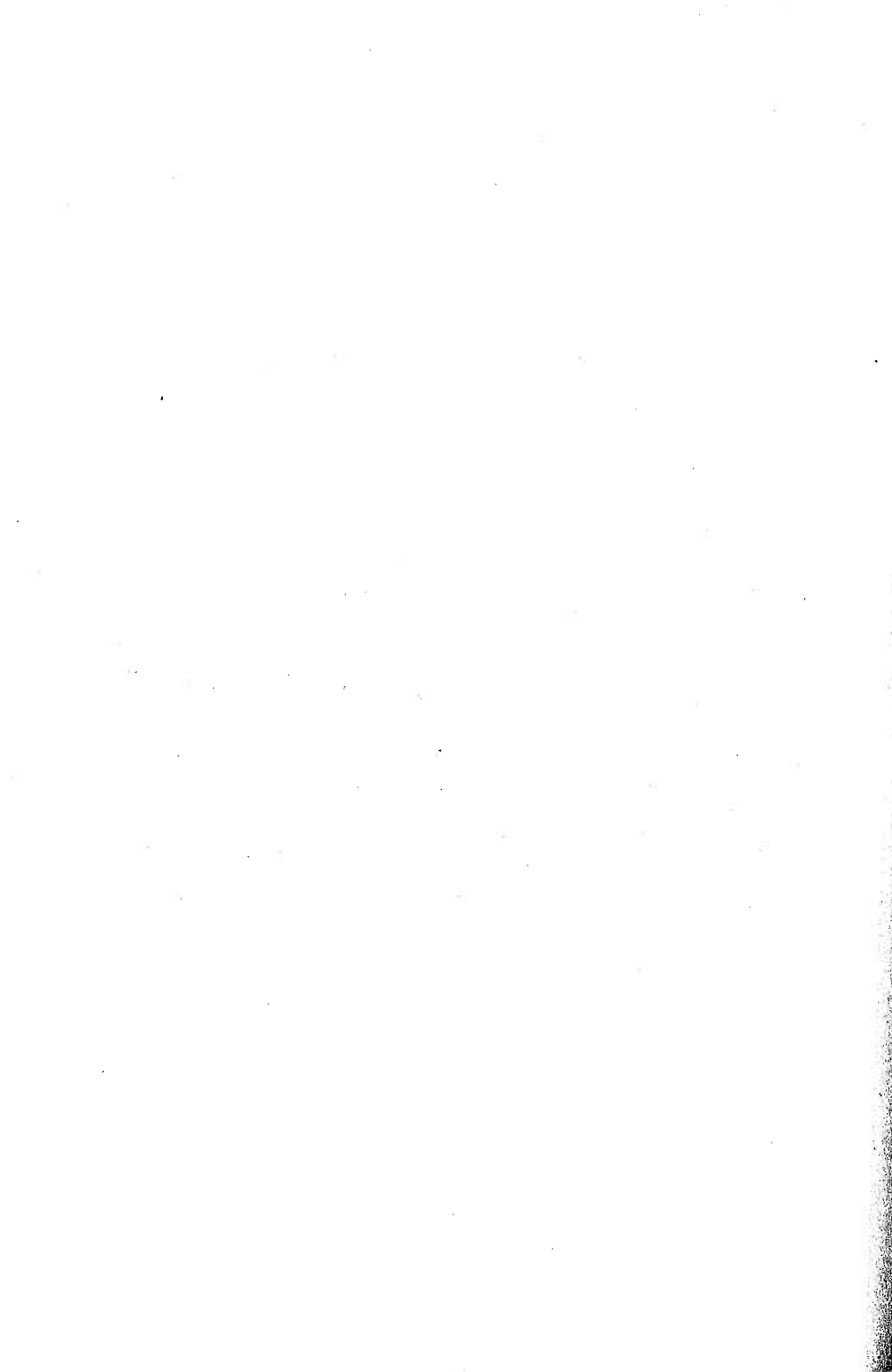
THE MEMORY WORK:

I have called you friends, . . . I chose you.

A friend loveth at all times.

Ye are my friends, if ye do the things which I command you.

I say unto you my friends, Be not afraid.



LESSON I

A BABY'S FRIENDS

THE children will enjoy a few minutes of free play, if they have come to you for this hour of religious instruction directly from school. Froebel says of free play that it is "just natural life." Because they are free the children will express themselves naturally, and later you will be able to tell where their interests lie and how much of your teaching they have understood, for the stories and games will be played again and again.

If there is work for them to do in arranging chairs or preparing material for the lesson, it may well be substituted for the free play, which is not essential and need not be given a place, each time.

Directed play interests, teaches, and helps children to know the charm there is in working in groups.

In reading the lessons through before beginning to teach them you will find that the programs vary. In these lessons in friendliness the short play period is followed by the story in which the lesson is to be found, and later brought out more fully in the activities, and impressed by the service of worship.

The service has been placed at the close, for when the children arrive they are not in tune for quiet thought. The story and all that precedes the service will give point to the hymns and reasons for the prayer, and the children will go home impressed by everything that has happened, and with the words of the benediction in their ears.

It is important that the memory work for the month be repeated at every lesson, and the phrase especially brought out by the story dwelt upon each time.

When the review lessons come, the children should be able to repeat the memory work, the prayer, and the benediction. Reviews should take place constantly whenever there is a need or an opportunity. The hymns chosen for special attention in connection with each topic are worth knowing well, and are appropriate for use at all times. There is no time when it is not a good thing to sing hymns of thanksgiving, or when we may not sing of the beauty and wonder of the coming of Christ to live on the earth.

The handwork is in no case an end in itself, nor are you asked to teach the uses of material or the control of muscles. The hope is that a certain proportion of the expressional activities planned for use in these lessons will in their very nature easily be carried over into some form of vital expression. Such would be the work of the little gifts, made and taken into the children's homes, and all that is planned for the pleasure of others. The handwork that has value from the standpoint of religious education is that which involves the construction of something useful and interesting for one who will use it.

The children may be strangers to you and to each other at this first time of coming together, and for that reason a story familiar to many—perhaps to *all*—has been chosen as a point of contact. Take time for a talk about the work that you will do together. Show the shelves or the cabinet where the materials are to be kept and tell about the interesting collections you will need to make. If you have read all of the lessons before you begin to teach, you will have a great deal to say that will be very interesting, for children love to anticipate.

You should have ready for this lesson a box or little pail filled with pebbles of different sizes and colors and also some shells, if these are possible in your locality. Tell of ways in which shells, seeds, cones, acorns and many other things dear

to children can be used. Show a container made according to the directions given in Lesson II. Promise to teach the children to make such containers to hold the collections.

When you have talked and played together for about fifteen minutes, propose arranging the chairs in a circle and prepare for the story.

Story: *A Baby's Friends.*

A little baby lay asleep in a basket. The basket was hidden among the grasses that grew along the banks of a great river. The little waves rocked the basket, and the grasses caught it and kept it from floating away, out where the water was deep. The grasses and the little waves made the soft sounds that hush babies to sleep. Sh-sh- lap-lap—and the bees hummed-hum-m-m—. The birds made quiet little sounds in their throats as birds do when they talk together. The birds, the bees, the waves, and the grasses all rocked and hushed the baby, so he slept. But with all these little friends to care for him the baby's big sister was caring too. She stood among the tall grasses not very far away, watching and listening, for she wanted to feel very sure that her dear baby brother was safe. The sister's name was Miriam. The baby's home was just across the sunny, hot fields. His mother was there, thinking about him and feeling very lonely because he was not with her.

By this time you all know that this is the story of Moses, and that I read it in the Holy Bible. Now I will tell you why the baby was among the grasses by the river on that warm, bright day so long ago.

In those days the people whom we call the Children of Israel were living in Egypt, but Egypt was not their home. They had no country that was theirs, as America is our country, and they hoped and hoped that some day God would help them to find a home. The Children of Israel were very unhappy in Egypt. The king of Egypt was unkind and unfriendly.

He made the Children of Israel work very hard. Of course the Children of Israel could not love such a king. As the king stood watching them while they worked in the hot sun he saw that there were a great many of them, and he began to feel afraid of the Children of Israel. What if they should rise up and make war against him! They would be sure to win the battles, for there were so many of them and they were very strong. Then the king thought of the babies, and he remembered that babies grow up, and that some day these babies would be brave soldiers. He was afraid, even of the babies! He said to his helpers, "Every baby boy that comes to a Hebrew family—ye shall cast into the river."

How sad and frightened the mothers must have been! They thought of every good hiding place where they could put their little boys. The baby whose mother put him down among the grasses by the river thought that she had found a good place, for no one would expect to find a baby there. She certainly had found a *pleasant* place for her baby, and the basket bed that she had made was very comfortable. And Miriam, the baby's sister, stood afar off to know what would be done to him.

After a while the princess came walking by the river and her friends were walking with her. The princess was the daughter of the king and she lived in a beautiful palace. Miriam could hear the princess talk and laugh, and the princess' friends talked and laughed too. They came nearer and nearer the place where the baby was hidden, and their voices woke the baby! How he cried! He was frightened when he opened his eyes and saw the sky and the waving grasses. He wanted to see his mother looking down at him.

The princess heard the baby cry, and her friends parted the tall grass, and looked and looked, and then they found him! When the princess saw the little frightened face all wet with tears she loved the baby and longed to make him safe and

happy. "This is one of the Hebrew children," she said, and she was sad, for she knew that her father the king did not want the Hebrew babies to live.

Miriam was creeping nearer and nearer, and when she saw the princess looking in such a kind, friendly way at the baby, she came out from among the tall grasses and stood watching as little girls do. When Miriam saw that the princess wanted the baby to grow up to be a good man, but that she did not dare to take him to live in the palace with the king, she said, "Shall I go and call thee a nurse of the Hebrew women that she may care for him, for thee?" and the princess said, "Go." Away Miriam ran, across the grass in the hot sun, to call her mother. Miriam and her mother were glad and excited as they went back to the river together. They felt sure that the baby was safe if the princess was his friend, and so he was. When the princess saw the baby's mother she said, "Take this child away and care for him, and I will give thee wages." So the baby's own mother carried him home across the fields, and the princess and her friends walked on. As they walked they talked of other things, but the princess thought about the baby. She remembered his little frightened face and his big eyes filled with tears, and she said, "When he is big enough I will take him to the palace to live, and we will be friends, and love each other very much. I will name him 'Drawn from the Water.'" And the word that she spoke when she said, "Drawn from the water," was "Moses," for the princess and all of the people in Egypt spoke a language that we could not understand.

So Moses grew, and learned to talk and to walk, and when he was a big boy he went to the palace to live with the princess.

A Talk:

The baby in the story had a great many friends. The tall grasses, the little waves, the bees and the birds were friendly

to him. The princess and the maidens who walked to the river with her were his friends as soon as they saw that he needed friends. Miriam was a good friend, and the baby's mother was a *very* good friend. But the best Friend of all children is the heavenly Father, who took care of the baby that day.

Long years after that hot day by the river down in Egypt, Jesus called *us* his friends. He said, "I have called you friends." He meant that we are his friends if we do the things that he asks us to do. One of the things that he tells us to do is, "Love one another." He asks us to be friendly at all times, even when we do not feel like being friendly.

Activity:

Dramatize the song *Baby Moses* in the following way: Have a child ask the questions, making believe that she holds a little baby in her arms. The others answer, acting the part, first, of the water by showing the motion of the waves in any way the children think best expresses it. Tall rushes are easily shown by raised arms that wave gracefully as the body sways. Miriam's response should be sung by one child, and all may sing softly the last two lines, "Silently sleep, baby, sweetly sleep, for God will take care of you." As the song is finished the child who holds the baby may lay him at the feet of the children as they stand in a row, ready to care for him.

Song: *Baby Moses* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship,
No. 107.

"Who will take little baby?
'I,' said the water deep.
'Baby may float in his cradle boat
And I shall rock him to sleep.'

"Who will hide little baby?
'We,' said the rushes tall.
'Safely we'll hide the baby inside
That nobody sees him at all.'

"Who will watch little baby?
Miriam answers 'I.
I'm sure to hear if the baby dear
Gives even a tiny, soft cry.'

"Who will guard little baby
Out on the water blue?
Silently sleep, baby, safely sleep,
For God will take care of you."

(The Sunday School Union, London, owners of copyright
of poem.)

Service of Worship:

In preparing for this service ask the children to arrange the chairs either in a circle or in rows, and as the chimes (see Lesson VIII) are played on the piano, take your places.

HYMN: *I Would Like to Have Been with Him Then* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship).

PRAYER: Jesus, gentle friend of all children everywhere, we are glad that you called us your friends. Help us to do friendly things that will make our friends happy. Bless the friends we love and all who love us. Amen.

SCRIPTURE READING—*The Memory Work:*

I have called you friends, . . . I chose you.

A friend loveth at all times.

Ye are my friends, if ye do the things which I command you.

I say unto you my friends, Be not afraid.

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HYMN: *Baby Moses* (or a hymn remembered from last year).

BENEDICTION (standing with heads bowed): Dear Lord Jesus, be with us, every one, until we meet again. Amen.

Additional Material: 1. "The Littlest Baby's Neighbors," in Little Neighbor Picture Stories. (Any of the stories in this series of six are good friendship stories, and the pictures are large for wall use.) 2. "Moses in the Bulrushes," in Primary Method in the Church School, by Alberta Munkres. (This is a dramatization of the story.)

LESSON II

JESUS, THE FRIEND OF CHILDREN

PLACE the box of pebbles and shells on the table to be played with and sorted by the children. As this is the short free-play period they may do as they please, but if they simply waste the time, either set them to work or go on with the directed play.

Directed Play:

Review the song *Baby Moses* with motions as it was sung at the last lesson.

The children have a game which they call "Statuary." "Making Pictures" is another and a better name for the game, as we will play it. The children take positions representing characters in a well known story—to-day it will be "A Baby's Friends." Ask one child to pose, and the rest should form an attentive audience and guess the character portrayed. The story is rich in such possibilities—you have a little girl in hiding, a mother, a hated king, a beautiful princess, all in dramatic situations.

Story: *Jesus, the Friend of Children.*

One day long ago, some children were playing in the streets of a city. After a while they began to quarrel. One of the children did not play fair and that made the others angry. Their voices were loud and their faces were cross. They struck each other and one boy fell in the dust.

While they were quarreling Jesus and his friends turned into that street and walked toward the children. When the children looked at Jesus' kind face they were ashamed. They

knew, now that they had seen Jesus, that it was wicked and very silly to fight. They could not be rude when they knew that Jesus was near and could see what they were doing. The children stood and looked as long as they could see him, for they knew that Jesus of Nazareth had passed by. They had heard that Jesus of Nazareth went about doing good.

As Jesus and his friends walked, that day, mothers came out of their houses and asked Jesus to bless the babies they held out to him. When the mothers saw Jesus coming they knew that he was the great friend of little children and they cared very much to have him bless their babies.

Great numbers of people followed Jesus, and he made those that were sick well, and the blind people he made to see. People who had questions about things they could not understand came and talked with Jesus, and he answered them and was patient and very kind. As Jesus was talking to these people and others were crowding around to hear what he said, more children were brought to him to be blessed. When the friends who walked with Jesus as he went about doing good saw the children and their mothers coming they hurried toward them and said: "Jesus is talking of very important matters and he is tired. Take the children away that he may not be disturbed by them."

How disappointed they were! They could not bear to turn away, and as they lingered just a minute, they heard Jesus say, "Let the little children come unto me, and forbid them not."

Then the people moved aside and made a path in the crowd for the children. They ran to him, and he took the littlest ones in his arms and blessed them. He talked with them, and they gave him presents they had brought for him. Some had gathered flowers as they came. Some of the children may have brought the things they loved the most to give to Jesus. Perhaps a boy brought his pet dove. Some child may have

brought a bright, beautiful shell from the Red Sea. They must have been glad to have beautiful things to give to Jesus. Jesus was glad that the children brought the things they liked best to him.

I hope they never forgot the words that Jesus said to them. They must have talked all the rest of their lives about the day when their mothers took them to see Jesus. No matter where they were or what they were doing they remembered that they were the children whom Jesus blessed. They knew that he had taken them in his arms and held their busy little hands quietly in his. It seems as though those children must have been helpful and loving, always.

A Talk:

Show a picture of Christ blessing little children, and also "The Hope of the World," artist, Harold Copping—both pictures to be found in the picture set which supplements A First Primary Book in Religion. Procurable elsewhere as well.

As you show the pictures talk about them in some such way as this:

Perhaps you have seen these pictures before, but we love to look at them again and again. This one (Christ blessing little children) was painted by a man who loved Jesus. He wanted to show us how *he* thought Jesus must have looked, for, of course, he never saw Jesus. It is a picture of the story that I have just told you. (Allow the children to study the picture and comment upon it.) This picture ("The Hope of the World") was painted by a man who loves Jesus too. Of course neither of these men knew just how Jesus looked, but they painted what they imagined. Do you think he may have looked like either of these pictures? If you could paint very beautiful pictures, would you try to show us what *you* thought he was like? A great many artists who loved Jesus have painted pictures of him.

This picture ("The Hope of the World") shows us that children all over the great round world are friends whom Jesus loves. Can you see a child from China? from Africa? from the lovely green islands of the sea? Is there a child from America there? Jesus loves every one.

Activity:

After marching for a few minutes go to the table to make containers for collections and materials. Explain that you will want different materials for making gifts for friends and that you will keep them in these boxes. Give each child a square of heavy manila paper 10x10 inches. A container such as many grocers use, unpinned and unfolded will give you a pattern, or the directions given here can be followed. Fold the square as indicated in the diagram. Fold up the four sides and fold the corners back, pinning them to the sides of the box with paper fasteners.

You will need labels for the containers, and the children may cut them from tinted paper on ruled or folded lines. They should be oblong and about 3 inches long. Have "Pebbles" or "Shells" carefully written on one of the labels and paste it on the side of the container. Then put the prettiest of the pebbles in and stand it in its place on the shelf. Put the other containers on the shelf, ready to be labeled and used when you need them. There will be all sorts of small things to be kept in order and the containers will be very useful.

If there is time, each child may make a label to take home, writing on it "Tea" or "Rice" or "Sugar."

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *I Should Like to Have Been With Him Then*
(A First Book in Hymns and Worship. No. 27).

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work.*

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with him then.

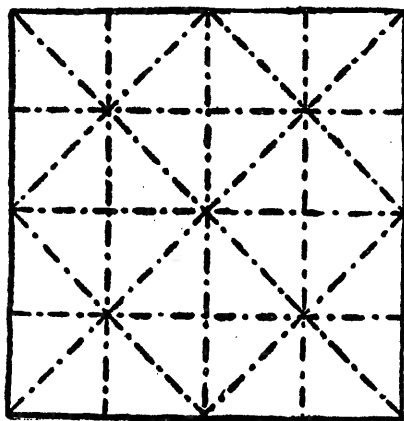
"I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me;
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
'Let the little ones come unto me!'"

PRAYER (see Lesson I).

HYMN: *I Should Like to Have Been With Him Then.*

BENEDICTION: Dear Lord Jesus, be with us until we meet again. Amen.

Additional Material: Sing or read to the children "The Master Has Come Over Jordan" (Songs for Little People, No. 20).



LESSON III

A THOUGHTFUL FRIEND

If the children do not enter into some game or play with spirit, have them gather around the piano to sing. Sing any of the songs asked for if at all appropriate, and find out which songs are liked best and why.

Directed Play:

Prepare for the little dramatization of street scenes that constitutes the activity for this lesson in some such way as the following:

We have learned what Jesus said about friends, and we will know the verses better as we have stories and plays that tell about them. To-day we will think about the verse, "A friend loveth at all times." What does "at all times" mean? *Always*, no matter where you are or what is going on. It means to show that we love by doing helpful things. That is the way in which Jesus showed his love. He cured his friends when they were sick, and when they were blind he made them see. When he was a little boy only seven years old he showed his love for his mother and the other children, and for Joseph, too, by helping them in any way that he could. Shall we play a game of helping? See if you can think of helpful things to do. (Rearrange the chairs or do some work about the room, and if nobody runs to help you say: "How heavy these chairs are! It takes a long time to arrange so many. It would make it very easy if my friends helped me." When offers of assistance have been graciously accepted say, "A friend loveth at all times.")

If you are putting interest and enthusiasm into these lessons,

you are already much admired by the children, and the courtesy of your manner in acknowledging offers of help and in all that you do and say is being imitated, at home and elsewhere.

When your room is ready, blindfold a child and ask another to lead her to you. Ask some one to lead her gently to her chair, where she will be ready for the story.

Story: *Little Trot.*

Little Trot lived with his mother and father in a white house near the sea. Trot's home was in France, and probably you do not know this story about him, so here it is.

Trot went, one day, to lunch with Madame de Tréau. Her house was brown, with two towers. It was built on a rock that jutted out into the sea. The waves sparkled in the sunshine, and hundreds of gray and white seagulls rested on the waves, or sailed like airplanes through the air. Madame de Tréau had a pretty garden behind the brown house. It was a beautiful place, but Madame de Tréau could see none of these things, for she was blind.

When Trot reached Madame de Tréau's house he found her sitting in her great armchair. She was all alone. When lunch time came Trot took Madame de Tréau's hand and led her to the dining room. He told her all sorts of things, as they sat at lunch. He told her about the spray the waves had thrown in his face as he walked on the cliff. He told her about the bit of fish that would not stay on his fork, and even about a spot of gravy that he dropped on the cloth. That made Madame de Tréau laugh.

After lunch the big black horse brought the carriage to the door, and Madame de Tréau and Trot went for a drive. It was great fun to drive along that narrow road by the sea. The sky and the ocean were blue, except where the sun turned the waves to gold. Trot looked at Madame de Tréau. Her eyes were closed. She could not see how blue it was.

"Is it pretty over there to-day, Trot?" she asked.

"Well, *rather* pretty, Madame," Trot answered.

"Only *rather* pretty, Trot?" and Madame looked surprised.

Trot thought that Madame de Tréau would be very sad, if she knew how very, very pretty it was, when she could not see it. "It is prettier in heaven, I think," he said at last.

The cliff was so high and so red that Trot could not help saying so. Some of the rocks looked like animals out of a fairy book. They passed a little house that might have been Hop-o'-my-Thumb's home. Trot bounced up and down because he was so happy. His eyes were so sharp that he could see everything.

Then he remembered. It was not fair that he should see everything, and that Madame de Tréau should see nothing. He thought of a fine plan. He shut his eyes and put his hands over them to keep them shut. Madame de Tréau wondered why he was so still. She laid her soft hand on his cheek to pet him, and found Trot's hands hiding his eyes.

"Come, Trot," she said, "tell me all that you see. That will be almost as though I saw it all, myself."

Down came Trot's hands. He told Madame de Tréau about some great rocks that they passed.

"They look like mushrooms, don't you think so, Trot?" said Madame, for she remembered.

Trot counted the sea-gulls and Madame de Tréau said she knew just how they looked, resting and rocking on the blue and gold waves.

When the sun was going down into the sea the black horse drove through the gate of Trot's garden, and stopped at the door of his home.

Madame de Tréau said, "Little Trot, thank you for lending me your eyes."

"My eyes are very sharp, and you may borrow them often," said Trot.

Then they both laughed and said good night.

(Reprinted from *The Mayflower*, by permission of the Pilgrim Press.)

(From *Mon Petit Trot*, by A. Lichtenberger. Translated and adapted.)

After the story read—

“Praise to God for things we see,
The growing flower, the waving tree,
Our mother’s face, the bright blue sky,
Where birds and clouds come floating by—
Praise to God for seeing.”

(Hettie Lee.)

Activity:

A dramatization of street scenes. The street can be indicated by rows of chairs or a seam in carpet or matting. A board floor can be marked with chalk, and a cross mark will serve for a crossing. Station children at both ends of the street. The boys should have their hats and the girls may carry umbrellas and bundles, wearing coats and hats or anything that makes the play seem more real. Of course the children’s own names will be used.

SCENE I

(*A boy starts from one end of the street, as a girl starts from the other end. They meet as friends, the boy removes his hat.*)

GIRL: How do you do, John?

BOY: How are you, Jane?

(*They pass on.*)

SCENE II

(*A small girl starts from one end of the street carrying a large heavy bundle. A boy starts, catching up with her.*)

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BOY: Good morning, Mary; that is a heavy bundle. May I carry it to the corner for you?

GIRL: Thank you very much, George. It is a heavy bundle and I would be glad to have you help me with it.

(The boy takes the bundle and when they reach the crossing he gives it back to the girl, lifts his hat and they part, walking in opposite directions.)

GIRL (calling back and waving her hand): Thank you, George. Good-by!

BOY (waving his hat): You are welcome, Mary. Good by!

SCENE III

(A boy with bandaged eyes starts from one end of the street feeling his way. A second boy meets him.)

FIRST BOY: Hello there! Will you please tell me how far I am from the crossing?

SECOND BOY: Not very far. I'll walk with you and we will cross together.

FIRST BOY: That will be fine, for, of course, I cannot tell how near the cars are or how fast they are coming.

(As the boys reach the crossing arm in arm a child runs by ringing a bell. Another child comes from the other direction imitating the honk of an automobile. Then come two horses. The boys wait, and when the "cars" have passed, they cross the street.)

FIRST BOY: Thank you ever so much.

SECOND BOY: That's all right. I will lend you my eyes whenever you need them!

Other scenes can be devised and the children can "make them up," or bring the things they see in the street, for discussion and dramatization later, as this is only a beginning. Arrange so that each child has a part. The scenes will take only a minute or two and should be repeated several times, the parts taken by different children.

Service of Worship:

Music, played more and more softly as the children come to order.

HYMN: *I Should Like to Have Been With Him Then.*

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work* for the month repeated by the children. Read aloud Mark 10. 46-52.

POEM: *Praise to God for Seeing.* (Read earlier in the lesson and again here.)

PRAYER: *The Lord's Prayer.*

HYMN: (Chosen by the children).

BENEDICTION: Dear Lord Jesus, be with us every one until we meet again. Amen.

"Children should be taught manners under emotional stimulus. To bid a child to shake hands in order to be 'polite' appeals to no instinctive want. Children do not think in abstract terms. 'Politeness' is a goal for adults, because they have had the experience to want to be gentlemanly and lady-like for urgent reasons. The word does tap *their* emotions. Call a *child* into the parlor to shake hands with the lady in order to be 'friendly,' and you are appealing to a want, the gratification of which gives him more or less pleasure. It is, moreover, a wish, more important to develop in him than any other."

(Richard Morse Hodge.)

LESSON IV

THE FRIENDS WE CANNOT SEE

WE never see many of the people whose daily tasks provide the comforts and luxuries of life for us. We seldom think of them, and we know very little about them. They are certainly to be included among our friends, and this will be a missionary lesson.

If dates are served as suggested, ask the dealer of whom you buy them to give you a piece of the woven palm leaves in which the dates were packed to show the children. There may be an Eastern rug small enough for you to bring from home or borrow. Lay the rug on the floor where all can look at it as the story is told. After the story note the beautiful colors and interesting designs. In many rugs there are pictures of birds and little animal shapes, as well as little figures that can be called boys and girls. Turn the rug over and note the immense number of knots that must be tied in making one small rug.

This will be a very easy lesson to illustrate, for many of the steamship companies will furnish you with sailing schedules illustrated with pictures of ships that bring to this country the good things that we like so much. Some of the time tables have pictures of Arabs, camels, and palm trees. Geographies often contain good pictures of other lands. Look through the picture sets in use in your Sunday school and borrow any that illustrate this story.

If the children were very much interested in the street scenes played at the last lesson, they may take them up for their free play. If they are inclined to waste the time, begin the directed play period at once.

Directed Play:

Repeat the street scenes, adding any suggested by the children. Ask a child to show you what he would do if he saw a woman drop her handkerchief; if a little boy fell and hurt himself; if a big boy was teasing a stray dog.

Story: *The Palm Tree Village.*

THE PALM TREE VILLAGE

Some Arab children lived with their fathers and mothers in a little village on the sandy desert. Date-palms shaded them from the hot sun. The trees grew because a spring of clear water bubbled up through the sand and watered them. Out in the sun where the sand was dry there were no trees and no children.

It was a pity that the people of that Arab village had no Bible. It would have been wonderful for the children to know how Moses led the Children of Israel across their desert. The Children of Israel may have pitched their tents and lived for a while around the spring that made the palm trees grow. It must have been hard for them to leave the shade and the cool spring when the pillar of cloud and fire moved on. In the desert wherever a spring overflowed and watered the sand, and trees grew, there was a village like the one I am telling you about.

Great heavy bunches of dates grew on the trees near the top among the leaves. There were no branches or leaves on the tall straight trunks. One of the boys of the Palm Tree Village, whose name was Ishma, helped to gather the dates because he could climb to the top of the tallest tree. When the dates were ripe the men tied a rope around Ishma's body under his arms and around the tree, catching the loop as high as they could throw it over a rough scale-like place on the trunk of the tree where a palm leaf had been. Ishma sprang

at the tree and pulling on the rope he walked up the trunk. When he had gone as far as he could with the rope where it was he threw the noose up to catch on another scale. He did this again and again until at last he disappeared among the palm leaves.

Ishma's eyes shone when he saw the sweet, ripe dates. Under the tree four men were holding a large cloth by the corners. We would have called it a rug. It was made of camel's hair, and woven in strange figures and beautiful colors. Ishma dropped the great heavy bunches of dates into this, for the dates would have broken if he had thrown them on the ground. When the dates were all gathered the people of the village packed the largest and best in coverings made of strips of palm leaves woven together. They were getting them ready to send to America, and so they were careful to choose only the very good ones. They laid the dates very evenly side by side, and pressed them close together.

Dates were Ishma's breakfast, dinner, and supper. The little shelters in the village where he lived were made from the wood of palm trees. Ishma made baskets and brushes of the palm leaves. The rope that helped him climb the tall trees was made of strong shreds of the stems of palm leaves.

One day Ishma saw a train of camels traveling across the sandy desert. He ran quickly and told his father, for he could see that the men on the camels were Arab traders, who stopped at every little palm tree village and bought the dates and the rugs that the Arabs wanted to sell. Ishma's father was glad, for he had dates to sell. The men of the village also brought out their best rugs, and chose the prettiest for the traders. The people of the Arab village did all of the weaving of the rugs with their hands. They made the pretty patterns too, and chose the colors.

While the men got their wares ready, the women made

coffee and brought water from the spring, for the traders would be thirsty and dusty. Ishma and his friends ran out from among the palm trees to watch the camels as they came nearer and nearer. Soon they could hear the tinkle of the little brass bells that were tied in the cords that harnessed the camels' heads.

When they reached the shade of the palm trees the camels kneeled. The traders dismounted and bargained with Ishma's father and the other men. They gave them compasses, soap, pocketknives, and spools of thread for the rugs and dates. These were things that the Arabs were very glad to have, for there were no stores except those that were miles and miles away.

The traders drank coffee and rested in the shade of the trees until the sun went down and it was cooler; then they fastened the great packs of dates to the saddles and laid the rugs across the backs of the camels.

The camels knelt while the traders mounted; then the camels pitched forward and were on their knees. Forward, and back again, and the camels were on their feet, and the Arab traders were high in the air.

The camels' feet made no noise in the soft sand as they walked away; the tinkle of little brass bells grew fainter and fainter. Ishma and his friends ran out from under the palm trees and watched the camels until they were out of sight. It was very still, for in that country of hot sun and yellow sand there are no birds to sing nor even a breeze to whisper.

All that night the traders rode their camels on their way to the sea where ships were waiting to bring the dates and rugs to America.

One chilly night Billy and Bertha had sweet sticky dates for supper. Before they went to bed they cuddled down on the rug before the fire, and asked Auntie Bess to tell them a

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story. The rug came from over the sea, and the story that she told was the one that you have just read.

(From *Friends of Ours*, by permission of the Missionary Education Movement, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.)

Activity:

A party. Cut paper napkins into four and lay them on the table, one at each place. Ask the children to bring the chairs to the table, and invite them politely and cordially to sit down. A child may serve the dates, and you may show the piece of palm leaf matting. Talk of other things that come from far away lands, and about the friends who help to get them ready. These children read well enough to enjoy having you make a list on the blackboard of the good things that come from other countries. Figs, chocolate, sugar, ginger for cookies and colors for crayons can be among them. Or, take one of these things and count the number of people who contribute toward its safe journey to our doors.

A March:

Play that the class is a caravan, carrying rugs, dates, and other things to the coast.

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star*. (In many song books.)

POEM: *God's Other Lads*. (To be read.)

"I whisper in my star-time prayer,
'Dear Father, for my brothers care.'
I do not mean alone our Fred,
Or sturdy Paul or sunny Ted,
But for my brothers far away—
God's other lads, for them I pray.

"The Indian lad on pony fleet,
The turbaned child of India's heat,

My fur-clad brother of the snow,
Black boys who through the jungle go,
The warlike chaps of Zululand,
And Chinese laddies wise and bland.

"A star-time prayer I softly say,
For these strange brothers far away,
Who do not know our Father's name,—
Not theirs the fault or theirs the blame,
'So red or brown, or dark or fair,'
I say, 'God, keep us in thy care.'"

(Mary Davis. Reprinted from *The Mayflower*,
by permission of The Pilgrim Press.)

A Talk:

Do any of you ever look up at the stars before you go to bed? The stars shine quite early at this time of year. If the sky is clear, and there are no clouds to hide the stars to-night, shall we all, wherever we are, look up at them? It is wonderful to know that some of the children in far-away lands can see the same stars. That makes "God's other lads" seem nearer, doesn't it? To-night when you look up, say a part of this star-time prayer. We can all remember to say, "Dear Father, for my brothers care."

PRAYER (see Lesson I). Add a sentence about the far-away friends.

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work*. Note the phrase "love one another," and explain that it means everybody, far and near.

HYMN: *A Whisper Song* (A First Book of Hymns and Worship, No. 104).

"I want to send a whisper song
Across the waters blue,
And say to all the children there,
'Jesus loves you, Jesus loves you.'"

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“If they should not quite understand,
They’ll wonder if ’tis true;
But I will keep on whispering still,
‘Jesus loves you, Jesus loves you.’”

BENEDICTION (see Lesson I).

Additional Material: 1. Near East Picture Stories; 2. Friends of Ours.

LESSON V

THE FRIENDS OF THE BIRDS

WHILE the weather is good, teach out of doors as often as possible. The first lessons have been planned for the classroom so that the children would become familiar with the surroundings, but this is emphatically a lesson for the open road, and those who can go for a real country walk are very fortunate. This is a favorable time for becoming acquainted with some of the birds. You may see sparrows, woodpeckers, junkos, and many others. If you stay in the classroom, show pictures of birds and learn the names. Younger children are content to think of all birds as being just birds, and all flowers to them are just flowers. But at seven they are interested to know that some birds are robins, some sparrows, and others, junkos. The flowers too are daisies, clover, and roses, at seven.

If your class is small, you can make bird houses, and shelters. These are described in Gertrude Hutton's Things to Make, and would be a delightful activity if a teacher was so situated as to be able to ask the help of a manual training teacher; or, if she were herself clever at that sort of work, it would simply mean the getting together of the right materials for use. This is suggested as a substitute for the activity given for this lesson.

Those who can reach fields where grains have been harvested can really "glean." Carry a basket, as you will want to bring home goldenrod gone to seed, sunflowers in like condition, and any other berries or seeds that are found by the roadside. You will find ways of using all that you gather.

When you find a good place to rest, tell the story. Then go

to work gathering the Christmas feast for your friends the birds.

Before deciding that out-of-door lessons are impossible for you, be sure that you know all about the distance to parks and playgrounds. A neighbor's garden may be within walking distance, and the children could help to gather the seeds, or do any gardening that needs to be done there.

If you must stay in the classroom, substitute games for the walk and sing the autumn songs that the children know. They will enjoy singing the songs that they are learning at school and you can interpret school work religiously very often.

The order of these lessons can be rearranged without loss, so teach them according to the weather; that is, teach the out-of-door lessons on the days when it is a joy to be out of doors, and the lessons best suited to indoors when the weather is too cool or it rains. In all of the lessons in this course give the outdoor setting the preference. Differing climates and general conditions will have to decide the question, however.

Story: *The Friends of the Birds.*

Here is a story about the children who live across the ocean in a country called Norway. Norway is nearer the snowy north country than our homes are, so the snow is very deep there all winter, and it is cold, oh, so cold! The winters are long and the summers are short. The children wait long for the spring to come. How happy they must be when the first flower opens its eyes! They must be glad to take off their winter coats and play in the warm sun.

Then the summer comes, and the fathers are busy, for they must hurry and plow the fields and plant the wheat so that it will grow and ripen before the frost comes again. The children and the fathers and mothers are very much interested in the wheat and the vegetables, for they need a great deal of food to eat when the long, cold winter comes. The children

watch the fields, and when the wheat begins to grow tall they stand beside it to see how much taller they are than the wheat. But the wheat grows much faster than the children, and soon it is taller than they are and of a beautiful color. It is the color of amber—do you know what amber is like? When the wheat is the color of amber, then it is time to cut it down. The fathers bring their long, sharp scythes and cut it and tie it into bundles, and carry it into the barns. Although the fathers are very careful, and try to cut and carry away every stalk of wheat, their scythes always leave a few stalks standing, and some always falls out of the bundles as they are carried along, or as the wagon rumbles over stones. When the last bundle is in the barn the children are told that they may go to the fields and glean. That is a happy time for the children. They run into the fields and gather all the stalks that have been left standing and pick up all that have been dropped, making them into great bouquets which they call sheaves. That is called "gleaning."

The children take the sheaves home, and the mothers find a safe place for them in the attic or the cupboard. There the sheaves stay until summer is gone, and the snow is deep, and it is Christmas Eve!

There are tall poles like flagstaffs in the front yard of many a house in Norway, so tall that they stand high above the deepest snow. When the children bring the sheaves from the cupboards on Christmas Eve the fathers fasten them to tops of the poles. Can you guess why? It is the birds' Christmas dinner! The brave little sparrows stay in the North all winter, and they are very hungry when the deep snow covers the seeds and berries so that they cannot be found.

On the day before Christmas the birds come in great flocks. They are as excited as the children are at Christmas time, and how they flutter and chirp! The children watch from the windows and laugh to see their hungry little friends as they

fly about, chattering and eating as much as they can. The children are glad that they gathered the wheat while the sun shone and it was warm in the fields. In Norway the feast of the birds is a very lovely part of Christmas.

A Talk:

How would you like to make a Christmas feast for the birds? They do not all go away to the South for the winter. There are a great many hungry birds about at Christmas time. We can put the seeds and berries that we have gathered to-day away, and find a good place out of doors for the birds' Christmas dinner when the time comes. Can you think of a place where they would find their dinner easily? Our flagpole would do, and the birds may have a real Christmas tree, trimmed with the things they like best. They want suet and sugar and crumbs. We will make little boxes and baskets to put these good things in and we will tie the berries and seeds to the branches.

Activity:

If you walk in the country, gather flowers that have gone to seed. There may be a field in which you can glean.

Walk back to the classroom for the service, or hold it in some sheltered place. If you cannot walk in the country, the Campfire Girls and Boy Scouts will get what you want as they hike in the autumn weather. Sunflowers gone to seed, cones, wild rose hips, juniper berries, goldenrod, and tall grasses are among the things that you can use. If this must be a classroom lesson, the children may sort and shuck some of the seeds and make sheaves and winter bouquets. Fill the containers made as a part of Lesson II and label them.

There may be time for making small containers to hang on the birds' Christmas tree. Squares of paper about 6x6 inches folded according to directions given in Lesson II, with the

addition of worsted loops for use in hanging the little boxes on the tree. Put them away until they are needed in serving the great feast.

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *Father, We Thank Thee* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 15).

Also, any songs about birds that the children know.

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work* for the month repeated by a child. Read from the Bible Matthew 6. 26.

PRAYER: (Remember that the birds are our friends and they will love us if we love them).

Jesus, gentle Friend of all children everywhere, we are glad that you called us your friends. Help us to do friendly things that will make our friends happy. Bless the friends we love and all who love us. Amen.

HYMN: *America the Beautiful.*

"O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

"O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

"O beautiful for heroes proved
 In liberating strife,
 Who more than self their country loved,
 And mercy more than life!
 America! America!
 May God thy gold refine
 Till all success be nobleness
 And every gain divine!

"O beautiful for patriot dream
 That sees beyond the years
 Thine alabaster cities gleam
 Undimmed by human tears!
 America! America!
 God shed His grace on thee
 And crown thy good with brotherhood
 From sea to shining sea!"

—(Katharine Lee Bates.)

POEM: *The Sparrows.*

"In the far-off land of Norway,
 Where the winter lingers late,
 And long for the singing bird, and flowers,
 The little children wait;

"When at last the summer ripens
 And the harvest is gathered in,
 And food for the bleak, drear days to come
 The toiling people win;

"Through all the land the children
 In the golden fields remain
 Till their busy little hands have gleaned
 A generous sheaf of grain;

"All the stalks by the reapers forgotten
 They glean to the very least,
 To save till the cold December,
 For the sparrows' Christmas feast.

"And then through the frost-locked country
There happens a wonderful thing:
The sparrows flock north, south, east, west,
For the children's offering.

"Of a sudden, the day before Christmas,
The twittering crowds arrive,
And the bitter, wintry air at once
With their chirping is all alive.

"They perch upon roof and gable,
On porch and fence and tree,
They flutter about the windows
And peer in curiously.

"And meet the eyes of the children,
Who eagerly look out
With cheeks that bloom like roses red
And greet them with welcoming shout.

"On the joyous Christmas morning,
In front of every door
A tall pole, crowned with clustering grain
Is set the birds before.

"And which are the happiest truly
It would be hard to tell;
The sparrows who share in the Christmas cheer,
Or the children who love them well!

"How sweet that they should remember,
With faith so full and sure,
That the children's bounty awaited them
The whole wide country o'er!

"When this pretty story was told me
By one who had helped to rear
The rustling grain for the merry birds
In Norway, many a year,

"I thought that our little children
 Would like to know it too,
 It seems to me so beautiful,
 So blessed a thing to do,

"To make God's innocent creatures see
 In every child a friend,
 And on our faithful kindness
 So fearlessly depend."

(Celia Thaxter. Used by permission of and special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Co.)

BENEDICTION.

Additional Material: 1. "A Forest Full of Friends," in *Why the Chimes Rang*, by Raymond McDonald Alden. 2. "For Our Friends the Birds," in *Things to Make*, by Gertrude Hutton.

LESSON VI

FRIENDS WHO CARE FOR US

If you can go to the park or woods to-day, many interesting forms of free play will suggest themselves to the children. In the classroom if the play is going well and is worth while, the period may be a little longer than usual, and the directed play left until later in the hour.

A few questions should be asked and answered before the story is told. The children may not realize that the policeman is a friend. Many children are afraid of men in uniform. Children who live in the country do not often see government employees and they may not know of all the people who are protecting us in various ways. The laws (or rules) that are made for us to obey are for our own good, and when we obey these rules we are obeying the Golden Rule, too. The Golden Rule is the rule for friends to obey. Do the children know it?

Story: *The Ranger.*

A train rushed through a great forest, and Billy, who was traveling with Uncle Steve, complained: "Just trees! trees! on both sides of the car. I can't see anything!"

"Why!" said Uncle Steve, "I can; I can see doors, and chairs, and boats, and books, and log fires, and matches. I can see nutting crooks and sleds and——"

"Oh!" said Billy, "you mean the wood in the trees."

"Yes; those things are still in the trees and some day we will want them very much."

Then in a flash the train was out of the shady woods and into sunshine. Billy could see a high mountain.

"Look! Uncle Steve," he shouted. "There is a man stand-

ing on the very top of that mountain. I think he is looking through field glasses. Did you see him?"

"Yes," said Uncle Steve. "He is a forest ranger. He is watching for forest fires. A spark from our engine might start one. Lean back and rest while I tell you a story.

"Once a fisherman went into the woods very early. He knew of a mountain stream which had trout in it. It was a summer morning and the forest was sweet and cool. The sun came up and woke the birds. The leaves on the big strong trees were as fresh as the flowers and mushrooms. Squirrels and rabbits lived in the forest. Foxes and wildcats lived there too. The fisherman lighted his pipe. He threw the match on the ground and walked on. He did not look back, and after a while he found the stream and fished for trout.

"The little spark in the head of the match did not go out. It grew and crept about among the pine needles. A little breeze found it and made it blaze up. The low branches of a tree caught fire. The fire flew from tree to tree. Up, up it went nearly as high as the clouds; the air quivered and was full of smoke. The squirrels and rabbits, the foxes and wildcats came out of their homes and ran and hopped. The foxes forgot that they wanted to eat the rabbits, and the squirrels forgot that they were afraid of the foxes. They all ran, and leaped, and rushed together, with fire! fire! chasing them, and coming nearer and nearer.

"The men in a town near the forest saw the smoke and flames against the sky. They got their shovels and their pails, and started. It took them a long time to get there and the fire burned on and on. The men filled their pails with water from the stream. They could not put the fire out in that way. Their pails were too small and the stream was not deep. They threw away their pails and went to work digging a trench. They worked hard and fast. Their shovels flew. When the fire reached the trench it stopped spreading. When the sun went

down the birds and animals were gone, so were the leaves and flowers. Even the great strong trees were gone except for a black trunk here and there, without a branch or twig. The men were tired. One of them said, 'Some of these trees had been growing for a hundred years.'

"Another said, 'Think of the houses, the barns, the boats, and the fences that were burned in these trees!' It made them very sad to look at the burned place."

"Is that the end of the story?" asked Billy.

"No," said Uncle Steve. "That is only the first part of the story. Lightning sometimes struck a tree and started a fire; again sparks from the engines of trains lighted the dry pine cones. Boys camped out all night and went home the next day without being sure that their fires were out.

"The people said: 'We must not let our beautiful forests burn. The children all need wood, and when they grow up they will want it even more than they do now.' So men were sent to the tops of mountains to watch for fires. They were called forest rangers, and the man you saw looking through field glasses is one of them."

"I am glad I looked just at the right minute. I might not have seen him at all," said Billy. "What do they do, Uncle Steve, if their mountains are not high enough so they can see all around?"

"They build towers of rough poles," said Uncle Steve. "They fasten a ladder to one side and put a platform on the top. Then they climb up into their towers and look around. The rangers sometimes see a fire fifty miles away. On their horses they ride and ride for miles through the forest.

"As soon as a ranger sees a curl of smoke among the trees he telephones. He tells the people on the farms and in the towns that are nearest the fire just where it is. The men saddle their horses and start instantly for the fire. They do not take their pails and shovels. They know that here and

there, through the forest, they will see big tool-chests, built against the trees. The men ride as far as they can; when they come to a trail that is narrow and tangled they leave the horses and hurry on, on foot, looking for the tool-chests as they go. The tool-chest is just where the ranger told them they would find it."

"I am going to watch for a tool-chest while you finish the story," said Billy.

"Do!" said Uncle Steve. "When the men find the tool-chest they open it and take out axes, hoes, and shovels. Then they crash on, through the bushes and the brush, and put the fire out before it has had time to spread very far. Before the rangers began to take care of the forests the fires spread until they came to towns and cities. Then the towns and cities burned too."

"We live near a forest, and our house is made of wood," said Billy.

"Yes," said Uncle Steve, "but the ranger is watching. He is one of God's helpers and we are safe. And the boat we are going to build some day is safe too, hidden away in some tree."

"And the birds' nests, and the places where the squirrels and rabbits live," said Billy.

(From Friends of Ours, used by permission of The Missionary Education Movement, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.)

Activity:

A fire drill will be a good lesson in obedience to law. At the sound of a bell the children must form a line immediately. To march music played in double-quick time, the class should march to the door and out into a yard or corridor. Time the drill, going through it several times, proving that when every one obeys instantly it takes but a few minutes. Make a note of the best time made and promise to try it again some day.

March about the room, standing at attention to salute the flag before you take your places for the service.

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *America* (the first and last stanzas).

MEMORY WORK: Sentences chosen for the month. Add as a reading the Golden Rule.

PRAYER: Dear Jesus, thou art our kindest Friend. We thank thee for the people who help thee to take care of us. We love to think of the friends who are watching to make us safe while we sleep. Amen.

HYMN: *The Golden Rule* (Songs for Little People, No. 27).

BENEDICTION.

Additional Material: 1. Lessons for Junior Citizens, Chapter III, by Mabel Hill. 2. "The Medal," in Friends of Ours.

LESSON VII

FRIENDLY BEHAVIOR

IF you are planning to invite friends to the review lesson, the games to-day should be informal rehearsals of what you will do to entertain. Repeat the street scenes and allow the children to elaborate them if their ideas are worth while. This is good habit-forming play, for, as someone has most truly said, "We must do kind things till we feel kind things." The programs for the review lessons are only suggestive as there are many interesting things that may be done and sometimes a need for reviewing some special point.

The story for to-day shows two people doing the friendly, helpful things that were natural in the circumstances. Nabal's behavior is in sharp contrast to that of David and Abigail, and is so unlovely as to show at once the strength of David's attitude.

Story: *Two Friendly People and Another.*

(Ask the children to tell you what they know about David. Place him in their minds as being the brave shepherd boy who protected the sheep and killed the giant. Say that the stories about him are in the Bible.)

When David was a young man he lived in the palace with the king. Jonathan, the king's son, was David's best-loved friend. The Bible tells that they loved each other better than they loved themselves. At first the king, whose name was King Saul, loved David very much, too. But when people said that David was braver than the king, King Saul forgot his love for David and thought only that he wished to be called the bravest himself. David made lovely music upon his harp.

King Saul loved to hear the music, but one day while David was playing, King Saul threw his spear, thinking that it would hit David. Of course King Saul had been thinking that David was the bravest man in the kingdom, and he was cross and lost his temper. The spear did not hit David, but when he saw how angry the king was he left the palace and hid out in the wilderness in a cave in the rocks. Jonathan was very sorry that David needed to hide from the king, and did all he could to show his love for him. Jonathan was David's most loving friend, but he was not the only one who loved David and was proud of him. When the friends who cared for David heard that he was hiding from the angry king they went into the wilderness and joined him. One after another came until David had with him enough friends to make an army, and they were ready to make war against the king's soldiers if King Saul should find out where David and his men were hiding and come to capture David.

When David and his friends walked among the hills and about the fields they saw flocks of sheep nibbling the grass, and sometimes they saw sheep that had wandered away from the shepherds who were taking care of them. David had been a shepherd, and he knew that lions and bears might come, for there were a great many wild animals in the wilderness. Sometimes he saw thieves driving the sheep away from the others and into their own flocks. David and his men knew that the sheep belonged to a man named Nabal, who lived in that country, and they cared for Nabal's sheep, frightening away the lions and the thieves, and helping the shepherds, for that was how one friend would help another. If the sheep had belonged to him, David thought that Nabal would have helped in that same way. Nabal's shepherds were very thankful to David and his friends for doing so many friendly helpful things, for there were many sheep in Nabal's flocks and his shepherds could not watch them all.

When David and his men had been hiding in the wilderness for a long time the food that they had brought was nearly gone, so David sent ten men to Nabal's home to say: "Peace be unto thee and to all that are in thine house. Thy shepherds have been with us in the wilderness and we have watched that none of thy sheep were lost. We cared for them as though they were our own sheep. Give, we ask thee, food to these thy friends and unto David."

But Nabal was cross and unfriendly and he answered: "Who is David? Shall I take my bread and my meat and give it to men who have come from I know not where?"

Then David's men went back to the cave and told all that Nabal had said. When David heard the cross, unfriendly things that Nabal had said he was angry. He said, "Gird on every man his sword!" And David girded on *his* own sword, and there went up with him to Nabal's house about four hundred men. Two hundred of the young men stayed to guard the things that were in the camp. As they went David thought of Nabal's unkind words. He remembered that he had been a good friend to Nabal and he thought that Nabal should show himself friendly too.

Now, one of the shepherds had heard Nabal talking with David's men. When he saw David and his men afar off he ran to Abigail, Nabal's wife, and said: "Behold, David sent messengers out of the wilderness to visit our master, and he was very unkind to them. They were very good to us in the wilderness and we were not hurt, neither did we lose any of our sheep. David and his friends cared for us night and day. Think now what we can do, for David and four hundred of his men are coming against us and Nabal is so cross that we cannot talk with him."

Then Abigail made haste and took two hundred loaves of bread and meat enough for all of David's men. She took one hundred clusters of raisins, and two hundred cakes of figs.

She laid all of these things on the backs of donkeys and she sent the shepherds down the road leading the donkeys. She came after riding on a donkey, and as they rode down the hill they came to a turn in the road. There they met David and his four hundred men.

When Abigail saw David she dismounted and bowed herself to the ground. "Do not think of what Nabal has done to thee," she said, "for he is but a foolish fellow. I was not there when your friends came, so now I bring the present of food for thee and for thy men. Jehovah will bless thee for the good that thou hast done for us."

Then David was angry no longer, and he said to Abigail, "Blessed be Jehovah who sent thee to me this day to keep me from doing harm, for I was very angry."

When David had accepted the presents that Abigail had brought, she went back to her house. David and his men went down to their camp in the wilderness carrying the food that Abigail had given them.

Activity:

Each child may write or print a note inviting a friend to the review.

Write the following on the board and let the children copy it.

Dear Mother:

We invite you to come to our class for the next lesson.

Lovingly yours,

.

When this has been copied the invitations may be decorated by a flower drawn in the upper left-hand corner, or a border of color all around the sheet.

Where friends are not to be invited to the review, the children may make lists of the friends we have talked about in

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these lessons. Make such a list yourself, and ask the children to read theirs aloud and compare. Ask how these people showed that they were good friends. Put the lists away to be read at another time. They may be useful in another connection.

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *The Golden Rule* (Songs for Little People, No. 27).

America the Beautiful (one verse).

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work* for the month:

"I have called you friends; . . . I chose you."

"A friend loveth at all times."

"Ye are my friends, if ye do the things which I command you."

"I say unto you my friends, Be not afraid."

PRAYER: Jesus, Friend of all children everywhere, we are glad that you called us your friends. Help us to do friendly things that will make our friends happy. Bless the friends we love and all who love us. Amen.

POEM: *God's Other Lads* (see Lesson IV). Give the boy who will learn and recite this poem at the review lesson a typewritten copy to take home and study.

HYMNS: (All that you will sing at the time of the review).

BENEDICTION: Dear Lord Jesus, be with each one of us until we meet again. Amen.

LESSON VIII

REVIEW

THERE is nothing more important in our teaching than interesting, well-planned reviews. No story can teach its lesson when told but once, and the full meaning of songs, memory verses, and poems comes when they have been repeated again and again. To omit review lessons is to teach very little.

In his *Seven Laws of Teaching* John M. Gregory says: "The plastic power of truth in shaping conduct and molding character belongs only to the truths which have become familiar by repetitions. Not the scamper of a passing child but the repeated tread of going and coming feet beats for us the paths of our daily life. If we would have any great truth sustain and control us, we must return to it so often that it will at last rise up in mind as a dictate of conscience and pour its steady light upon every act and purpose with which it is concerned."

Since each of these lessons is to a certain extent the outcome of another, we review constantly, and the Scripture memory work, the hymns, and the prayer provided for each group of lessons will be repeated, perhaps eight times. The review lesson will take the central thought of the lessons to be reviewed, and set it forth in such a way as to impress it once more but not for the last time. The best of all that we use should be referred to again, and brought out in different ways, and at the end of the course it is hoped that all of the Bible verses, seven groups in all, and all impressed by stories and activities, will have been thoroughly memorized by every child.

The program given for this review can be changed and made to fit your work and the ideas of the children.

The Chimes:

The Chimes



Music: Played softly as all come to order for the stories.

Stories: *Jesus, the Friend of Children. Two Friendly People and Another.*

Dramatization: *Street Scenes* (see Lesson II).

Service of Worship:

HYMNS: *America the Beautiful. The Golden Rule.*

SCRIPTURE READING: *Memory Work* repeated by the children.

POEM: *God's Other Lads* (recited by a boy).

HYMN: *Baby Moses* (with motions).

PRAYER.

BENEDICTION.

All pictures used with these lessons should be on exhibition, and dates may be served, as in Lesson IV, if guests are present.

NOTE: If there is a child who is learning to play the violin, ask him to bring it and play for you the next time you meet.

II. THANKFULNESS

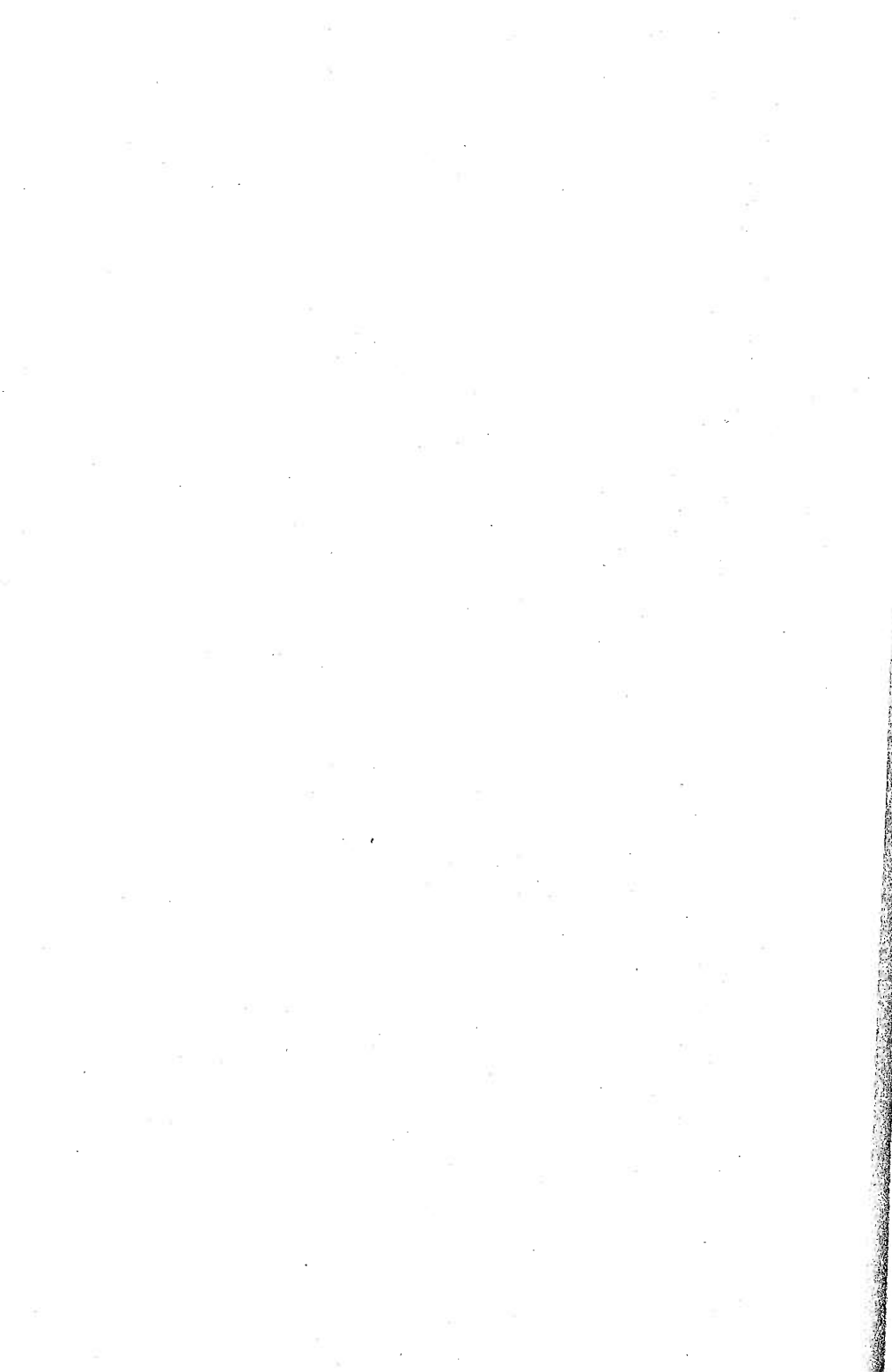
- IX. A Joyful Noise.
- X. Families and Friends.
- XI. Our Daily Bread.
- XII. All Manner of Precious Fruits.
- XIII. Rain for the Earth.
- XIV. Beautiful Things.
- XV. Review.
- XVI. Plans for Christmas.

I will give thanks unto Jehovah with my whole heart;
I will show forth all thy marvelous works.—*Psalm 9. 1.*

MEMORY WORK:

Sing unto Jehovah with thanksgiving;
Sing praises upon the harp unto our God,
Who covereth the heavens with clouds,
Who prepareth rain for the earth,
Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.

—*Psalm 147. 7.*



LESSON IX

SINGING PRAISE UNTO OUR GOD

NOVEMBER brings to many of us days that are mild and hazy, very beautiful for field work, or for lessons taught in parks and gardens. Several of these lessons are planned so that they may take place in the classroom or the open, and there is a lesson for a rainy day.

The historical setting of our American Thanksgiving Day, and also many nature lessons of harvests and the preparation for winter, will be taught in the schools, and it remains for us to interpret all this religiously and to teach the children to "praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

If this lesson is taught out of doors, listen intently for the music made by the breeze among the leaves and grasses, for all bird notes, and animal and insect sounds. There is always for those who listen "the still small voice in autumn's hush." Speak of other sounds that we love to hear, and add the sound of singing voices to the praises of the outdoor world.

Sing "America the Beautiful" and take this opportunity to point out any of the beautiful things spoken of in the lines. There may be "purple mountain majesties," and "amber fields of grain." There will, of course, be "spacious skies," and it will be no difficult task to explain the meaning of the last two lines of the first stanza if, after seeing all this, you say, "And if we add a great deal of *love* to all the lovely things, *that* is brotherhood, and then America will be a beautiful place 'from sea to shining sea.'"

For the rest of the program, the story can be told and the service can take place out of doors, the walk home and a period of free play and investigation adding enough of ac-

tivity. If possible, gather nuts and carry them home for use later on.

The classroom lesson may begin with a short period of free play unless you prefer to take this time for singing. In that case, play "Materna," repeating until all are quietly seated.

Play familiar tunes and listen until the end, then guess what it was that was played, recalling the words. Speak of other instruments, and ask the violinist (if there be such among you) to play, and to show the violin. Talk of the instruments used in Bible times. There was the—

Harp: A gilded stringed instrument, played by plucking the strings with both hands. The children may have seen harps, as many street musicians use them.

Pipe of reeds: Made from hollow reeds. David made his so cleverly that he could play lovely tunes upon them. He cut the hollow reeds and made his pipes and sang, as he watched his sheep out in the pastures. He also played upon the harp. David made the words of his songs, as well as the tunes, and he made music for the harp, too.

Timbrel: Very much like a tambourine. The Children of Israel played the timbrel by striking it to make the little bells ring. They did this to show that they were happy. Miriam, the big sister who was good to Moses when he was a baby, played the timbrel when the Children of Israel sang a great song of thanks. Our story for to-day tells about it.

Story: Recall the story *A Baby's Friends* (see Lesson I).

When Moses was old enough to talk and walk he went to the palace to live with the princess. The little boy studied his lessons and played in a beautiful garden and was very happy. He did not know that the king was very cruel to the Children of Israel. When he grew up and went out to watch the Children of Israel as they worked for the king, he grew very angry that they should be so badly treated. He saw the king's

soldiers making the Children of Israel work without giving them the things they needed for their work. In those days bricks were made with clay, and straw was mixed with the clay while it was soft, to hold it together and make the bricks strong. The king's soldiers would not give the Children of Israel any straw, and expected them to make good bricks without it. When the bricks broke, the poor Children of Israel were punished. It was very sad and very hard for them, and they must often have longed to go away from Egypt to a home of their own where they could be happy and free. They often looked way off to the place where the earth and the sky come together, and they wondered if, over there, there was a place where kings and soldiers were kind and where people were happy. They wanted to leave Egypt, but they did not know how to travel or where to go. But Moses had studied a great deal, and perhaps he had been on journeys. He was tall and strong, and when he saw the people so unhappy he longed to help them. Then, one day, a wonderful thing happened. God talked to Moses and made him the leader of the Children of Israel! God told Moses that he was to lead the Children of Israel to a new home. And, although the king did not want them to go, but to stay and work for him, the Children of Israel went out of Egypt one night in a great procession.

They were very quiet as they put their clothes and dishes in great bundles and they hushed the little frightened children, for if they cried, the king's soldiers might wake and prevent them from going. There were many people in that great procession, and sheep and goats too. The men carried the folded tents and led the sheep. There were a great many mothers who cared for the children. They carried the little ones when they were tired, but the big children helped by carrying the bundles and walking just as fast and as quietly as they could. So day after day they traveled, "and Jehovah

went before them by day in a pillar of cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire to give them light." It was very wonderful and very exciting. On they went, over sandy, dry places, and up over steep mountains, under cool shady trees and then out again into the hot sun. The cloud moved on, showing them where to go.

At last they came to the sea. It was the Red Sea, and if they could cross the water they would be out of the land of Egypt. They longed to be in another country, for the king of Egypt might send his soldiers to carry them back, and that thought frightened them very much. When they reached the seashore the cloud stood still. Then the Children of Israel knew that they might rest, and they put up their tents, and were glad, for they were very tired. After a while, when it was late, some one heard the sound of horses tramping. They all listened and the sound came again. Yes, they could hear horses and the sound of wheels! Far, far away, they could see the soldiers of the king of Egypt, coming, coming, nearer and nearer. They were terribly frightened, and complained to Moses. "*Why* did you bring us out of Egypt?" they asked.

But Moses did not answer, for he was listening to God. God was speaking to Moses again! God said: "Speak to the Children of Israel that they go forward. Fear not!" Moses told them what God had said, and they began at once to take down the tents, and before morning they were ready to start. All that night a strong wind had been blowing, and in the morning when the Children of Israel looked at the sea, wondering how they were to cross, they saw a strange sight. The wind had blown the water out of that narrow part of the sea, and there before them lay a path of dry land! How they hurried! And behind them, coming nearer and nearer, were the king's soldiers with shining spears and prancing horses.

At last Moses and all of his people were on the other side of the Red Sea. The water rolled back in great waves, and

the Children of Israel were safely out of Egypt. Now they were really on their way to a new home and they were safe. They were so glad that they sang a song of thanksgiving, and Miriam and the rest played on timbrels. It was a joyful noise that they made, with timbrels and with singing! This is what they sang:

"I will sing unto the Lord for he has triumphed gloriously!

Jehovah is my strength and song,
And he is become my salvation:
This is my God, and I will praise him."

March:

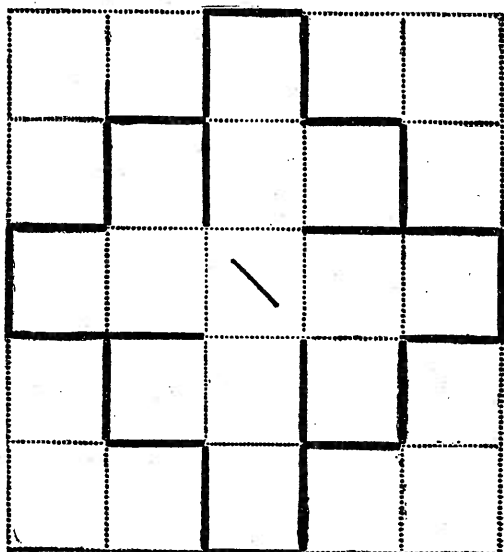
After marching and singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" stand in a row and play imaginary instruments in turn. Guess what these instruments are and clap for the one who guesses right.

Activity:

Fold eight mite boxes, following the directions given here, or use a pattern of your own. Let the children help all that they can, and as you work, talk of bringing offerings. The offering need not be a regular thing, but learning to give should be a part of the course of lessons. Any money that is brought will probably be used for materials for gifts or for gifts of fruit or crayons for those who are ill. Talk about allowances and money that really is our own, and propose sharing it. Label the boxes "October," "November," and so on; and if colored paper is used, suggest the season by making the December box red; April, green; and so on. Set the example by dropping an offering into the "November" box. Place the mite box on the table at each lesson.

To make a mite box: Take a ten-inch square of paper, and fold it in sections two inches square. Cut along all the heavy

lines shown in the diagram, and fold into a cube. Paste down the top flap and cut an opening in the top.



Used by permission of the Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *America.*

SCRIPTURE READING—*The Memory Work:*

“Sing unto Jehovah with thanksgiving;
Sing praises upon the harp unto our God,
Who covereth the heavens with clouds,
Who prepareth rain for the earth,
Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.”

—*Psalms 147. 7.*

HYMN:

“Thanks to our Father we will bring,
For he gives us everything.”

(Songs for the Little Child, page 97, Baker
and Kohlfaat. The Abingdon Press.)

POEM: *Praise the Lord for Sounds We Hear.*

"Praise the Lord for sounds we hear,
Voices of our playmates dear,
Merry bells and songs of birds,
Stories, tunes and kindly words,
Praise the Lord for hearing."

PRAYER:

We thank thee, dear heavenly Father—
For music and all lovely sounds;
For all beautiful things that we love to see;
For food and growing things;
For sunshine and for rain;
For our friends and for Jesus who said, "Fear not."
For these things we thank thee. Amen.

HYMN: *We Thank Thee* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 19).

"We thank thee, O our Father,
For all thy loving care;
We thank thee that thou madest
The world so bright and fair.
We thank thee for the sunshine,
And for the pleasant showers;
And, O our God, we thank thee,
We thank thee for the flowers.

"Out in the sunny meadows,
And in the woodlands cool,
Upon the breezy hillside,
And by each reedy pool,
And in the quiet pasture,
And by the broad highway;
All pure, and fresh, and stainless,
They spring up every day.

"And in the dusty city,
Where busy crowds pass by,
And where the tall, dark houses
Stand up and hide the sky,
And where through lanes and alleys
No pleasant breezes blow,
E'en there, O God our Father,
Thou mak'st the flowers grow.

"And whether in the city
Or in the field they dwell;
Always the same sweet message
The fair, sweet flowers tell.
For they are all so wonderful,
They show thy power abroad;
And they are all so beautiful,
They tell thy love, O God."

BENEDICTION :

"The Lord bless us and keep us;
The Lord make his face to shine upon us. Amen."

LESSON X

FAMILIES AND FRIENDS

PLACE the November mite box on the table and speak of the ways in which the money will be spent. Ask if any one brought an offering and suggest putting it into the box now, as you will need both hands for the game you are going to play.

The story of the Children of Israel leaving Egypt can be dramatized. It will be in the form of a march, everybody being burdened with household goods. The children may carry any portable furnishings such as chairs, coats, hats, boxes; and the rug to be used as an object lesson when the story is told will make an ideal bed. The children may hold such conversations as they fancy may have taken place between children and their mothers, as they journeyed. The climax will come when they reach the other side of the Red Sea in safety. Repeat Miriam's song and play upon imaginary musical instruments.

Story: *The Magic Carpet of Balgiz*, as told by Mousa, a Persian boy. (A small hand-made rug should be on the floor in the circle where every one can see it.)

The most wonderful person I know is my sister Balgiz. No one could be more wise and beautiful than she. It is of her wondrous rug that I will tell you, for as truly as any magic carpet told of in the *Arabian Nights*, I came to school upon it.

All the girls of our village have rugs which they make and take with them when they go away as brides.

I cannot remember when Balgiz began to make hers. She is not much older than I, but when I was still very small I

used to watch her as she tied into the warp the hundreds of knots of bright-colored wool.

My baby brother, strapped tight to her little back, would nod his head on her shoulder, and she would sing a little song to us both about the pattern her quick fingers were tying:

“Little flower of yellow,
Little flower of blue,
Softest green around you,
Meadows where you grew.
Now the young sheep follow,
With their shepherd true,
Feeding in a hollow
Bright with sparkling dew.”

And as I watched, the flowers and the meadows and the sheep she sang of came to be a part of her rug, through the hundreds of tiny knots she tied.

“Little brother, light of my eyes,” she would say to me, “what shall we make now?”

I would answer: “Let us make a bird flying above, with wings stretched wide and still as at sunset they fly against the sky. It shall be a great black bird,” I said, and grew so excited I could hardly wait to see him appear on the rug, very far away and tiny though he was.

When Balgiz needed new colors for her wool I would go out and help her dig up the bright roots and little plants from which the dyes were made, and so I came to feel then that the rug was partly mine.

One day as it was almost evening I saw my sister come up the hill, on her head the stone jar filled with water for the evening meal. I was old enough now to go out to the fields, and I had been working all day with my father. She called to me:

“Come, little brother. For a long time you have not helped.

me with our rug, and I have come almost to the center, which must be different and most beautiful of all."

I thought, "What is the most beautiful of all?" I shut my eyes. Have you ever shut your eyes and seen the night with a thousand stars go by?

"Oh!" I cried, "it must be the night you will make most beautiful of all in the center of your rug!"

"The night!" she said. "How shall I make the night, when the sheep are huddled fast asleep, and the flowers hang their heads?"

"But above they are all awake," I said. "I have seen them."

"Ah, yes!" she exclaimed, "I too have seen them. When we sleep on the flat roof through the long summer nights, they glide so close out of the dark blue above, you can almost touch them: fiery dragons and great mountain sheep with curly horns of gold. All the lost kites, that blow away from the hands of the boys who play, fly there. The flowers that fade on earth, bloom in clusters above. All the streams that here run dry flow sparkling and bright in the long blue night. Yes," she agreed, "it shall be the night."

So through long days, in the center of her rug Balgiz made the night, deep and blue, filled with the golden creatures that dwell above. We all watched it grow slowly, mysteriously as the night of nature grows.

One day the center was finished. When Balgiz fashioned again the border of day, with its fields and flowers, and the whole rug was done.

"Ah," said my mother, "we will make you a fine marriage, little daughter, when all the neighbors see what your hands can do."

It was soon after, that the foreign teacher came to our village. He talked of a school he had in the city, where boys could learn all the teacher himself knew of wonderful things in far-off lands.

"Ah, if I might go," thought I; but I knew we had no money, nor had we anything we could sell that would bring enough to pay my way.

My sister, whose eyes read hearts, knew my thought, but she too knew of nothing we could do.

It was the teacher himself who showed us the way. It was when he saw the rug—my sister's rug of night and day—he exclaimed: "My, what would they not give for a rug like that in my country!" My father marveled at his praise, for, after all, was not the rug the work of only a little girl?

My sister motioned to me. I could see she was excited.

"Little brother," she said, "ask the teacher if those in his country would give enough for the rug so that you could go to the most excellent school."

How I asked the teacher I do not know, but breathlessly we awaited his answer.

"It would, indeed, be enough," he assured us.

And so I and the precious rug were sent away with the teacher to the nearby city, and that is how I came to school on my sister's rug of the day and night. Was it not a magic carpet!

As Mousa finished his story, he added thoughtfully, "I wish I had in truth a magic carpet. I would go and try to find Balgiz, my sister, and bring her here, that she too might have rice. Then, as do the other women, she would make a rug, but more beautiful than theirs. Into it she would weave this garden with the tall trees and the cool waterways, and somehow she would make one know that in it children played and were glad."

"Yes," put in Ali, "we could send it then to America to show how beautiful a Relief Garden can be."

"Since, however, we have no rug," said Ibrahim, "perhaps the teacher here will send America our greetings."

"Peace to you, peace to you, America!" shouted the children of many nations, and the little hands were waved, and the bright faces beamed a "Thank you" to the far-away friends who had helped them.

(From Near East Picture Stories. Used by permission of The Missionary Education Movement, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Activity:

Learning of ways in which we can make sisters and brothers happy. Everybody loves the babies. Have any of you babies at home? or brothers and sisters younger than you are? They love to have you play with them. Do you ever make playthings for them? Balgiz amused her little brother and carried the baby on her back. Do you wonder that Mousa loved her? I am going to show you how to make pictures with a wet string. Then when you go home you can teach your little brothers and sisters to do it. It is great fun. And then we will make some dolls. All little children love dolls.

Wet String Drawing: Cut cotton string in half-yard lengths and soak them in water. When very limp and wet lay them on the table and outline such forms as suns and moons, and these can be turned into faces, using pebbles or beans to make the eyes, nose, and mouth. Flowers and trees, even houses and animals, can be drawn in this way, using a match or a twig to guide the wet string into place.

Dolls: Clothespin dolls are easily made, and they will be more of a novelty to the children than to you. A strip of paper (manila paper, if you wish the doll to stand) pleated with the fingers and tied around the clothespin below the little round head will make a good skirt. A square of colored tissue paper folded cross wise as a shawl can be pinned around the shoulders after a bonnet of tissue paper has been put over the little head and tied around the neck. A face can be drawn

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with a pen. If the material is ready, the dolls will be made very quickly and those who finish first can make a second doll, to be put away. These extra dolls will be found very useful later on. Each child may take a doll, for a friend, if there are no younger children in the home.

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *I Should Like to Have Been With Him Then.*

SCRIPTURE READING: Read both of the selections for the memory work and ask the children to say as much as they can with you. Read a second time and relate the verses from Psalm 147 to the story, "A Joyful Noise."

PRAYER: Prayer for the month (see Lesson IX), followed by the Lord's Prayer.

HYMNS: *A Whisper Song—Baby Moses.*

BENEDICTION:

"The Lord bless us and keep us;

The Lord make his face to shine upon us. Amen."

LESSON XI

OUR DAILY BREAD

THE aim of this lesson is to show the children that their prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," has been answered in a wonderful and beautiful way. If you prefer to tell the story of the miracle of the loaves and fishes to "preaching" the little sermon given as a part of the Service of Worship, you will find it in A First Primary Book in Religion (Lesson V). Or, tell it in your own way. The clay bowls molded to-day are to be taken home before Thanksgiving Day, to hold nuts or fruit for the Thanksgiving dinner. It will be necessary to model, color, and shellac the bowls, leaving time for drying after each process. This will provide handwork for three lessons.

Allow the children to help you prepare for the clay work. Either papers or table oilcloth should be spread on the table and the moist clay cut with a thread into cubes large enough to make a bowl about three inches in diameter. The clay that never hardens can be used if you give the bowls two coats of very good shellac. You will find this ready-to-use clay described in the kindergarten catalogs under different names, such as plasterscine and modelette. The clay that hardens comes moist and ready to use and is the best for your use.

When the preparations for modeling are made, gather around the piano and learn "Giving Thanks" (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 19).

Story:

Our story to-day is about some children who lived in Africa, so we will put the picture of Jesus with the African

boy looking up into his face where we can see it ("The Hope of the World"). These children lived in a little village near the sea. The houses in which they lived were made of grass and mud and there was a large house where the missionary teacher had a school. The children called her "Missi," and loved her dearly.

"For long, long weeks no rain had fallen, and there was little to eat, for the grain would not grow. The people had picked all the coconuts and all the fruit from the trees around the village, and still the ship that was to bring them food did not come. Every morning some of the boys in the mission school would climb into the top of the tallest tree and look way out over the ocean to see if there were not a sail somewhere; but there was nothing upon the water that stretched so far away it seemed to touch the sky. At last they had to pick leaves from the fig trees for food; but even for this these people with the black faces always said 'Thank you' to the heavenly Father. They had never forgotten to say it since they had learned about the loving heavenly Father who was the Giver of all their good gifts. At that time they had made a bonfire of the idols to which they used to pray.

"Just at light one morning, the boys in the treetops shouted: 'The ship! The ship! It is coming! Hurrah!' Everybody in the mission house sprang out of bed, dressed as quickly as possible, and then down to the shore they all ran, for they were, oh, so very hungry.

"The ship anchored away from the rocks, and little boats put out from shore to bring back the food that had come at last. A big box was lowered into one of the boats, and when it was tumbled out on the shore the children said: 'Oh, Missi, it rattles like crackers. May we take it to the mission house?' Then such a pushing and pulling and puffing as there was until the box bumped against the door of the missionary's home.

"'Oh, Missi, please open the box quickly,' the children said. 'We are so hungry.' It did not take the missionary long to find a hammer and pull out the nails, and soon every boy and every girl held a precious cracker, but no one ate.

"'You are starving! Why don't you eat?' the missionary said.

"'Oh, Missi, we can't eat until we thank God for sending the food,' they said, and then these hungry little black children waited until the missionary had said, 'We thank thee, our heavenly Father, for this food.' Would you have waited?"

(From Autobiography of John G. Paton. By permission of Fleming H. Revell Company.)

A Blessing:

The heavenly Father sends *us* food and *we* should thank him. Do you ever say "Thank you" for the good things that are on your dinner table? Here is a verse that a great many children say every day:

"God is great and God is good,
And we thank him for this food.
By his hand must all be fed;
Give us, Lord, our daily bread. Amen."

Activity:

Modeling bowls from clay. Work a piece of moist clay into a ball and lay it on the table. Press the two thumbs into the top of the ball and work with fingers and thumbs until the clay has become a bowl, thick or thin, shallow or deep, as the little potter prefers. Stand the bowls away where they will not be handled and place in each the name of the artist on a slip of paper. The next time that we work together we will color our bowls. They will be finished in time for Thanksgiving and we will put a surprise in each one and take them home for the dinner table.

If it is impossible for you to model in clay, make the little paper basket described in Lesson XII and leave the decorations and contents to be completed at another time.

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *Giving Thanks.*

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work* for the month. The children should be able to say the greater part of it with you. Speak of the fruitful trees as great blessings and see how many you can name.

HYMN: *America the Beautiful.*

SERMON: We are going to pray the prayer that Jesus taught all of his friends to say. When we say, "Give us this day our daily bread," I want you to think about the way in which God, our Father in heaven, answers that prayer. Think of the way he makes the grain grow and of all the flour there is in those tiny brown boxes at the end of each stalk! Think of the sun and the rain and the good soil and many other things that make it grow, so that in the end it is ready for us to eat, and very good. We all like good bread. But when we say "bread" in our prayer we mean food, and food is all manner of fruits, vegetables, and the other good things that make us grow and keep us well. We have food every day, even when we do not remember to ask for it. We need to remember that, and to say our thanks with our whole hearts very often. The African children in the story remembered to say "Thank you," even when they were so very hungry. We learned a "thank-you" verse to-day and now we will say it again. (Repeat Blessing.) When we sing about "the amber fields of grain" and "the fruited plains" we know that God is great and good. When we say, "Give us this day our daily bread," we feel sure that he will, and sometimes we say it so often that we do not think about what we are saying. The

Bible tells us to ask God for what we want "with thanksgiving." Shall we say the prayer that Jesus taught, now, "with thanksgiving"?

PRAYER: *The Lord's Prayer.* Thanksgiving Prayer—Lesson IX.

HYMN: *Father, We Thank Thee* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 15).

"Can a little child like me
Thank the Father fittingly?
Yes, oh, yes, be good and true,
Patient, kind in all you do;
Love the Lord, and do your part;
Learn to say with all your heart,

Refrain

"Father, we thank thee, Father, we thank thee,
Father in heaven, we thank thee.

"For the fruit upon the tree,
For the birds that sing of thee,
For the earth in beauty dressed,
Father, mother, and the rest,
For thy precious, loving care,
For thy bounty ev'rywhere,

"For our comrades and our plays,
And our happy holidays,
For the joyful work and true
That a little child can do,
For our lives but just begun,
For the great gift of thy Son."

(The Century Company, owners of copyright
of poem. Used by permission.)

BENEDICTION:

"The Lord bless us and keep us;
The Lord make his face to shine upon us. Amen."

Additional Stories: 1. "Philip's Flour Barrel," from Story-Telling Time, by Frances Weld Danielson. 2. "The Field," from Tell Me Another Story, by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.

LESSON XII

ALL MANNER OF PRECIOUS FRUITS

THERE is no very definite sequence in these autumn lessons, for the reason that you will want to rearrange them according to the weather. Those of us who can teach out of doors will say with Dr. Van Dyke:

"To thee I turn, to thee I make my prayer,
God of the open air."

And we say it with thanksgiving, for an hour out of doors with the children on a beautiful Indian summer day is a great blessing.

Teach as you wander down the road together, not waiting for a more formal substitute for the classroom. Stop often to notice many things that are familiar to all: an orchard will remind you of the fruited plain, a field where grain has been harvested, roadside flowers and the seeds and small berries that God seems to have made especially for the birds and animals. These are fruits, but the children have not thought of them as such. They are "daily bread" for the birds. Collect seeds, plumed grasses, and bright berries for decorating the classroom and for small bouquets to send home by the children. Let your destination be a wood where you can gather nuts with which to fill the clay bowls.

By the time you have found a good place for telling the story you will have a number of interesting objects to add to your collections.

Children love to walk where the dried leaves lie deep. Add the soft rustle to the pleasant sounds you noted in Lesson XI, and repeat the verse, "Praise the Lord for sounds we hear."

The service may take place out of doors, or after your return to the classroom. If you are not able to leave the classroom for this lesson, allow the usual free play and call the class to order with the music of "*America the Beautiful*."

Directed Play: *Making Pictures.*

Review the story of the Children of Israel told in Lesson IX, and ask the children to show how the people looked back, frightened when they heard the horses coming; how Miriam played upon the timbrel and the harp; how they carried water in jars on their shoulders and babies in their arms. The children will think of other scenes, and you may guess what they are showing.

Story:

As the Children of Israel journeyed they came near a land called Canaan. Moses told them to go into Canaan and live there, but the children of Israel were afraid and drew back. They thought that there might be a wicked king ruling over that country who would be as cruel as the king of Egypt had been. They asked Moses to send men into Canaan to spy out the land. So Moses chose the men whom he thought he could trust and said to them, "Go up into the hill-country: and see the land, what it is; and the people that dwell therein; . . . whether they are few or many; and what the land is that they dwell in, whether it is good or bad; and be ye of good courage, and bring of the fruit of the land." So the chosen men went into the land of Canaan, and the Children of Israel camped in the wilderness near by, and waited for them. The men who were chosen to go into Canaan were called spies because they went to spy out the land. They went to the cities to see the people, whether they looked kind or cruel. They walked through the country to see what kinds of food grew there. Now, the time was the time when the grapes were ripe

on the vines, and when the spies came into the broad, sunny valley they saw a wonderful sight. Grapes were growing in the valley and because it was warm and sunny there, and the earth was rich, the grapes were large—larger and more beautiful than the spies had ever seen or dreamed about. They stood on the hillside and looked and wondered. Then they went down into the valley and did as Moses had asked them to do. They cut a great cluster of grapes from the vine to carry back to the Children of Israel. It was so large and so heavy that two men carried it on a staff, between them. There were fig trees too in that valley and the figs were purple and shaped like pears. After the spies found this wonderful fruit, the valley was called Eshcol, for “Eshcol” means *cluster* in the language of that country.

The men returned from spying out the land to the camp where Moses and the Children of Israel were waiting for them. The people looked in wonder at the beautiful fruit, and longed to taste it. They said, “Let us go up at once and possess the land!” but the spies shook their heads. “Giants live in that land,” they said, “and we were as grasshoppers compared with them.” Then the Children of Israel were afraid and would not go. They cried and were disappointed and sorrowful, and they complained again because Moses had brought them into the wilderness. Then God talked to Moses, as he always did when the people were in trouble and Moses needed help. God said to Moses, “Because these people have disobeyed and will not believe that I will keep my promises to them, they must turn back into the wilderness, instead of going into Canaan.” When Moses told the Children of Israel what God had said they were sorry for what they had done, but they went back into the wilderness again and wandered and wandered. There are more stories about the things that happened to them there. Some day I will tell them to you.

NOTE: Do the children know what the wilderness was? and do they know anything about a desert place? Susan Coolidge writes: "I once asked a party of children the meaning of the word 'desert,' and all but one shouted, 'Rice pudding and oranges!'"

Activity:

Cutting and folding baskets. Draw the baskets as outlined in the diagram, enlarging the circle to about seven inches in diameter. Draw the dotted lines as indicated and fold, bringing the handles together. You will have a pretty basket to decorate in any way the children prefer. Pictures of fruit can be cut from seed catalogs and advertisements and mounted on the sides, or fruit can be drawn and colored. The name of the friend for whom the basket is made can be lettered on one side of the basket or the initials used, printed with colored chalk. The baskets may be put away to be taken home at another time—perhaps after the next lesson; or, if you have something to put in them, they may be taken to-day. A little story about children clipped from a magazine, or the Blessing (Lesson XI) typed on a small sheet of paper, would be good things to put into the baskets, if they are to be given to the mothers of the children. You may have time to color the bowls to-day. It will be simple enough if you decide on one color for all. Blue is the most successful tint to use on the gray clay. You will need a little blue dye in a cup, and two or three soft brushes. Work on newspapers carefully spread or the oilcloth covers on the tables. Stand the bowls away again to dry, and if the color runs in streaks or shades from dark to light, as often happens, the bowls will be all the more interesting. One more process: a coat of varnish is necessary before the bowls are ready to carry their burden of nuts to the Thanksgiving feast. Use a varnish or shellac that has a great deal of dryer in it.

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *Father, We Thank Thee.*

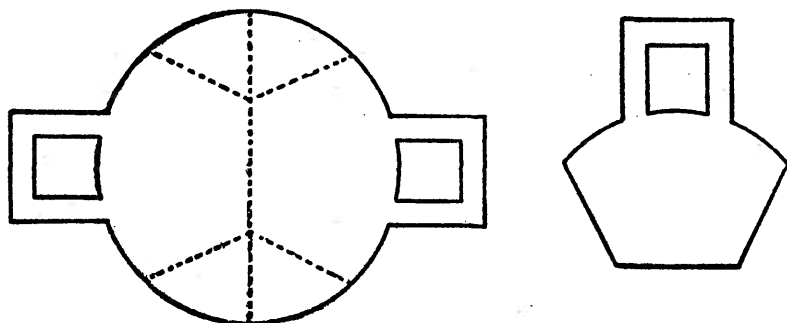
SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work* for the month.
(Recited by the children.) Read Numbers 13. 23.

PRAYER (see Lesson IX).

HYMN: *We Thank Thee.*

BLESSING.

BENEDICTION.



Cut on the black lines, crease on the dotted lines, and fold the ends in.
(By permission of the Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.)

LESSON XIII

RAIN FOR THE EARTH

THIS is a good lesson for a rainy day. If it rains, the children will appreciate the physical exercise that comes with the period of free play, and it may enlighten you to note, without comment, what they do with this time. Is it a romping time, and are the children rude or rough? If the play reflects something of the teaching that you have done, and the stories are dramatized or your games are preferred to street games, you have taught well. If the play is worth while as a review, allow any games or dramatizations to be satisfactorily ended, even though it takes more than the allotted time.

Call the children to the table to shellac the bowls before the story period.

Story:

Once, long ago, a boy named Ishmael lived in a tent with his mother. His mother's name was Hagar. Hagar had come from Egypt, the country where Moses was born, and where the Children of Israel were so unhappy before God helped Moses to lead them away. There were other tents near the one in which Hagar and Ishmael lived, and in one of them lived Abraham and Sarah his wife. Hagar was one of the people who worked for Sarah and Abraham. She cooked their food and brought water from the well when they were thirsty. Hagar was happy while Ishmael was a little boy, for everybody loved and petted him, and she loved to watch him as he played in the sand. She loved to hush him to sleep in her arms when night came. But when Ishmael was quite a big boy a baby came to Sarah and Abraham, and every one

loved *him*. Ishmael was unhappy. You would have thought that Ishmael would have loved the new baby too, but he did not, for he wanted all the love and petting, just as he had it before the new baby came. Sarah and Abraham named the new baby Isaac. One day they made a feast, and every one who came to the feast saw the little baby and loved him; but Sarah saw that Ishmael did not love him but treated him very unkindly. Sarah told Abraham, and they were sad about it, for they knew that Ishmael hated Isaac, and that they could not live together and be good or happy.

Early the next morning Abraham took bread and gave it to Hagar. He put a bottle of water on her shoulder. Hagar knew when Abraham did that that she was to go away and find a new home. She took Ishmael's hand in hers and they went away into the wilderness. In those days people sometimes wandered over the desert, ever so many families together, and they were called wandering tribes. The tribes went about from one spring of water to another, camping under the trees that grew about the spring, until the dates that grew on the trees were all eaten or the spring dried up. Then they packed up their bedding and their rugs and wandered away, with their camels and their sheep, to another spring. Hagar hoped that she and Ishmael would meet one of these tribes. They could join the wanderers and go on with them. Hagar looked across the sand in every direction, but she did not see a tent or a camel or anything that she would have seen if there had been a wandering tribe passing by. She looked and looked for tall palm trees, but she did not see anything but sand and dry bushes. As far as she could see there was nothing else.

Hagar and Ishmael walked and walked until they were very tired and the hot sun beat upon their heads. They were very thirsty. Again and again Hagar took the bottle of water from her shoulder and held it so that Ishmael could drink.

And then, after a while, Ishmael ran to his mother and asked for another drink—and the bottle was empty! Ishmael cried for water, but there was none for him. Hagar shaded her eyes with her hand and looked anxiously for a spring. She saw no green palm trees with their great leaves held high in the air to tell people that a spring bubbled up at their roots, for everybody knew that there could not be a palm tree where there was no water. All plants need water, and there is very little rain in that desert place.

When Ishmael had been thirsty a long time he grew so ill that he could not walk or speak to his mother. Hagar laid him on the sand in the shade of a dry, brown bush. She sat near where she could watch him, and it made her so sad to see Ishmael ill that she cried and covered her face with her hands. She heard Ishmael crying for water. Hagar closed her eyes and asked God to help her. O how much she needed to be helped! When she opened her eyes and looked around, she saw something that she had not noticed before. Some of the bushes not far from the place where Ishmael lay were green! She had thought that they were all of them dry and brown. Hagar knew that water must be near where bushes were green, so she ran, and there, sure enough, under the bushes, was a spring of water bubbling up through the sand!

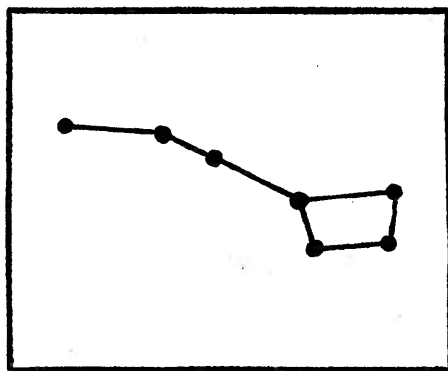
Hagar filled the bottle with cool water and ran to Ishmael. She gave him a drink and bathed his hot head and his hands. How much better he must have felt! Soon he was well, and on they went together, until one day they saw a sight that made them glad. Away off they saw a long procession of camels carrying great bundles, and men and women—yes, and children too—walking. It was a wandering tribe at last! Hagar and Ishmael watched the tribe come nearer and nearer. When the people saw how tired and lonely Hagar and Ishmael were they invited them to join the tribe and wander on with them. Now Hagar and Ishmael were happy. There were

boys with whom Ishmael worked and played. The people were kind to Hagar and she found that some of them had come from Egypt, where she had lived when she was a little girl. Now Hagar was happy, and Ishmael was happy, too.

Ishmael grew tall, and he was very strong. He could see far and aim straight. The men and boys in the tribe shot with bows and arrows, and people who shoot with bows and arrows are called archers. The Bible says that Ishmael was the best archer in the tribe.

Activity:

Give each child a square of dark-blue coated paper and



The Dipper

seven small gummed silver stars. Draw on the blackboard the diagram given here, representing the dipper. The children are to paste the stars in the right positions and draw the dipper with white chalk; but first they will need to know something about the sky in November.

A Talk:

Do you remember the story of the Flood? And about Noah and his ark? Do you know what God promised when the Flood was over? That there never would be such another great Flood as that, and he set the rainbow in the sky to remind people of his promise. There are stars in the sky that remind us of things that we are glad to remember if we look up in the sky at night. If the rain stops and the sky clears to-night

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before you go to bed, take to the window or out of doors this picture of the stars that we are going to make and see if you can find the dipper. For it is a picture of a dipper if you draw from one star to another. The thing to remember when you find the dipper in the sky is a part of our memory work.

“Who covereth the heaven with clouds,
Who prepareth rain for the earth.”

If the rain does not stop, say the verses to-night as you look out at the rain. To-morrow it may be clear, and then you can find the dipper when the darkness comes and we can see the stars. Dippers remind us of cool, fresh water that God gives us to drink.

Have the children lay the stars on the paper, and when they are in about the right positions paste them and draw the line of the dipper from star to star. Recall the verses learned in October, “My Star Time Prayer” (Lesson IV).

If the star lesson is not practical for you, make drinking cups after a pattern of your own or follow the directions given in A First Primary Book in Religion, Lesson XVII.

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star.*

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work* for these lessons on thanksgiving and also the verses learned last month.

PRAYER (see Lesson IX).

HYMN: *America the Beautiful.*

BENEDICTION (see Lesson IX).

Additional Material: “The Legend of the Great Dipper,” in *Stories for Kindergartens and Primary Schools*, by Sara E. Wiltse, and in many collections of stories.

For the Teacher:

HAGAR

"Said Hagar: 'Nay, I cannot see him die,
My little lad, my dear, my only one.'
For bread and water failed her, sheer on high
Shone, hot and horrible, the desert sun.

"That tiny cry wailed ever in her ears:
She lifted up her voice and wept; she said:
'His father loved us not.' The happy years
In Egypt ran like music in her head.

"Ishmael, the archer, shaggy, strong, and wild,
For a great end was saved that bitter day.
He who was but a perishing, wee child,
Through mother-love was snatched from death away.

"And Hagar was full happy; who can know
The feel of bliss like one who once was sad?
Hagar was happy, as she watched upgrow
To might and masterhood her tender lad.

"And in old age—great time of memories—
How oft she must have sat beside some well
Of water, set about with slender trees,
And mused on Abraham and Ishmael!"

(Richard Burton. From *Message and Melody*. By
permission The Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company,
Boston, Massachusetts.)

LESSON XIV

"ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL"

AFTER a short period of free play the children may sit at the table and close their eyes waiting for a signal from you before they open them. While the eyes are closed place some beautiful things on the table. A piece of richly colored material, an orange, an amber bead, a lovely picture, a red leaf, or anything that suggests itself to you as being not only beautiful but interesting from the children's point of view. When the objects on the table have been examined say something about each one.

Amber: To grown people amber is fossil resin. To the children it is the sticky sap that runs through trees, the sort of thing that Moses' mother smeared between the cracks of his cradle boat to keep the water out. The sap hardens, and when it has been in the old tree for years and years, somebody finds it and it is—amber! We sing about "Amber fields of grain." The fields are shiny and yellow, very much like amber, when the grain is ready to be cut. Amber is beautiful, and so are the fields of grain.

Orange: The orange is like sunshine too, and is of a lovely, round shape. We all like balls to play with—and this is a good kind of ball, for we can eat it, and it is just as beautiful inside as it is outside. (Peel and quarter the orange and give each child a section.)

Red leaf: Note the colors and the markings—hold the leaf up to the light and see how beautiful it is when the light shines through it.

"Forgetting oneself in the contemplation of beauty is to pass through a sacred experience which will glorify the whole of

life." There may be "spacious skies" and an infinite number of lovely things to be seen from the window, and in the most unpromising city prospect there is something to be enjoyed. Public buildings should be pointed out, and if there is a library near and the weather is good, you cannot put fifteen minutes of your time to a better use than going to see it. Leave the objects on the table for use later and tell the story.

Story:

A blind man sat by the roadside begging. He begged because he could not see to work, and he was very poor and sad. It was a beautiful, bright day, but the blind man did not see the spacious sky and the lovely fields bright with grass and flowers. He could hear the birds sing and talk together, but he could not know that they were red and blue and yellow and very pretty to watch. Children passed by, and he could hear their talk and their laughter, but he did not see their faces.

As the blind man sat by the roadside he heard a sound of many voices in the distance. The sounds came nearer and nearer and he heard many footsteps. He knew that a great crowd of people were coming down the road.

When the people were so near that their long cloaks brushed against him the blind man called out, "Who goes by that so many follow?" And the people told him, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." The blind man had heard about Jesus' love and kindness, and he called in a loud voice, "Jesus, have mercy on me!" But the people scolded him for calling to Jesus and said, "Hold thy peace!" The blind man did not listen to the people, but called again, louder than before, "Have mercy on me!" Jesus heard him. When he saw the blind man sitting there beside the road he was sorry. It made Jesus feel very sad that there were eyes that could not see the things that he saw that sunny day. When the people found that Jesus wanted to speak to the blind man they led him to Jesus, and Jesus said,

"What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" The blind man said, "Lord, that my eyes may be made to see!" When Jesus heard that, he knew that the blind man believed that he could make him see. That is having faith, and Jesus was glad and said, "Receive thy sight." *Now the blind man could see!* He was no longer blind. He did not need to be led about by his friends. He looked and saw Jesus standing there! He saw the people who had followed Jesus and the children crowding in among them. The world was very beautiful that day, and when Jesus walked on, the crowd followed. The man who had been blind went too, and as he went he was so thankful that he glorified God and sang praises unto his name. His heart was very full of thanksgiving and every beautiful thing that he saw made him happier than he was before.

When the crowd of people saw what Jesus had done they too were glad, and as they followed him they sang praises of thanksgiving unto God.

(Recall the story of "Little Trot." Show that children can help and that when they lend their eyes or their hands to those who need them they are true friends, and are doing what Jesus would want them to do.)

Activity:

Use the dramatization of the street scenes (Lesson III).

Shellac the bowls, using a good varnish with a great deal of dryer in it. This will make the bowls useful for holding nuts or fruit. They will not be dry enough to be taken home to-day, however. If bowls have not been made, mount typed copies of the Blessing (see Lesson XI) on small cards to be taken home.

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *All Things Bright and Beautiful* (A First Book of Hymns and Worship, No. 44).

"All things bright and beautiful,
All things great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
Our Father made them all.
Each little flow'r that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

"Cold wind in the winter,
Pleasant summer sun,
Ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them ev'ry one.
He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How good is God our Father,
Who doeth all things well."

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work.*

POEM:

"Praise to God for things we see,
The growing flower, the waving tree,
Our mother's face, the bright blue sky,
Where birds and clouds come floating by—
Praise to God for seeing." (Hetty Lee.)

HYMN: *We Thank Thee.*

PRAYER (see Lesson IX).

HYMN: *America the Beautiful.*

BENEDICTION.

For the Teacher: "My greatest success," said Louis Agassiz, "is that I have trained fine observers."

LESSON XV

REVIEW

CHRISTMAS preparations will take so much time that one of the November lessons has been added to the December group. Therefore this will be a review of the Thanksgiving lessons, and it should be full of interest since there is so much material to use. In all reviews the Bible stories should be given the preference. The stories from the Bible are so strong that they will live through any number of repetitions and still interest. They are wonderful in power to remain fresh and fascinating, because something always remains to be learned after many tellings. In fact, stories cannot teach if told only once, and the good teacher understands and reviews many times.

AN HOUR OF THANKSGIVING

Hymn: *We Thank Thee.*

Stories: (see Lessons IX and XII, or XII and XIV).

Poem: "Praise the Lord for sounds we hear,
Voices of our playmates dear,
Merry bells and songs of birds,
Stories, tunes and kindly words,
Praise the Lord for hearing.

"Praise to God for things we see,
The growing flower, the waving tree,
Our mother's face, the bright blue sky,
Where birds and clouds come floating by—
Praise to God for seeing."

(Hetty Lee, in *Christian Nurture Lessons*. Used by permission of The Morehouse Publishing Company.)

Activity:

Pictures drawn on the blackboard that recall stories and songs.

Finish any articles that have been left half done and arrange cabinet with the idea of finding out what material you have for Christmas gifts. Put a few nuts in each bowl and give them to the children to take home.

The Memory Work:

The children should be able to repeat the Thanksgiving selection without help.

Prayer:

The prayer of thanksgiving used with these lessons followed by the Lord's Prayer.

Hymn: *America the Beautiful.*

Benediction.

(Call attention to the mite box.)

Additional Stories: 1. "Thanksgiving Story," Kindergarten Stories and Morning Talks, Sara E. Wiltse. 2. "How Patty Gave Thanks," "The Thrifty Squirrels," In the Child's World, Emilie Poulsson. 3. "The Little Lame Squirrel," Christian Nurture Teacher's Manual, Young Churchman Company. 4. "Much and More," The Golden Goblet, Jay T. Stocking.

NOTE: If pictures are to be a part of your Christmas lesson, it is time to order them. You may be able to borrow some of them from a teacher of elementary grades in your Sunday school. There are good pictures in some of the Christmas numbers of magazines and papers. The W. A. Wilde Company, 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts, will send you a catalog

on request with the prices of the pictures and instructions for ordering.

If the stereopticon can be used, you can show more pictures than are listed here. You will find slides in sets of Christmas subjects at your denominational headquarters and also wherever machines are sold or rented. Do not show all of the pictures in these sets, but select the best. There are stereopticons owned by boys, and the Scouts will help you to find one. The owner will be glad to run it for you.

CHRISTMAS PICTURES

The Sistine Madonna.

Sheep and Shepherds (several pictures).

The Angels and the Shepherds.

Pastures and Sheep (several pictures).

The Nativity.

The Wise Men on the Desert (showing camels).

The Wise Men in Jerusalem.

The Adoration of the Wise Men.

III. LOVE'S LESSONS

- XVI. Christmas Plans.
- XVII. Carols and Pictures.
- XVIII. The Annunciation.
- XIX. The Birth of Jesus Christ.
- XX. The Visit of the Wise Men.
- XXI. Review.
- XXII. Christmas Service.
- XXIII. The Flight into Egypt.
- XXIV. Review.

“After all, Christmas-living is the best kind of Christmas-giving.”—Henry van Dyke.

Love never faileth.—I Corinthians 13. 8.

THE MEMORY WORK:

And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, keeping watch by night over their flock. And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people: for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. And this *is* the sign unto you: Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying:

Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace among men. . . .

And it came to pass, when the angels went away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing that is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger.—Luke 2. 8-16.

LESSON XVI

CHRISTMAS PLANS

"So Christmas and Thanksgiving clasp
Their hands and brightly bridge December.
Close met within that heartfelt grasp
All friends One Friend remember."

(Lucy Larcom.)

IF you can take the children to a pine wood for this lesson, by all means do so. There may not be another opportunity for an out-of-door lesson before spring and even on a cold day the cones could be gathered in baskets and the service enjoyed later, in the warmth of the classroom. For the teachers whose work lies far from pine trees another plan is offered. This lesson is placed in the group of Thanksgiving lessons as being appropriate in thought and also because you will need time if the cones are to be sent to you from a distance.

A Talk:

Now that Thanksgiving Day has come and gone, we will begin to get ready for Christmas. Christmas is the most beautiful and the most wonderful time in the whole year, and we must plan for it in a very special way. In the first place, we are going to be just as helpful as we can be, in every way. That means that we are going to help to make Christmas a happier time for as many people as we can. Of course if we do that, we will have to work hard, and to-day we are going to make some plans. There is a story about some children who did one of the things that you may like to do, so I will tell you that story, and then we will talk about it and see what we can do.

Story: *The Silver Cones.*

Long ago in another country far away there lived a miner and his six children. The miner was a poor man, and sometimes he had a hard time to get enough porridge and milk for all. The children were often hungry, and the cottage was small, and yet, one cold night when a little stranger child came wandering by, they took her in.

"She shall have half of my porridge!" said one of the children.

"She shall sleep in my bed!" said another.

And they made room for her before the fire, and rubbed her cold hands. The little stranger child was very happy with the miner's children, and they called her Hilda.

When the snow was deep and every pine tree in the forest held a wreath of snow upon its branches, the children told each other stories about Santa Claus, and they hoped that he might find their cottage in his Christmas Eve journey around the world. Some of the children were afraid that he might not find it, for the cottage was very small and almost hidden among the pine trees.

Hilda and the miner's children worked hard every day. They gathered wood for the fire on the hearth; they swept the cottage and gave their goat a fresh straw bed. They stirred the porridge and kept the fire bright, and at last the day before Christmas came. Hilda was planning a happy time for the miner's children, but it was to be a surprise, so they did not know about it. Late in the afternoon Hilda started out with her basket to gather fagots for the fire. She did this every day, but to-day she hoped to bring home some sweets for the children to eat as they listened to the Christmas stories around the fire. Hilda had no money, but she thought, "I will fill my basket with the largest cones that I can find, and perhaps a servant from the castle will pass by and give me a

penny for them. The cones would make the Christmas fire at the castle bright and pretty. Then I could run to the village and get the sweets, and what a lovely surprise that would be for the children who have been so good to me!"

As Hilda gathered the cones she thought of the stories she had heard about the Forest Fairy. She knew that he was jolly and kind and that he loved all children who were loving and gentle. Just as she was wishing that he would come and help her make a happy Christmas for the miner's children she heard someone say, "May you tell a merry tale, to go with the fire of cones to-night, little one!"

Hilda turned, and there stood a little man in a red cap and a green cloak. He was looking at her basket, which was nearly half full of cones.

"O, dear Christmas fairy," said Hilda—for she knew him at once—"we are going to have a merry time in the miner's cottage to-night. I am gathering the largest cones for the Christmas fire, and while they burn I am going to tell the Christmas stories, and a lovely new one that the children have never heard. That will make them happy, I know. If I had a penny, I would buy sweets for them, for they have been so good to me."

"The snow covers the cones," said the Forest Fairy, "and it is hard to find them. But there is a tree over there"—and he pointed to the tallest tree in the forest—"where the cones are large. They will make a very bright fire." Hilda looked where he pointed, and when she turned to thank him the Forest Fairy was gone.

Hilda went over the snow to the tree that was the largest to gather the cones, and as she went a breeze shook the branches of the tree and great cones, the largest Hilda had ever seen, fell in a shower upon the snow. It was easy to gather them, and soon Hilda's basket was so full that she could not crowd in another cone. She tied a cloth over the top

of the basket to keep the cones from rolling off and started for home. She looked up and down the path for the servant from the palace, but she saw no one.

"It does not matter," she thought. "I can make the children forget about the sweets if the story is very merry and the fire very bright."

As Hilda walked, the basket on her arm grew heavy. The farther she went the heavier it grew. It was getting late too and almost dark, but Hilda could not hurry. At last the children who were watching for her saw her coming and they ran out and helped her carry the basket into the cottage. Hilda stamped the snow from her feet and the children crowded around.

"These are the cones for our Christmas fire!" said Hilda, and she lifted the cloth that covered the basket. The children covered their eyes with their hands and stepped back. The cones were so bright that they could hardly look at them—for the Forest Fairy had turned them all to silver!

And now Hilda made a new plan, for, of course, the miner and his children wished to share this Christmas gift with everybody in the forest. They forgot about the Christmas fire, and the stories, and that night, when they had eaten their porridge, Hilda wrapped the miner's children in their hoods and shawls and they all went out into the forest. The children ran in every direction leaving a silver cone on the doorstep of every cottage. That was a happy Christmas in the forest!

On Christmas day the children gathered cones, and when they were tired and cold Hilda took them home and told the Christmas stories as they warmed their little red hands before the Christmas fire, and there were sweets for all.

All this happened so long ago that no one remembers just when it was, but the children of that country always hear the story from their fathers and mothers. Every year they gather cones for the Christmas fires, but the largest and the prettiest

they touch with silver and hang them on the Christmas trees. Although they never see the Forest Fairy nowadays, lovely things still happen to children who are loving and helpful.

After the Story:

We can have cones at Christmas, and give them to our friends to help make their Christmas fires bright. We can touch the best of them with silver and hang them on the Christmas trees.

Start for the woods before the light fades, and carry baskets for as many cones as you can gather. Or ask the children to help you write a letter to a family of children, or a teacher friend in the country, asking to have a box of cones sent to you, explaining that your class will silver some of them and take them to friends. Ask if the children think that this friend or the children would like the story, and inclose a copy, typed if possible. Arrange to do some pleasant thing for the ones who send the cones. A family or a class of children would like a Christmas picture mounted, or a box of sweets. Bring out the mite box and decide that this is what you will do with the money. You will have to send some of it for postage or expressage if the box is to be sent. It would be fun to send the story with a small box of the cones silvered according to directions given in Lesson XVIII to the friends who send you the cones, for a Christmas gift.

Activity:

The story of "The Silver Cones" will dramatize easily, and if it is too long, a few scenes can be played:

SCENE I. The miner and his children welcome the little stranger child.

SCENE II. The meeting of Hilda and the Forest Fairy.

SCENE III. Hilda reaches the cottage with the basket and the surprise of finding the silver cones.

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SCENE IV. The children go through the forest leaving cones on the steps of the cottages.

SCENE V. The children before the fire as Hilda tells the stories.

Service of Worship:

HYMN: (Christmas Hymn recalled from last year.)

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work* for October and November.

POEMS: All that you have read up to this time.

PRAYER: The Thanksgiving prayer.

HYMN: *The Christ-Child* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 78).

"In a country far away,
In a manger on the hay,
Lay a Baby, pure and sweet,
Lay the little Christ-child.

"Shepherds watching in the night,
Saw above a wondrous light,
Heard the angels sing of peace,
And the little Christ-child.

"To this babe of kingly fame
Wise Men with their treasures came,
Guided by a shining star
To the little Christ-child.

"So on happy Christmas day,
At our work and at our play,
We with joyful hearts will sing
Of the little Christ-child."

(Pilgrim Elementary Teacher. Poem copyrighted by the Congregational Publishing Society. Used by permission.)

BENEDICTION.

LESSON XVII

CAROLS AND PICTURES

THE children's love for the Christmas season will make this lesson of preparation and anticipation a delight. Introduce at this time the carols and pictures that you will use all through the Christmas season.

Explain the multiplicity of pictures on one subject as you did in teaching Lesson II and show several pictures of the Madonna. Decide upon the Sistine Madonna as your Christmas picture. It is better to show the whole picture rather than a detail; and if you can buy or borrow a large colored copy, hang it low and in a good light.

The children may know the Christmas story, and as a year probably has passed since they heard it last, they will rejoice.

The memory work that has been selected tells the story of stories in the most perfect way in which it has ever been told. It is not too long for the reason that it is a complete story of absorbing interest. Show your own enjoyment and appreciation in the way in which you read it, as the Scripture reading for this lesson. We so often deprive stories of their full measure of beauty and meaning when we read them aloud. We are conventional, and even stupid, in reducing everything to the same level of the commonplace. We need to understand more fully the way in which to use pauses, and the value of taking the right amount of time. Show what you feel when you read this precious portion of the second chapter of Luke and the children will respond and remember it always.

The two short stories are explanatory. They are suggested at this time, one as an introduction to our plan of giving at

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Christmas; the other story will make the picture of the Sistine Madonna interesting even in its details.

If plans are made well in advance, the Christmas season need not be too tiring and the month of Christmas may be spent helpfully, unselfishly, and joyously.

Open the November mite box and place the one made for December on the table.

Play: Dramatize the story of "The Silver Cones" as in Lesson XVI.

Story: *The Christmas Carolers.*

One Christmas Eve, long ago, three children sat on the floor before a blazing hearth fire. The big room was full of shadows and would have been quite dark but for the light of a tall white candle that stood burning in the window, adding its light to the flickering firelight.

The two little sisters and their brother Guy were quiet and sad, although it was Christmas Eve and they should have been merry. Their mother and father had been on a long journey and the children had expected them home on Christmas Eve. But deep snow had covered the roads and probably had made it hard for them to find the way, for they were very late.

Guy tried to comfort the little sisters. He said: "They will come soon. Soon we will hear the sound of the horses' hoofs, and then what fun it will be! They will come in, glad of this warm fire we have kept bright for them, and father's pockets will be full of Christmas goodies. They will surely be here to eat the Christmas pudding to-morrow."

But the little sisters shook their heads. Their eyes were full of tears and the room seemed a solemn, silent place. Snowflakes blew against the window, the burning logs snapped and sparks flew up the great chimney. A draft blew out the candle, and Guy brought it to the fire and held it to the blaze until it

burned again. "We must keep the candle lighted," he said, "for when the horses turn in at the gates they will need a light to guide them to the door."

As the children listened for the sound of wheels and pounding hoofs they heard sweet music. Children were coming, singing in the snow!

"The carolers are coming!" cried the children and they ran to the window and climbed into the deep window seat. They pressed their faces against the cold glass. Yes, there were the carolers, in warm cloaks and hoods, standing under the window and singing a Christmas song.

"We are not daily beggars
That beg from door to door;
But we are neighbors' children
Whom you have seen before.

"God bless the master of this house;
God bless the mistress too,
And all the little children
That round the table go."

And after that the carolers sang a most *beautiful* song, and it seemed to the children in the window that the music came down from the sky, for it was the song the angels sang on that first Christmas.

"Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace among men."

When the song was over, the carolers looked up and the children in the window saw their faces in the candlelight. "We *have* seen them before! They *are* neighbors' children," cried the children in the window.

One of the carolers, a tall boy, held up a bundle of pine twigs, and the needles and cones were dusted with snow that

sparkled in the light of the candle. Guy opened the heavy window and took the twigs.

"Take the fagot," said the tallest caroler, "and burn it tomorrow. It will make your Christmas fire bright and warm."

Guy ran to a table on which stood a great wooden bowl filled with apples and nuts. "Thank you for the songs and the fagot," he said, "and may your Christmas be a merry one!" Then he emptied the bowl at the feet of the carolers. The little sisters called out, "A merry Christmas to you, every one!" and Guy closed the window.

What fun the carolers had gathering up the apples and nuts that lay on the snow around them! The children in the window laughed to see the fun, and forgot their loneliness. Soon the carolers went away, singing as they went, and as the song grew fainter and fainter there came another sound. It was the sound of horses' hoofs, pounding through the snow. Then came the creak of wheels and harness, and the children heard the voices that they loved to hear, calling, "Merry Christmas, children!"

Guy threw the fagot of pine on the fire, and his mother and father warmed their hands by its warmth.

"Did you lose your way in the snow, mother?" asked the little sisters.

"Yes, we did," she answered, "and it was the song of the carolers and the light of the candle that showed us the way."

A Talk:

Shall we make a plan for *our* Christmas Eve? Suppose we ask our friends to come here, for a lovely time with our stories and pictures, and Christmas gifts, and then, when it is beginning to get dark, we will go out, and sing as the "neighbors' children" did in the story. The children in England sang the carols from house to house, as the children in the story did, for years and years. I would love to do it;

would you? Perhaps we will ask the people who want to hear us to put a candle in the window, and we will sing the same song that the children in England used to sing. Then, when they know who we are we will sing our beautiful carols, and leave a gift at each house, as Hilda and the miner's children did.

Activity:

Silvering cones. Bring out the cones gathered by the children or sent from the country. Examine them closely and explain to those who do not know that they are the fruit of the trees used as Christmas trees. The children are going to play that they are Forest Fairies and silver some of these cones for Christmas presents. Look the cones over and select a number of the most perfect. Use aluminum paint, and show the children that they need only brush the edges of the cones to make them very pretty. Or touch the cones with white enamel paint, or with glue, and roll them immediately in artificial snow. Any stationer or storekeeper will get the artificial snow for you if you are not near a place where it is sold. Lay the silvered cones carefully away in a box. Later, when they are dry, you can tie bits of red or brown worsted in the tops for use in hanging the cones on the trees. Hang them under the branches, as they grow.

Pictures: Show several pictures of the Madonna and discuss them. Note the differences and talk of the artists as trying to show how lovely the baby Jesus was. Guide the choice of a picture for the month to the Sistine Madonna, and when it has been studied tell the story of "The Twins of Italy."

Story: *The Twins of Italy.*

A long time ago, in a lovely sunny country across the seas, there lived in an old, old town a mother with two tiny babies. No one had ever seen such babies! At least so the mother

thought as she looked admiringly at them and wondered which was the more beautiful. They had great dark eyes, and plump little brown cheeks, and silky black hair that curled about their faces, and then there were *two* of them, one for each arm, as the mother proudly thought.

As she sat by the door and spun, the children would frolic about her feet like two playful little puppies, and she would say to herself, "I wish I could keep them always as they are now. They are so beautiful!"

As they grew older and could understand she would tell them stories of that baby boy in Palestine, the little Jesus whom every one loved. And so these tiny boys in Italy too learned to love him, and would ask for stories about him again and again.

One afternoon the two children, who had been rolling about in the grass and playing hard all day, grew tired, and leaning up against their mother, begged her for a story. Their heads came just above her knees, and while one folded his arms upon her lap and rested his chin upon them and the other cupped his face in a plump little hand, four brown eyes were fixed on hers as she told them over again the stories they loved to hear about Jesus.

As she was talking a handsome stranger came by. But he did not pass the cottage, for he was an artist, and when he saw the group at the doorway of the cottage he thought he had never painted a lovelier picture. He stopped and listened to the story the mother was telling, and when it was finished he stepped up to her and said:

"Will you bring your lovely twins to see a picture I have just made? It is of the child Jesus on his mother's arm."

Oh, to *see* a picture of the baby whom they so loved to hear about! That was almost better than a story!

So one day their mother washed them and dressed them to go to the house of the great painter. They were too old to be

carried now, but walked along by their mother's side, holding her hand.

The painter must have loved little children, for he took them in his arms and played with them and gave them toys and sweets until they loved him too. He made them happiest of all when he asked them to come to see him every day. And as day after day they played about the studio, the room where the great painter Raphael did his work, he painted a picture of them. He painted it just as he had seen them that first day, standing by their mother's side and resting against her knee. And he made of each one a little angel-child, and put wings on their shoulders, and placed them at the feet of the little Christ-child whose story they loved to hear about.

And so the mother had her wish. "I wish I could keep them as they are now," she used to say as she looked at her babies.

It is a long time since Raphael painted the picture. It is very old. But the children in it never grow old. They will always be for the world the two beautiful babies their mother wanted to keep them.

(By Jeanette E. Perkins.)

Service of Worship: (The memory work, the prayer, and the benediction may be used throughout the month.)

HYMN: *The Christ-Child.*

SCRIPTURE READING: *Memory Work*, Luke 8. 16.

HYMN: *Silent Night* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 82).

"Silent night, Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright.
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child,
Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace!

"Silent night, Holy night,
 Shepherds quake at the sight;
 Glories stream from heaven afar,
 Heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia;
 Christ, the Saviour, is born,
 Christ, the Saviour, is born!"

PRAYER: Dear Father in heaven, may we love each other more; may we do more to make each other happy, because we want to celebrate Jesus' birthday in the best way. Amen.

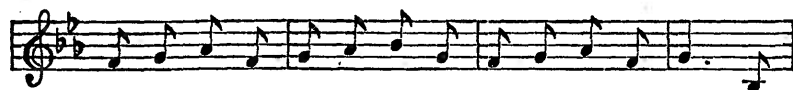
Song: *Song of the Christmas Waits.* (An old song—adapted.)



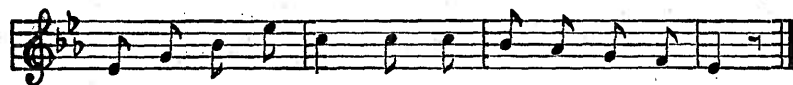
We are not dai - ly beg - gars, That beg from door to door; But



we are neighbors' child - ren Whom you have seen be - fore. God



bless the mas - ter of this house; God bless the mistress too, And



all the lit - tle child - ren That round the ta - ble go.

BENEDICTION:

"Lord Jesus Christ, come close and stay
 Within my heart until the day,
 While I lie quiet, safe and sound,
 Until the golden sun comes round."

LESSON XVIII

AN ANGEL'S VISIT

If you have read all of the lessons for December and have decided to follow the plan for having the children sing under the windows of friends and neighbors, on Christmas Eve, you will want to rehearse the songs several times, and these rehearsals can take the form of play. The children can learn the "Song of the Christmas Waits" as they sing it in their play, and the carols that you teach may be sung at this time.

It will add very much to the picturesque effect if the girls wear hoods and long capes of bright colors, as they go from door to door. If worn over warm winter garments, the capes and hoods may be made of turkey red and other cheap cotton materials, and very few stitches will suffice. If any of the children own capes of *any* color, they can be used, but if material is bought, have the colors red, green, dark orange, and bright blue. The boys should wear scarfs of these materials and their own warm caps.

It will relieve the pressure of work later, and add very much to the reality of the play if you can have these costumes ready to-day. The mothers of the children will provide the costumes, or at least help you with them if you can interest them in the plan for Christmas Eve.

Review the story of "The Christmas Carolers," and play that it is Christmas Eve and that you are setting out to sing under the windows or at the doors of certain friends. Walk about, stopping here and there to sing. Sing the "Song of the Christmas Waits" several times, playing the music as the children move from door to door in their "make believe."

After the play, and before the story, sit down together and make a list of the friends for whom you wish to sing. These people should live near your place of meeting, and they should be those upon whom you can rely for cooperation and enthusiasm. Write or telephone before Christmas Eve, to tell them of your plan and to ask if they will place a candle in the window for the children.

Story: *An Angel's Visit.*

Long ago, in a little village called Nazareth, there lived a young woman named Mary. Mary's home was a little square house by the roadside, and there were other little square houses all about. In these houses lived Mary's friends, and they all swept the floors and carried their pitchers to the well to draw water. They made little loaves of bread, and spun long threads of wool and wove them into cloth. So Mary's days were filled with work, and when the sun went down and the day's work was done, Mary brought water for her thirsty flowers and threw crumbs to her doves. Sometimes she read as she rested, and sometimes she went up to the low roof by a little staircase that was on the outside of the house and watched the sun set and the stars come out.

Mary had many happy things to think about. The world was very beautiful, for it was springtime, and every leaf and blade of grass was new. The bluebirds and birds that were red and soft-gray were singing about the new nests that they were building. And then Mary was going to marry Joseph, the village carpenter. Yes, it was a happy time for Mary, and one day, as she sat thinking of these things, an angel came to visit her. A bright and wonderful angel, who brought Mary a message from God!

When Mary saw the angel she was filled with fear and wonder, but the angel said, "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God."

Then Mary listened and heard the angel say: "God will send his Son to live on the earth. He will come to you, Mary, a little child, to be cared for, and when he is grown he will do great things, and because he will be so loving, he will be called the King of Love, forever."

Mary bowed her head, and said: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it unto me according to thy word."

When Mary lifted up her head and looked about, the angel was gone. The doves were fluttering among Mary's flowers, and her spinning was just where she had laid it when the angel came. Everything was just as it had been, but what a wonderful new thought was now in Mary's mind! Her heart was filled with thanksgiving, and she was so happy that she sang a beautiful song of thanks to God.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord,
And my spirit hath rejoiced in God.

For he that is mighty hath done to me great things,
And holy is his name!"

Activity:

The children will want to make Christmas presents, and here are some suggestions that will serve to keep them busy all through these Christmas lessons. Make what you think will be best and allow time for "silvering" a basket of cones and tying loops of worsted or thread at the stem for use in hanging the cones on Christmas trees. One of these periods for activity should be given to writing on slips of paper this little wish, to go with the cones that are taken to friends when you go a-caroling. Let the children do the writing or printing from a copy set for them on the blackboard:

"Our wish for you is a fire bright
And a happy time on Christmas night."

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Surprise Nuts. Walnuts or large peanuts opened without breaking the shells. Fold an interesting anecdote or funny story clipped from a magazine and paste the nut together with the clipping inside.

Surprise Envelopes. Decorate small envelopes with flowers cut from wall paper and address them to mother or father. Clip Christmas verses and poems from magazines or Sunday-school papers, and inclose.

Pads for the Telephone Table. Buy small pads of paper and paste wall paper on the cardboard at the back. Fasten little program pencils to them by ribbon loops pasted between the wall paper and the cardboard.

Christmas Baskets. Make baskets as in Lesson XII and decorate with crayon drawing or pictures pasted on. Place a letter, cut-out pictures, or stories in the basket.

Match Boxes. Cover the top and bottom of the match box with wall paper or pictures from postcards. The boxes are smaller than the postcards, but many times the picture can be used in detail. Any colored decoration can be used, or the design may be original.

Clothespin Dolls. Dolls such as were made in Lesson X with a Christmas message pinned to them.

Nut Bowls. See Lesson XI.

Other ideas for gifts will be found among the activities in A First Primary Book in Religion. Also in current Sunday-school and other educational magazines. A roll of cheap wall paper with a small design will be very useful in making Christmas gifts and Christmas-tree decorations. Any of the little articles suggested above can be hung on the tree, before they are presented. Keep all finished articles in the cabinet until Christmas Eve, or the time when you have your Christmas service.

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *The Christ Child.*

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work* for December.

PRAYER (see Lesson XVII).

HYMN: *Silent Night.*

BENEDICTION.

LESSON XIX

THE CHRISTMAS STORY

As the children assemble, give them the capes, hoods, and scarfs and play the "Song of the Christmas Waits." "If you want to know what a child is, study his play; if you want to affect what he shall be, direct the form of play." That is what Joseph Lee says in his Foreword to Luther Gulick's book, *A Philosophy of Play*. When you have had a satisfactory rehearsal, prepare for the story. After reviewing "An Angel's Visit" tell the story of the birth of Christ.

Story: *The Story of the First Christmas.*

The bright angel brought God's wonderful message to Mary in the springtime. The summer came, and then the autumn. The days grew cool and soon a great many people in that country began to think about a journey that they would have to take. Those who had left their old homes and were living in other places would have to go back, and write their names in the king's book. The king, whose name was Cæsar Augustus, wished to know how many people there were in that country. This was his way of counting them.

Mary had been married to Joseph, the village carpenter, and when the time came for Joseph to go to his old home, Mary went with him. Joseph was born in the city of Bethlehem, and he was of the family of David, who lived there long, long before.

Some of the people lived so far from their old homes that they started long before the time when the name must be signed, and camped in the fields at night. Some went to one

city and some to another, and on every road there were people going in both directions.

And Joseph and Mary started too. Over the hills and down dusty roads in the sunshine they went. They rested now and then, and sometimes they traveled on with friends whom they met and who were going to Bethlehem, also.

But Mary grew tired with the long journey and could not hurry, and they went so slowly that everybody passed them on the road. When Mary and Joseph reached Bethlehem the narrow streets were filled with people. Every house was full too, and it seemed as though there was no place where they could rest that night. There was an inn, a great yard where people could tie their camels and donkeys and rest with them on the straw; but even that place was crowded. At last Joseph found a stable built in a cave. Cows and donkeys were stabled in the cave, but it was quiet and Mary was glad to go there and rest. When night came the streets of Bethlehem were quiet, for the people were tired after their long journeys, and they slept.

Out in the fields and pastures near Bethlehem the shepherds watched their sheep and lambs. In that warm country the shepherds do not always lead their flocks home when night comes. They stay with the sheep, and watch while the sheep lie sleeping on the grass.

That night the shepherds talked together about things that had happened and about what they hoped would some day come to pass. We do not always know what is going to happen, but the shepherds knew that some day God would send his Son to live on the earth, for that was written in an old book, and they had heard the teachers and priests read it.

They may have talked about the coming of God's Son that night, and of how glad the whole world would be when he came, when suddenly a glorious light filled the sky. It was more beautiful than the loveliest sunrise, and as the shepherds

looked, so startled that they could not speak, an angel, brighter even than the sky, came out of heaven.

The brightness was so great that the shepherds could not look, and they fell on their faces and covered their eyes with their hands. And the angel said unto them:

"Be not afraid, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people. For there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. And this is the sign unto you: Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger." And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying:

"Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace among men."

Then that most beautiful music grew fainter and the sky grew dark again. The shepherds looked in wonder at each other. They rose to their feet. "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem," they said, "and see this thing that is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us."

And they ran, forgetting their sheep, to Bethlehem, and found the Babe lying in a manger.

When the shepherds had seen Jesus they told everyone they met the wonderful news. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

Activity:

Finishing the silver cones and tying on the written messages. Making gifts for friends. (See Lesson XX.) Arrange the Christmas pictures in the order given here and show them as you read the Scripture lesson. (See Lesson XV.)

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *The Christ-Child.*

SCRIPTURE READING.

PICTURES:

Shepherds: Luke 2. 8.

Angel of the Lord: Luke 2. 9.

Angel's Message: Luke 2. 11, 12.

The Heavenly Host: Luke 2. 13, 14.

Pastures and Sheep: Luke 2. 15.

The Nativity: Luke 2. 16.

HYMN: *Silent Night.*

PRAYER.

POEM: *Then and Now* (to be read aloud).

"If I had been a shepherd boy
 Out on the hills that Christmas night
 And heard the Angels' song of joy
 And seen the heavens flaming white,
 I think I never could forget;
 I know I'd be remembering yet!
 I could not be a shepherd boy,
 For that was long and long ago;
 But still the Angels' chant of joy
 Comes echoing across the snow,
 And I can listen if I will
 And hear their Holy Anthem still.

"If I had been a sleeping guest
 Lodged at the inn that Christmas night
 When the new Lord was laid to rest
 In the cold stall in humble plight,
 I know I would have waked instead
 And given him my warm, soft bed.
 But I was not a lodger there,
 It was so long ago indeed,
 Yet all around me everywhere
 Are little children still in need,

And when I love and cherish them
I serve the Babe of Bethlehem."

(By Nancy Byrd Turner. Used by permission of
The Pilgrim Press.)

BENEDICTION.

For the Teacher: "The secret of true poetry—as well as of all other true things—lies hidden in the heart of the Babe of Bethlehem, the secret of heavenly love, without which there is no beauty in the works or words of men" (Lucy Larcom).

LESSON XX

THE VISIT OF THE WISE MEN

REHEARSE the plan for Christmas Eve, going through the carol-singing program as you did at the last lesson. Review the story of the birth of Christ or ask a child to tell it and ask another child to hold up the pictures to illustrate what is being said.

Story: *The Visit of the Wise Men.*

Soon after that wonderful night when the angels sang and Jesus came to live on the earth, Joseph found a home in Bethlehem, and took Mary and Jesus to live there. Joseph was a carpenter, and he began at once to make benches and tables for the people of Bethlehem and yokes for their oxen. Mary was busy and happy with Jesus to love and care for, and then one day three men came from a far-away land to visit Jesus and to bring him gifts of welcome. These men were glad and thankful that Jesus had come to live on the earth, for they knew that he was the Son of God, and had come to show people how to be loving and happy forever and ever.

They had traveled far over fields and mountains and through the wilderness. They had been long weeks on the way, and that is why they did not find Jesus in the manger on that first Christmas night, as the shepherds did.

These men who came from countries far away from Bethlehem were wise. They knew many things and thought wonderful thoughts. They had read in that old Book from which the teachers and priests read to the shepherds, that God would some time send his Son to live in the world, and they longed

to have Jesus come. Think how interested these Wise Men must have been when they read in the old Book that when Jesus came there would be a new star in the sky! How often they must have looked for the star! They knew a great many interesting things about the stars, and they knew many of them by their names. When Jesus was born and the new star came in the sky just as the old Book had said, these men saw it, shining there, over their heads, big and bright. "This is the star we have wanted to see! It moves to show us where to find the Son of God, and we will follow it!"

So the Wise Men prepared for their journey. They rode on camels, and over them, as they sat on the camels' backs, were tents of blue and red and gold cloth.

The Wise Men traveled at night, for then they could see the star, and the star moved and showed them where to go. They rested in the bright hours of daylight and the camels rested too. The sands of the desert were soft, and the camels made no noise as they took long steps. The nights were very still, and the only sound the Wise Men heard was the tinkle of the little brass bells that were tied into the harness on the camels' heads. It was a happy sound, and the Wise Men loved to listen, as we do, when the bells of Christmas ring.

At last when they had traveled long and far they came to the city of Jerusalem. When the men rode in through the city gates the people in the streets stopped and stared! The Wise Men looked strange to them, for they were from a country far away and their high, white camels and bright canopies, their rich robes and dark faces were like nothing the people of Jerusalem had ever seen before.

The Wise Men looked down from their high seats into the staring faces and asked: "Where is he that is born a King? We have seen his star and have come to worship him." The people of Jerusalem shook their heads and wondered, for Herod, their king, was not good to them. On the Wise Men

went through the streets, asking where Jesus was to be found, when a messenger came to them from Herod asking them to come to the palace where he lived.

Herod did not know that those who knew what the old Book said expected a King of love to come to them from God. He wondered what these strange men could mean.

When the Wise Men went to the palace Herod asked them to tell him all that they knew about the new King and the star. When they had told him everything he said: "Go and search out exactly concerning the young child; and when ye have found *him*, bring me word, that I also may come and worship him."

When the Wise Men went out of the palace to mount their kneeling camels, lo! the star which they saw in the east went before them till it came and stood over where the young Child was.

When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy; and it showed them the way to Bethlehem, out through the gates of Jerusalem, and across the sandy desert. The star stood over the little house where Jesus lived with Mary and Joseph, and the Wise Men went in. They saw the young Child with Mary his mother, and fell down and worshiped him: and when they had opened their treasures they presented unto him gifts—gold, frankincense, and myrrh, for those were the precious gifts that were given to kings long ago. Joseph watched the Wise Men kneel at Jesus' feet, and when he saw the gifts they had brought he knew that Jesus was a king. Surely these were not presents that would be given to a little child, for frankincense and myrrh are sweet-smelling powders that the ministers burned in the churches, and the gold, of course, he could not spend.

When the Wise Men rose from their knees they were wonderfully happy, for they had found Jesus. As they rested that night an angel came to them in their dreams and warned them

not to tell Herod that they had seen the King of love. So they went back to their own country another way.

As they rode to their homes across the desert and over the mountains, the Wise Men thanked God with all their hearts, for they had seen Jesus, the King of love!

Activity: *Making Christmas Gifts* (see Lesson XVIII).

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *The Christ-Child.*

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work* repeated by the children, and the pictures shown as they were last week. Also Matthew 2. 1-3, 7-12, showing for the first time the pictures that illustrate this story. For list of pictures see Lesson XV.

HYMN: *Silent Night.*

PRAYER:

POEM: *Then and Now* (third stanza).

"If I had been a wise man's son
And seen the star that Christmas night
And watched the travelers starting on
Their journey toward the wondrous light,
I would have begged to go with them
To worship Christ at Bethlehem.
I could not follow with the star—
That was two thousand years gone by—
But still its shining is not far;
Its holy beams are very nigh,
And whoso looks with praying eyes
Still sees its glory in the skies."
(Nancy Byrd Turner. Used by permission of
The Pilgrim Press.)

BENEDICTION.

Additional Poem: Cecil Frances Alexander's Carol, "Saw You Never in the Twilight" (in many hymnals).

LESSON XXI

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

Ask the children to lay all of the Christmas pictures on the table in the order in which they come in the stories. They may choose which they would like to tell about and stand with the picture held so that all can see it as they repeat the Bible verses. They may rehearse the carols as they play again that they are carolers in capes and hoods, and then take their places for the story.

Review the story of "The Visit of the Wise Men," and have a child tell it.

Story: *The Flight into Egypt.*

The Bible tells us that on the very night when the angel came to the Wise Men in their dreams God sent a dream angel to Joseph also. The angel said to Joseph, "Arise and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I tell thee: for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him."

Then Joseph woke and began at once to make ready for a long journey. He went to Mary and told her what the angel had said. Joseph untied the donkey, and Mary wrapped a warm cloak about the baby Jesus, and very quietly they started for Egypt.

Before morning they were far away from Bethlehem, and the people who lived near their home must have wondered when they found the little home empty and still.

Now, Herod was very angry because the Wise Men did not return to tell him that they had found the new King. He sent for a very learned man and asked him to read from the old

Book all that it said about the new King. The learned man read that Jesus would come, and that he would be born in Bethlehem. Herod did not want any one to be king but himself, and he decided to find the baby King and kill him.

King Herod was ill, and he was stupid and very cruel. So he ordered his soldiers to kill all the baby boys in Bethlehem. He thought that surely Jesus would be among them. How sad it was in Bethlehem then! How the people wept and mourned! And Jesus, the real King, the King of love, was safe in his mother's arms, and nearer and nearer to the land of Egypt as the hours passed by.

The donkey walked slowly, and Joseph led him while Mary rode and held Jesus in her arms. When they were tired or hungry they rested by the roadside and then rode on again. At last they were in Egypt, and Mary and Joseph were glad, for Jesus was safe. Joseph found another home for Mary and Jesus, and they lived in Egypt until one night the angel came again to Joseph in his dreams and said, "Arise and take the young child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel: for they are dead that sought the young child's life."

So Mary and Joseph journeyed back to the land of Israel, as the angel had told them to do, but they did not go back to the city of Bethlehem. Joseph had heard that Herod's son was king in Herod's place, and he feared that the new king might be cruel and stupid like his father. He did not want to take Jesus to Bethlehem where the new king could easily find him, so they went to Nazareth, where Mary and Joseph had lived before Jesus was born.

It seems as though Mary must have been glad to go to Nazareth, for many friends whom she loved were there.

Activity: Making Christmas gifts (see Lesson XVIII).

Service of Worship: (Place the picture—the Sistine Madonna—where all can see it.)

HYMN: *The Christ-Child.*

SCRIPTURE READING: Ask the children to repeat the *Memory Work* as you hold up the pictures. Read also Matthew 2. 1-12 and show pictures. (See Lessons XIX and XX.)

PRAYER: *Poem.* See Lessons XIX and XX. Ask a boy to learn the poem or three boys to learn a stanza each, to be repeated at the Christmas service. Give them typed copies (or have the lines clearly written for them to take home and study).

HYMN: *Song of the Christmas Waits.*

BENEDICTION (pronounced by a child).

LESSON XXII

CHRISTMAS PREPARATIONS—A REVIEW

ALL that the program for the Christmas Eve service contains you have already prepared, unless, perhaps, you still have the stereopticon and the slides for which to arrange. Every effort should be made to have the screen pictures, for they make the service very much more beautiful, and different from the lessons that come at ordinary times. If the stereopticon is out of the question, use the pictures as you have already used them for these lessons, the children standing on the platform if the guests are many, or in their usual informal way if only a few are invited.

The Christmas Lullaby calls for a soloist; and yet if there is no one who will sing for the children on Christmas Eve, the picture can be shown, as the pianist plays a lullaby. The anthem requires the cooperation of a choir or a quartette, but if there are no singers upon whom you can call for this service, the anthem may be omitted.

To insure a service which will be thoroughly enjoyed by all on Christmas Eve go through it at this time quite carefully, first telling the stories. Lesson XXIII consists of the complete service for use to-day as well as on Christmas Eve. Remember to change the day of the next lesson to Christmas Eve at four o'clock. Invite your guests by note or telephone, and make use of a church calendar, bulletin board, or any other medium of advertising that is at your service.

AN INVITATION

Come to the children's Christmas Eve service on December

24 at four o'clock. There will be stories and pictures, carols, and a lighted tree.

“And let us keep old customs dear,
And let us gather, year by year,
Around this light on Christmas Eve,
And voice a fervent ‘I believe.’”

(Denis McCarthy, in his *Songs of Sunrise*,
Little, Brown & Co. Used by permission.)

A Christmas Lullaby: “*Sleep, My Little Jesus*” (in Hymnal for American Youth. The Century Company). There are other beautiful Christmas lullabies, and such familiar songs, as “*Sleep, My Babe, Lie Still and Slumber*,” would be appropriate.

LESSON XXIII

A SERVICE FOR CHRISTMAS EVE

Music: Carols old and new played brightly as the friends assemble.

Hymn: *The Christ-Child* (sung by the children).

The Christmas Story with Pictures

Luke 2. 8-16

PICTURES:

Shepherds (Luke 2. 1) :—"And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, keeping watch by night over their flock."

Angels and Shepherds (Luke 2. 9-12) :—"And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people: for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour who is Christ the Lord. And this is the sign unto you: Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger."

The Heavenly Host (Luke 2. 13, 14) :—"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

"Glory to God in the highest

And on earth peace among men. . . ."

Pastures and Sheep (Luke 2. 15) :—"And it came to pass, when the angels went away from them into

heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing that is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us."

The Nativity (Luke 2. 16) :—"And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in the manger."

A SOLO: *A Christmas Lullaby* (see Lesson XXII). The children will sing a carol (while the picture of The Nativity is still shown).

The Star in the East (Matthew 2. 1-3) :—"Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came Wise-men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we saw his star in the east, and are come to worship him. And when Herod the king heard it, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

The Wise Men in Herod's House (Matthew 2. 7, 8) :—"Then Herod privily called the Wise-men, and learned of them exactly what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search exactly concerning the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word, that I also may come and worship him."

The Visit of the Wise Men (Matthew 2. 11) :—"And they came into the house and saw the young child with Mary his mother; and fell down and worshiped him; and opening their treasures they offered unto him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh."

The Sistine Madonna. A Christmas anthem sung while the picture is on the screen, or a carol sung by the children or the soloist. If the stereopticon has been used, the lights should be turned on at this time.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE, *and the* CAROLERS: The tree stands near the platform dressed with cones, silvered by the children, and the gifts they have made in white paper packages and plainly marked. The children may take their packages and give them to the friends for whom the gifts were made. This will make a happy half hour perhaps, and then it will be time to go a-caroling. The children should put the capes and hoods on over their warm winter clothes if it is a cold night, and the teacher should be in costume too. Fill your basket with the cones that have been silvered and that have written Christmas messages tied on (see Lesson XVIII) and start for the homes where the candles are shining a welcome to the children. Leave a cone or several cones at each house that you visit. Sing "Song of the Christmas Waits" and then two carols at each door.

LESSON XXIV

REVIEW

Ask the children to arrange a program for themselves. Write the program as they plan it on the blackboard and insist that they shall carry it out well.

The children should tell the stories themselves, and if there is time and a new story is in order, tell one of those listed among the additional materials.

The birds may have their Christmas treat to-day. (See Lesson V.) Bring out the containers made long ago for this purpose and the seeds and berries gathered in the autumn. Stand your Christmas tree out in the yard and tie the little containers to the branches. If there is no place for the tree out of doors, tie a branch of the tree to a fence or to the flag-pole. Use a growing tree if there is an evergreen within your limits.

Books of Christmas Stories:

Little Folks' Christmas Stories and Plays, by Ada M. Skinner. Christmas, by Robert Haven Schauffler.

IV. THE RELIGION OF WORK

- XXV. A Lesson for the New Year.
- XXVI. The Boy Jesus in Nazareth.
- XXVII. Jesus of Nazareth Who Went About Doing Good.
- XXVIII. A Faithful Worker Whose Name Was Samuel.
- XXIX. Working Willingly with Our Hands.
- XXX. Preparing for a Great Work.
- XXXI. Children Working for Their Friends.
- XXXII. Review.

"It is neither feeling or thinking, but righteous doing that gives us victory."—*Elizabeth P. Peabody.*

MEMORY WORK:

King Solomon, the son of David, said:

My son, hear the instruction of thy father,
And forsake not the law of thy mother:

Withhold not good from them to whom it is due,
When it is in the power of thy hand to do it.

A worthy woman . . . worketh willingly with her hands:

And the law of kindness is on her tongue.

A word fitly spoken
Is *like* apples of gold in network of silver.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard;
Consider her ways, and be wise.

The ants are a people not strong,
Yet they provide their food in the summer.
The conies are but a feeble folk,
Yet make they their houses in the rocks.

—*Proverbs.*

Be strong, all ye people of the land, saith Jehovah, and work.

—*Haggai 2. 4.*

LESSON XXV

A LESSON FOR THE NEW YEAR

THE stories in this series of lessons are about interesting workers and the work that they did. The active child will enjoy being industrious and the activities suggested will provide real work for him to do. The games are more serious and the idea of team work is introduced. At seven the child begins to care to win, and he should learn to lose good-naturedly.

The children's work will culminate in entertaining a class in a neighboring school of week-day religious instruction, or a class in your own school. Arrange with the teacher of the invited class to teach the review lesson to the combined classes. The children in your class may work toward making it an interesting hour and the anticipation will give point to their efforts.

After the New Year's greetings have been exchanged, form a ring and play several singing games familiar to all. Among the games of this class are "The Mulberry Bush," "London Bridge," "The Muffin Man," "Did You Ever See a Lassie?" and "On the Bridge of Avignon." If you have a school or a roof garden, play the games out of doors as often as you can. Bean-bags are quite exciting when one is seven. They are safe, and make simple team play possible, besides providing a fine activity in making them.

Games with Bean-bags. 1. Place a wastepaper basket in the center of the circle and at a given signal let each child toss a bean-bag into it. Or, toss in turn, and clap for the child whose bag goes into the basket.

2. The players are divided into two teams. The teams are ready when they are in parallel lines as though about to march. The leader of each line holds a bean-bag over his head and at a signal drops it over his head into the hands of the child behind him. This is repeated until the bag reaches the last child, who runs to the head of the line with the bag in his hand, and the tossing begins again. Repeat until the child who was at the head of the line is there again. The team or line whose leader first gets back to the head wins. This game may be played with rubber balls, but it is less difficult with bean-bags.

Marching Steps. Giants: March with arms raised above the head and on tiptoe.

Fairies: With arms outstretched march lightly in double-quick time.

Coming from the Well: Each child marches carrying a bean-bag on his head as water jars were carried in Bible times.

Stepping-stones: Circles can be drawn on bare floors or the figures in carpets or mattings can be called stepping-stones. The children step from one stone to another on their toes.

Jumping Jacks: March, lifting the knees very high and jerking the arms up and down at each step.

A Game of Work: Print on slips of paper orders such as "Dust the Window Sill"; "Water the Plant"; "Sort the Crayons," etc., and lay them face down on the table. Let each child take a slip and begin at once to obey the order written thereon.

Story: *A Story for the New Year.*

Tom Tucker was a little boy who lived in a city far away and across the sea. His home was very near a great, beautiful church, so near that when the choirmaster played the big organ Tom could hear the music. He could see the pictures in the stained-glass windows when the church was lighted at night, and he often sat in the doorway of his home looking

at the lovely pictures, and making stories about them. There were lambs and lilies; there were shepherds with kind faces, and in one window there was a picture of Jesus with children crowding around him. Tom thought that the child in Jesus' arms was like his own little sister.

Early on Christmas morning before it was light Tom heard singing, and the church was lighted. From his little window he saw the lighted windows of the church, and there was a shining picture of Mary with the baby Jesus in her arms. The boys in the choir were singing "Peace on earth, good will to men!" As Tom looked and listened he hoped that some day he too would be singing in the choir.

Tom's mother carved little lambs and lilies from pieces of wood with a sharp knife. She put the little carvings in the window and the people who passed by and those who came to service in the great church often bought them to take home to their children. Sometimes the people did not notice the little lambs and lilies in the window, and then there was no money for bread from the bakers. Then Tom and his mother and baby sister were hungry.

One night, when no one had bought a little carving, Tom lay on his little bed too hungry to go to sleep. Under his pillow lay a crust of bread. Tom had saved it and put it there to surprise his little sister, for she sometimes woke early and cried for something to eat. Tom thought it would be fun to give her the crust in the morning. He planned to say as he gave it to her, "Here is a New Year's gift for you!" for the next morning would be the first day of the new year.

As he lay there thinking about the crust, Tom took it out from under his pillow and put it almost to his mouth. But he laid it carefully back under his pillow and after a while he went to sleep.

The next morning he jumped up and ran to his little sister, who smiled when she saw the brown crust in Tom's hand. She

was so happy as she bit off little pieces with her tiny white teeth that Tom was glad that he had saved it for her.

Then Tom's mother asked him to go to the baker's, and when he came home with the long, crisp loaf of bread, warm from the oven, they ate it and made believe it was a great feast because it was a holiday.

Tom loved to sing. He sang as he worked about, sweeping the house and the little door step, and he sang songs that amused his little sister. This helped very much, for Tom's mother wanted to be at her carvings. She hoped that on New Year's Day a great many people would want to buy them. Tom sang and worked, and as he was singing a Christmas hymn an old friend came to the door. It was Leo, the man who cared for the beautiful church.

"A happy New Year to you all!" he said. "I heard Tom singing as I was on my way to dust the church. The choir-master wants a new voice for the choir this afternoon. Come with me, Tom, and if the master gives you a bit to eat for your song it is but what we do for the robins when they sing."

Tom laughed. It was fun to think of being fed like a happy little robin, and he hoped his song would be worth a few crumbs.

Tom and Leo went hand in hand to the choir-master's house, and Tom sang his very best song while the choir-master listened.

"Good!" he said when the song was finished. "Some day when you have studied, you will sing well!"

"But!" said Tom, "I am hungry *now*!"

The choir-master looked at Tom quite sharply and pinched his thin cheek. Then, as though he had been a big, friendly bear, he took the little boy in his arms and carried him to the kitchen. Tom thought himself too big to be carried, and he was glad when the choir-master stood him on a chair and said to a woman who was making something that had a very good

smell, "Martha, bring out the goose and the pudding. The lad has a voice, but he must eat and grow strong before he can sing as well as he should."

Martha brought a plate piled high with good things, and put it on Tom's lap as he sat by the fire. Tom looked, but he did not eat and Martha thought, "He is saying his blessing." Martha waited and waited, and after a while she said, "Eat, child, while the goose is hot."

But Tom said, "If you will let me take it home, I will bring the plate back without breaking it and I will sing as well as I can, at the service this evening."

There was enough on the plate for them all, and how they would enjoy sharing it!

Martha thought for a moment and then she said, "Yes, you may, and I will go with you."

So away they went, to Tom Tucker's house, Tom carrying his plate and Martha with half of the choirmaster's dinner under a napkin.

They had a merry time at Tom Tucker's that day—and when it was over Tom ran to the church to sing with the choir boys. They sang a great and wonderful song as they marched across the grass and in at the church door. Tom had often heard them sing it, so he knew every word, and sang it with his whole heart. How the sound of the boys' voices rang out! 'Way up to the high, dim roof the church was filled with the lovely sound, and it went out through the windows, to Tom's mother, who was listening, as she worked at her carving in the little house across the street.

"Make a joyful noise!" sang the boys—

"Make a joyful noise unto Jehovah, all ye lands.

Serve Jehovah with gladness:

Come before his presence with singing.

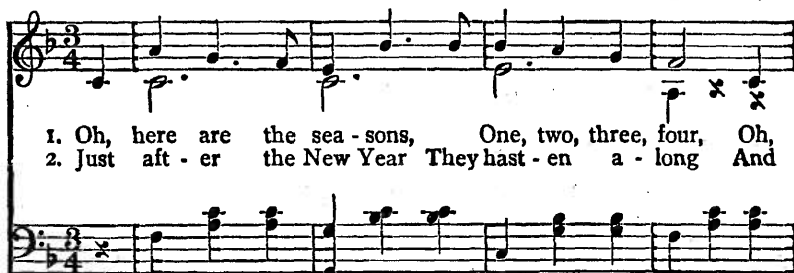
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Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,
And into his courts with praise:
Give thanks unto him, and bless his name."

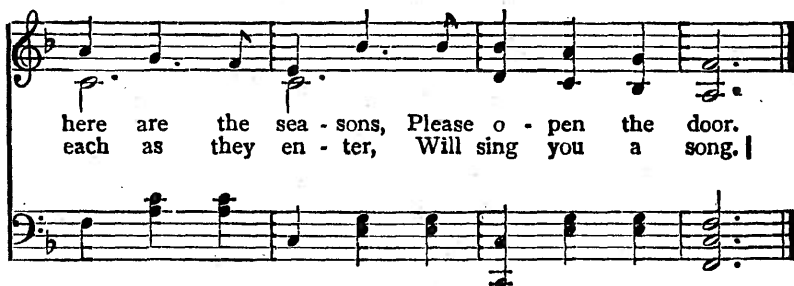
Activity:

Making bean-bags. Make as many bean-bags as there are children if the class is small. Twelve bags makes a good set for use in a large group. Half of the bags should be red and the other half blue. This will help in keeping the score when there is a contest. Make the bags of heavy material, 8 inches square. They should be stitched on all four sides with three inches left open for filling. The children may turn the bags and fill them. Allow about a half a pint of beans for a bag. The boys may do the filling and the girls may sew up the opening. Let it be done with strong thread, doubled.

A New Year's Song: *The Seasons.*



1. Oh, here are the sea - sons, One, two, three, four, Oh,
2. Just aft - er the New Year They hast - en a - long And



here are the sea - sons, Please o - pen the door.
each as they en - ter, Will sing you a song. |

3 I am the Spring time;
Come join my glad hours;
I bring you the sunshine,
The birds and the flow'rs.

4 I am the Summer;
A feast I will spread
Of roses and strawberries,
Juicy and red.

5 I am the Autumn;
I bring you bright leaves,
Of red-brown and yellow,
And fruit of the trees.

6 I am the Winter;
Wherever I go
I spread a white carpet
Of glittering snow.

(From Ring Songs and Games—The Lucy
Wheelock Training School. Published by
Milton Bradley, Springfield, Massachusetts.
Used by permission.)

This song can be dramatized in the following way: The children who take the parts of the seasons may wear caps of colored paper: for spring, green; summer, yellow; autumn, red; and winter, white. After the teacher has sung the first verse the seasons appear from behind a screen or from another room in turn, singing. When winter's verse is sung all may join in singing the refrain of "Thank the Lord for all his love," in A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 17.

"All good things around us
Are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord,
O thank the Lord
For all his love."

Service of Worship:

QUIET MUSIC (A First Book in Hymns and Worship).

HYMN: *Father, We Thank Thee* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 15).

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work* for the month.
King Solomon, the son of David, said:

"My son, hear the instruction of thy father,
And forsake not the law of thy mother:"

"Withhold not good from them to whom it is due,
When it is in the power of thy hand to do it."

"A worthy woman . . . worketh willingly with her hands:
And the law of kindness is on her tongue."

"A word fitly spoken
Is *like* apples of gold in network of silver."

"Go thou to the ant, thou sluggard;
Consider her ways, and be wise."

"The ants are a people not strong,
Yet they provide their food in the summer.
The conies are but a feeble folk,
Yet make they their houses in the rocks."

—*Proverbs.*

Be strong, all ye people of the land, saith Jehovah, and work.
—*Haggai 2. 4.*

HYMN: *When the Winter Winds Do Blow* (A First Book
in Hymns and Worship, No. 50).

"When the winter winds do blow
From gray clouds the feath'ry snow,
Warm within my house I keep;
Leaves and flowers go to sleep;
Every little bird outside,
Finds the coziest place to hide;
Then our Father watches all
Even sees a sparrow fall."

PRAYER: Dear Jesus, friend of children, who went about
doing good, be with us in our work and in our play. Help
us to play fair and to work well. Make us willing to be glad
when others win and keep us loving and busy. Amen.

HYMN (chosen by the children).

BENEDICTION: (To be said by the teacher, all standing, with heads bowed.)

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:

The Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee:

And give thee peace. Amen."

Additional Material: Books of games.—1. Games, by Jessie Bancroft. 2. The Joyous Book of Singing Games, by John Hornby. 3. Ring Songs and Games—The Lucy Wheelock Training School. 4. Manual of Play, by William Byron Forbush.

NOTE: The story of Tom Tucker was written long ago in a foreign tongue and the scene is Flanders. The name, "Tom Tucker" is substituted as appropriate for a name that has been forgotten. When Martha thought that Tom was saying his grace she thought of the Flemish "bread grace" said by the peasant children, as they stood around the table, with clasped hands and reverent eyes: "Oh, dear little Jesus, come and sup with us, and bring your beautiful mother too. We will not forget that you are God. Amen."

Open the December mite box and tell the children how the money will be spent. You may have a bill for materials for Christmas gifts, and it is wise to keep a small fund for oranges or other attentions for the children who are ill.

LESSON XXVI

THE BOY JESUS IN NAZARETH

If the children's play, at this time, is to give action to theory and become an influence for good, a guiding mind must lead. See that the games are played in such a way as to develop morals. The rights of each child must be respected and all should rejoice with those who win.

After several singing games, march, carrying bean-bags on your heads as the women in Bible times carried their water jars.

Story: *When Jesus Was Seven.* (Retell *The Flight into Egypt*, Lesson XXIII.)

So Joseph and Mary took Jesus to live in Nazareth, where they had lived before they went to Bethlehem. Jesus grew and learned to play and to work. He had brothers and sisters, for other little children came to Mary, and Jesus was the older brother, and played with them, and also with the other children in the village. They played their games in the warm, sunny road and in the market place. They liked to play in the market place, for there was much to see. People from far-away places came there to sell figs and other kinds of fruit and tall camels came and went, carrying their owners perched high on their backs. Pretty doves were for sale, in cages like little baskets, and lambs and goats could be bought, too.

The children of Nazareth made little pipes like whistles and they could make music by blowing upon them. They made the little pipes as David did, so long before, from reeds and grasses from the shore of the lake. They called making music

on their pipes "piping" and while one child piped the others danced.

They made believe that they were keeping house and played at doing all the things they saw their busy mothers do. They gleaned in the fields and made just a little bit of flour by grinding the wheat between two stones, and they made believe carry heavy water jars to the well. They played at weddings, and often they made believe there was a funeral. Sometimes the children quarreled and, of course, when that happened the game was spoiled.

The children of Nazareth worked too, for there was a great deal to do, and children could help. The girls went to the well for water and they learned to make little cakes by mixing flour with water and baking it on stones made hot in an outdoor fire.

The boys whose fathers owned sheep learned while they were seven or eight years old to be good shepherds. They played that they were shepherds long before they were big enough to care for real sheep. You can see how they played it. One boy would be the shepherd and the rest of the children would play that they were lambs and follow the shepherd wherever he went. Then, when a boy was thought to be big and brave enough, he was allowed to take the sheep to pasture. Sometimes the pastures where the grass was green were far away and the shepherd and his sheep stayed all night, and rested on the ground, out under the stars. Wild animals lived in the caves and in the rocks on the hillsides, and if a shepherd did not watch, a lion or a bear might snatch a lamb and carry it away. A good shepherd boy always carried a sling, and some stones in his wallet.

When the lambs needed water the shepherds looked until they found a spring or well. Often they walked very far before they came to a well, and then it was hard work, drawing the water up in buckets. Flat stones lay about these wells,

and they had been hollowed out to make cups and troughs. The shepherds poured water into these troughs and the thirsty sheep were glad to drink. Sometimes two or three shepherds came to a well at the same time and they needed to be patient and good-natured, for somebody had to wait.

Jesus knew all about the work of shepherds and loved to hear stories about them, but his work was in the carpenter shop, helping Joseph. Jesus' brother James worked there too, and there were many things a boy could do. While they were helping Joseph, Jesus and James learned to make yokes for oxen and benches and many other useful things that the people of Nazareth needed and came to buy.

The children of Nazareth went to school, and sat on the floor around their teacher. They learned all of their lessons by heart and remembered them well. There were holidays when there was no school and when they were allowed to take long walks. Then they climbed the hills and looked to see what was beyond. Every child looked forward to taking a journey to Jerusalem some day, and that was a wonderful thing to tell stories about.

So Jesus worked and played when he was no taller than you are, and everybody loved him.

Activity: Play "The Seasons" (Lesson XXV).

Decide what you will do to entertain the children who will join you for the review lesson. You will have your service as usual, and games. It would be pleasant to give each guest a little gift, so at this time think over the things you have made and see what you have in your collections that you can use. If you have some clothespin dolls, shells, clay bowls, and other things left from former occasions, they may be given, or you can make something new. You can suggest wrapping the gifts and putting them into a grab-bag, or they can be placed on the table as favors. If these ideas do not appeal,

mount small pictures of any sort and write a familiar verse on the back. Pictures found in magazines will do if neatly cut and carefully selected.

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *When the Winter Winds Do Blow* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 50).

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work*. Ask any who remember it to say as much of it as they can with you. Repeat in unison the memory verses learned during the month of December.

POEM: *Gentle Child of Nazareth* (sung by Syrian mothers to their children).

"Gentle Child of Nazareth,
Let thy life, so meek and tender,
Make us glad obedience render
To our father and our mother,
And be kind to one another,
Gentle Child of Nazareth.

"Wondrous Child of Nazareth,
Let thy early love of learning,
Set our youthful spirits yearning
Daily to be growing wiser.
Thou our teacher and adviser,
Wondrous child of Nazareth.

"Holy Child of Nazareth,
Help us use the powers lent us,
Do the work of Him who sent us,
Draw to thee in closer union,
Share thy people's sweet communion,
Holy Child of Nazareth."

(Author Unknown.)

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HYMN: *The Playmate of Nazareth* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 115).

PRAYER (see Lesson XXV).

HYMN: *The Golden Rule* (Songs for Little People, No. 27).

BENEDICTION (see Lesson XXV).

LESSON XXVII

JESUS OF NAZARETH, WHO WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD

PLACE the January mite box on the table and propose dropping what you can into it so that there will be money to buy material for a set of bean-bags—a gift for the class who will visit you for the review. Other projects that would take the place of the bean-bag idea would be gifts for any members of the class detained at home for any reason. Your janitor may need a notebook, a pencil, cough drops or an eyeglass case. The old woman who sells papers at the corner may need woolen gloves. The postman might like some slight attention paid him. Arrange to work for some one the children know and let the children do most of it.

Play several games and sing "The Seasons" as in Lesson XXV.

Story: *Jesus of Nazareth.* (Review *When Jesus was Seven.*)

When Jesus grew to be a man he worked harder than ever. Joseph had taught him to be a carpenter, and for a while he worked with his tools. But Jesus knew that there was work that he should be doing for the heavenly Father, so one day he went away from home to preach, and to teach the people about heaven and about earth and about God, who is everywhere. There were so many people to teach and so much work to do for the heavenly Father that Jesus needed helpers, and he asked his friends Andrew and Peter, who were fishermen, to go about with him and help him. These friends loved

Jesus and were so glad that he wanted them to go with him that when he said, "Come ye after me," they left their homes and went with him. As they went Jesus saw two other men who were brothers. Their names were James and John, and they too were fishermen. Jesus called to them to follow him, and they all went about learning how to teach people to love God and each other. Jesus told the people stories and great crowds followed him. He was patient and gentle with every one, and he told them about the heavenly Father and taught them how to pray. He made sick people well and every one who heard about him, wanted to see Jesus.

Jesus walked miles and miles over sunny, hot roads. He sailed across the sea and back again many times, because the people everywhere needed him so much.

One day Jesus and his friends went to church in one of the cities through which they often walked. When the people saw Jesus sitting there they whispered about him, and when it was time to read the Bible they asked him to read to them. When he had read they asked him to preach to them. Of course he did as he was asked, and everyone was astonished because of what he said and the interesting way he said it. When the service was over, Jesus went to Peter's home with him. Peter's home was a sad place that day, for the mother, who was the one who made the little cakes that every one liked, and the porridge when they wanted it, was sick. She was *very* sick with a fever, but when Jesus came he went to her and took her hand in his. He lifted her up and at once she was well! She began right away to make Jesus and Peter and all who were in the house happy and comfortable.

The neighbors heard about this wonderful thing that Jesus had done, and they told so many people about it that when the sun went down that night there was a great crowd in the street in front of Peter's house. There were people on crutches and sick children in their fathers' arms. Little children were

leading blind mothers and fathers and there were blind people *leading* blind people! It must have been a very sad sight. Jesus stood in the doorway of Peter's house and talked to the people. He laid his hands very lovingly on them, and his heavenly Father helped him to make them well.

It grew dark and the day was over before the people left the doorway of Peter's house. It had been a very busy day, and Jesus had done very wonderful things. These wonderful things are called miracles. Do you know about miracles?

"There was a time when people thought that God was far away. They knew that God had made the world, but they thought that after he had made it he had gone back again into heaven, where he had stayed, for the most part, ever since. But sometimes things happened here on earth which were so wonderful that they said, 'God must have done that'; and these wonderful things they called miracles." (From "When the King Came," by George Hodges.)

NOTE: Speak of some of the miracles of Jesus and also mention the miracle of the butterfly, the miracle that is performed when a tree with its great branches and strong roots grows from a little seed. If there is a sunset visible from your classroom window, watch it. If the January sun sets later than your class hour, ask the children to watch for the sunset and to tell you when you meet again how many colors they saw. Help them to wonder at and enjoy the miracles that happen so regularly and so often that we forget to wonder, yet "worship is transcendent wonder."

Activity: "The Seasons," as given in Lesson XXV.

Mount bright anecdotes and funny stories clipped from papers and magazines for sick people to enjoy. Use colored cardboard or heavy paper for mounting and arrange several clippings and a little picture or decoration on each. Explain that we can help sick people to feel better by amusing them in

this way. Tell where you are going to send the cards, mentioning a local Home or hospital.

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *When the Winter Winds Do Blow.*

POEM: *Gentle Child of Nazareth* (see Lesson XXVI).

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work.* Ask the children to repeat it with you.

HYMN (selected).

PRAYER (see Lesson XXV).

MUSIC: *A few chords played softly.*

BENEDICTION (see Lesson XXV).

LESSON XXVIII

A FAITHFUL WORKER WHOSE NAME WAS SAMUEL

If you are teaching in a church building, try to tell this story in the church, with the children seated in the front pews. In place of the usual games form a line and go into the church, marching up one aisle and down another, noting quietly the furnishings and speaking of the care that must be given them. The Bible in most churches is covered with a cloth during the time between services. Point out the illuminated texts over the pulpit and elsewhere, if there are such, also any paintings, stained-glass windows and carvings, telling something of the workers who made them and of the beauty of the work they have done for God's house. If your organist is practicing, ask him to show the children the organ and play for them.

You may be able to make a pilgrimage to a church in the neighborhood, or, if going to church is impossible, play a favorite game. As an introduction to the story recall "A Story for New Year's Day" (Lesson XXV) and show pictures of churches. Think of the things that children can do to keep a church beautiful.

Story: *A Faithful Worker Whose Name Was Samuel.*

There was a man of the Children of Israel whose name was Elkanah. Elkanah's home was in the country and on his land he raised grapes and figs. Elkanah worked hard in his gardens, and Hannah his wife worked with him, but Hannah was unhappy and sometimes she was lonely, for she had no children to care for and to love.

In the city of Shiloh, far away from the home of Hannah and Elkanah, there was a beautiful church. It was called the tabernacle, and the people who lived near often went to the services that were held there. Hannah and Elkanah took the long journey to Shiloh once every year to attend a beautiful service.

Once, when Hannah went with Elkanah to the tabernacle, Hannah prayed that God would send her a son. And Hannah promised in her prayer, "If thou wilt send a little boy to me, I will give him to work for thee all the days of his life." As Hannah prayed, Eli, who was standing near, watched her. Eli had charge of the tabernacle. It was Eli who kept the lights burning and the beautiful things that were in the tabernacle in order. When Eli saw Hannah whispering her prayer, he knew that she meant what she said, and he knew that she was unhappy, but he did not know why. As Hannah left the tabernacle Eli spoke kindly to her and said, "Go in peace; and the God of Israel grant thy petition that thou hast asked of him." And Hannah was glad that Eli was her friend.

Hannah and Elkanah left Shiloh and went back to their home. God answered Hannah's prayer and sent her a little son! Now Hannah was happy and she named her baby Samuel, for that means "asked of God." While Samuel was a helpless little baby Hannah took care of him. But when he grew to be a boy who could run on errands and remember to do as he was asked, Hannah kept her promise to God. She had said in her prayer, "I will give him to work for thee all the days of his life."

So, one day, Hannah took Samuel to the tabernacle, and when she saw Eli she said, "I am the woman who stood by thee long ago, praying. I prayed for a child that day, and God has answered my prayer. I promised to give him to do God's work, and so as long as he lives he shall work in God's house." Eli was glad to hear Hannah say that, for he was tired and

there was a great deal that a little boy could do to help. When Hannah went away Samuel was lonely, but Hannah had told him stories of how he would some day help in God's house, and of the things that he would do, and Eli was kind. Samuel tried to do his work well.

The tabernacle was a very beautiful place. Instead of doors, silk curtains hung at the opening. Samuel ran and drew the curtains aside every morning when the sun rose. Each night at sunset time he drew them together. Every morning Samuel filled the lamps that were in the golden candlestick. There were seven lamps and Samuel filled them all with olive oil, and trimmed the wicks so that they would burn brightly. When Samuel drew the curtains together at sunset time he lighted the seven lamps, and so the tabernacle was always light, for the lamps burned all night.

Eli always lay down to rest in the tabernacle, that he might be there to care for it at night as well as in the day. Samuel's little bed was near Eli, and Eli loved him, for he was a good and faithful worker.

When a year had passed, Hannah came again to the tabernacle. She brought Samuel a coat that she had made for him, and she saw that he was growing tall. She was glad when Eli told her how many things Samuel did to keep God's house light and clean and beautiful.

Samuel stayed with Eli, and every year Hannah came and brought him a new coat. Each coat needed to be larger than the last, for Samuel was growing very tall and straight.

One night as Samuel lay on his bed, and it was very still, he heard a gentle, kind voice say, "Samuel, Samuel." Samuel ran to Eli and said, "Here am I!" but Eli said, "I called not; lie down again." And Samuel lay down. He heard the voice again, saying to him, "Samuel, Samuel," and again he ran to Eli. "Here am I," he said, "for thou calledst me." Eli answered, "I called thee not, my little son; lie down again."

Samuel obeyed Eli, and as he lay there, in the quiet church, he heard again the gentle voice say to him, "Samuel, Samuel." This time, when Samuel went to Eli and said, "Here am I," Eli said, "Thou hast heard God's voice. If he calls thee again, say to him, 'Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth.'" Samuel lay down and as he looked about at the beautiful colors of the curtains and saw all the beauties of God's house, in the lamp light, he heard as before, "Samuel, Samuel!" "Speak, Lord," said Samuel, "for thy servant heareth." Then Samuel heard God's voice giving him some messages for Eli, and Samuel was still and listened. The messages that God sent to Eli were sad. Eli's sons had not obeyed God's laws and were to be punished for the wrong things that they had done. When God stopped speaking, Samuel lay very still. When the sun rose he ran and drew aside the curtains, and the morning light filled the tabernacle. Samuel did not go to Eli as he usually did, because he could not bear to give him God's sad messages. But Eli called and said: "What is the thing that the Lord hath said unto thee? Hide it not from me." Then Samuel ran to Eli and told him every word that God had said. When Eli heard God's messages he was very sad, but he said, "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth good." And Eli's sons were punished for the wrong things they had done.

As Samuel grew to be a man God blessed him, and all the people knew that he had been chosen to be a messenger of God. Eli was more and more tired, and so the people asked *Samuel* to help them, and Samuel was glad to do all of the work of the tabernacle so that Eli could rest. Samuel heard God's voice, again and again.

Activity:

An appropriate occupation for to-day would be repairing Sunday-school hymn books if there are any torn leaves. The sexton may be able to provide you with some work for the

church; or, if you have had your story in the church, give the children pencils and paper and let them copy the texts that may be over the pulpit and elsewhere upon the wall. If there are no texts, ask the children to make a list of the things they see and would like to talk about. Let them ask questions; and, if you can, ask your minister (well in advance of this lesson) to come in at this time and talk about the font, the Bible, the windows, etc.

For classes that meet in a room not a part of a church the activity may be completing the gifts for the children who will join you for the review, or they may copy and take home the verses given here.

Service of Worship: (This service may take place in the church, if the story was told there.)

HYMN: *The Secret* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 9).

THE SECRET

"I hear God's whisper in the wind
And in the roaring sea;
And just as plainly in the grass
As in the tallest tree.

"He breathes a secret in my ear,
Though I am very small,
He says, to him I am as dear
As people wise and tall."

(Abbie Farwell Brown.¹)

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work* for the month and the verses learned with the first group of lessons (see Lesson I).

PRAYER (see Lesson XXV).

HYMN: *Father, We Thank Thee.*

BENEDICTION (see Lesson XXV).

¹From Songs of Sixpence, Houghton Mifflin Company, Publishers.

For the Teacher: A word about the tabernacle may be interesting, especially as this lesson is preparatory to lessons that come later, concerning the ark of the covenant. The tabernacle was built according to the directions given to Moses. It was forty-five feet long and fifteen feet wide. It was divided into two rooms, the holy place and the Holy of holies, and a beautiful curtain of embroidered linen hung between. The back and sides of the tabernacle were of wood, but the roof was made of the skins of animals. The building faced the east, and beautiful curtains took the place of doors. These curtains were drawn aside every morning and drawn together every night at sundown.

The Holy of holies was a very sacred place, and in it stood the ark of the covenant, a chest made of gold in which were kept the tables of stone on which the Commandments were written. In the holy place there was a table covered with gold on which stood the golden candlestick with seven branches. Each branch contained a little cup filled with oil and a small wick. The people brought offerings of fine oil made from olives for the lamps, and they were lighted every night.

The people who lived near came to the tabernacle very often to bring offerings and to pray, but there was a special service once a year for those who lived at a distance.

NOTE: If you are going to provide brooms for the drill, get them before the next lesson.

LESSON XXIX

WORKING WILLINGLY WITH OUR HANDS

SPEAKING of the energy of childhood, Dr. Cope says: "One might as well hope to plug up a spring in the hillside. Our work is to direct that activity into glad, useful service." If the children have been interested in the stories of Him "who went about doing good," they are ready to work with a purpose, and when that purpose is to express love in our actions we get the religion of work. Children can help in a very real way at home, and "small service is true service while it lasts."

Form a circle and play "Did You Ever See a Lassie?" Take the part of the lassie yourself and show, as you "go this way and that way," how lassies scrub, sweep, dust, hush the baby, etc. Remember the laddies who can do all of these things and shovel coal, hammer, and carry heavy things, besides.

When the game is over give each child a square of bright-colored cheesecloth and a coarse needle threaded with embroidery cotton. Make little dusters by finishing the squares with catch-stitch or chain-stitch. Do not let the boys think that this is not a manly occupation. Remind them, if the thought arises, that tailors, sailors, and bag, tent, and shoemakers all sew—and how would we get along without them!

Stories: Review stories in Lessons I and X.

A Talk:

I have a surprise for you. (Bring out the little brooms.) Yes, we are going to sweep and dust. But first look at this broom. Every bit of it grew out of doors. The handle may have been the straight little limb of a big tree. The brush part is corn, *broom* corn, and the cord that holds the broom

corn together and makes a brush of it is made of cotton from the sunny fields down South. Of course all that grows out of doors is rained on, so brooms can be washed, often, for water will not hurt them.

Here is a story of how broom corn began to grow in America, for it is a plant that belonged to India.

Once there was a sea captain who sailed to all parts of the world. Wherever he went he saw strange sights and found interesting things, and some of these things he brought home to his friends in America. Once when he came home from a long voyage he brought a pretty little brush and gave it to a lady who lived in Philadelphia. She had never seen one like it before, and one day when Benjamin Franklin was calling upon her she showed it to him. He looked at the little brush very carefully and found that it was made from a plant. He knew that it would be a good plant to raise if such good little brushes could be made from it, and, as he found a very dry little seed clinging to one of the whisks, he asked if he might take it away with him. He planted the seed, and ever since broom corn has grown in America.

Look and see if any seeds are clinging to these brooms of ours. We will plant them and see what happens. (If you have a plant or a window box, plant the seeds at once.) There is a story in the Bible about a woman who had a broom and swept her house. I will read it to you. (Read Luke 15. 8, 9.) That is one of the stories that Jesus told.

Who can say the first of our memory verses? (Repeat all of the verses and follow each with a simple explanation.)

King Solomon, the son of David, said:

“My son, hear the instruction of thy father,
And forsake not the law of thy mother:”

King Solomon meant that children should obey their fathers and mothers.

"Withhold not good from them to whom it is due,
When it is in the power of thy hand to do it."

Children can do a great many helpful things for the people who need help. All tired people, and little babies, and *all* whom we know and love, and a great many people whom we never see, are those "to whom it is due."

"A worthy woman . . . worketh willingly with her hands :

And the law of kindness is on her tongue."

Children can work with their hands too, and the law of kindness is the Golden Rule. Who can say it?

"A word fitly spoken
Is *like* apples of gold in network of silver."

It would be a beautiful sight to see apples of gold in network of silver. A basket is sometimes *all* network, so perhaps King Solomon meant a lovely, bright basket made of silver. Kind, loving, helpful words are as beautiful as apples made of gold (or the real, yellow kind that taste sweet) in a silver basket.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard;
Consider her ways, and be wise."

A sluggard is a lazy person. King Solomon tells the lazy people to watch the ants, for the ants are very busy people and work all the time.

"The ants are a people not strong,
Yet they provide their food in the summer.
The conies are but a feeble folk,
Yet make they their houses in the rocks."

Ants take food into their hills in summer and keep it

until winter comes, when they cannot find the things they like to eat. Conies are rabbits, and they climb among the rocks and make their homes in the small caves.

"Be strong, all ye people of the land, saith Jehovah, and work."

Activity: *A Broom Drill.*

Have the children march into the room, and each take a broom from a stack arranged in a convenient place on the line of march. Let them carry the brooms as muskets in the right hand, and take their places on the floor as they would in a gymnasium. Have the dusters in the pockets or tucked in the belts. The teacher should stand facing the children, at a little distance, and demonstrate the motions as she gives the following directions.

Cobwebs.—First, twist your brooms around and around four times with the right hand, then change, and do it with the left hand four times.

Walls.—Next, you must brush down the walls. Hold the broom with both hands, and raise it. Lower and raise eight times, as though you were brushing the dust lightly from the wall directly in front of you.

Corners.—Now make the motion for brushing the dust from the corners of the floor. To do this, make four strokes forward and to the right, as though there were a corner there; and then do the same toward the left, four times also.

Floor.—Finally sweep the floor. Hold your broom as you would for real sweeping, and take four steps forward, sweeping as you go, and four steps back again. Then repeat with the broom on the other side of your body. Now sweep with short strokes, as though collecting the dust in a pile at your feet.

Then we illustrate dusting. Hold the broom in the left hand and take the duster out of your apron pocket with the

right hand. Stand on tiptoe and "make believe" that you are dusting a high shelf or a molding, passing the duster back and forth four times. Imagine for a moment that a table is before you and dust the top of it around and around. Draw the duster up and down as though dusting the legs of a table, twice to the right and twice to the left. Stoop a little, as you



would have to do if the table were really there. Stand up, for the dusting is done, and take four steps forward and four steps backward, waving your duster above your head.

Broom Drill

ALICE R. BALDWIN

Slowly. L. H. Cobwebs.

Walls.

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Sweeping.



Corners.



Collecting dust.



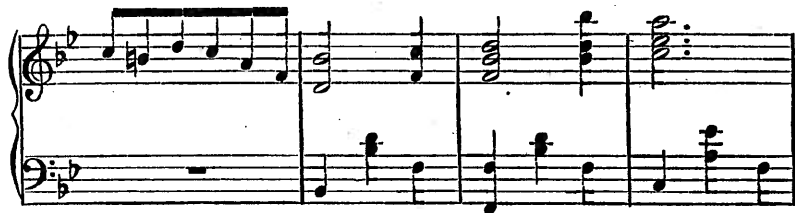
Get out



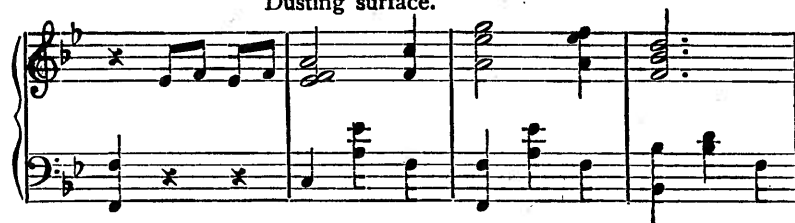
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dusters.

Dusting high.



Dusting surface.



Dusting table legs.



Shake out duster overhead.



(From "The Child Homekeeper." Used by permission.)

Service of Worship: *Quiet Music.*

HYMN: *The Playmate of Nazareth* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 115).

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work* learned in November.

PRAYER (see Lesson XXV).

HYMN (selected).

BENEDICTION (see Lesson XXV).

LESSON XXX

PREPARING FOR A GREAT WORK

THIS story of the anointing of David shows the need of preparation for important work, and it will also introduce the lessons in the next group that tell of David's kingship.

All of our games and plays, played honestly and well, are definite preparation for work later in life. "Through the loyalty and self-sacrifice developed in team games by mutual consent and control, we are laying the foundations for wider loyalty and a more discerning self-devotion to the great national ideals on which democracy rests."

(Luther Gulick, in *A Philosophy of Play*.)

Bring out the bean-bags and after a game or two, sing "The Seasons" with the dramatization (Lesson XXV).

Story: (Review what the children know about the work of shepherds, and the story of David, the shepherd boy. Ask a child to tell the story of Samuel, the faithful worker in God's house, and compare the work done by David and Samuel. Talk about kings and speak of the characteristics of a good king. Conclude that a good king should love his people and try to make them good and happy. A good king must know how to work hard, and he must be unselfish. Samuel and David lived in the same country, but Samuel was much older than David—old enough to be his grandfather. Here is a story of a visit that Samuel made to David's home when Samuel was an old man. Samuel was still listening to God's voice and doing all that God told him to do.)

The Children of Israel were greatly troubled by a warlike tribe of people called the Philistines, who lived just across the border of Israel's country and who wanted to get the country for themselves. These Children of Israel needed a king to lead them, and Samuel chose a king for them. He chose Saul, for Saul seemed to be brave and good. But after a while the people began to see that Saul was selfish and lazy. He was not a good general for the army, because he thought only of himself.

Then God spoke to Samuel again, and said, "Go to the home of Jesse, in Bethlehem, for I have found a new king among his sons."

Samuel started at once to do this thing for God, and over the hills he went, to Bethlehem. It was a long walk. Samuel carried with him a horn of oil, for Samuel was going to appoint a new king, and it was the custom to bathe the head of the one who was chosen with oil. They called it anointing the head with oil. Samuel came to Bethlehem, and went to Jesse's house. Jesse was the father of David, and David had seven brothers. Samuel told Jesse why he had come, and Jesse was pleased. He was glad that one of his sons was to be king, and he sent for his sons, that Samuel might choose one of them. When the oldest of David's brothers stood before Samuel, Samuel thought, "Surely this tall man with his fine face will make a good king." But God spoke to Samuel and said, "Look not upon his face but upon his heart." Then Samuel knew that this oldest brother was not ready to work hard to make the people safe, and he called for the next of David's brothers. He too was tall and straight, as were the next and the next; but Samuel chose none of them, for he saw that they were all too selfish and too lazy to make good kings.

Then Samuel said to Jesse, "Are here all thy children?" and Jesse said, "There remaineth yet the youngest, and, behold, he is keeping the sheep." Then Samuel said, "Send and fetch

him." And Jesse sent and brought David in from the fields. Now, David was tall for his age, and, like his brothers, he had a fine face. The Bible says that he was "good to look upon." His face was sunburned and his hair was blown about by the wind. He did not look like a lazy boy, and as Samuel looked upon him God said to Samuel, "Anoint him, for this is he." And Samuel poured the oil upon David's head as he stood among his brothers.

David went back to his sheep, but now there was a difference. He remembered that he was to be a king, and he thought of all the enemies he would have to fight. He would be at the head of an army, and as he watched his sheep or led them to a new pasture he thought in the way that any boy would think of all the work he would do for his people and of how he would help them to be brave and good.

But David did not forget his sheep as he thought of the great days to come; but worked hard to make them comfortable. He would walk any distance to find a well or a spring where they could drink and it was like practicing at being a king to protect the lambs from their enemies. He hardly dared to sleep on the nights when he stayed in the pastures with them, lest a lion or a bear should come, and he worked at shooting stones from his sling until his aim was straight.

So David, who was to be a great king, worked, knowing that the Lord, who was his Shepherd, had a great work for him to do when he was ready to do it.

Activity:

If another week-day class is coming to join you for the review, it is time that the children were making a definite plan. If you have made gifts, as suggested in Lesson XXVI, bring them out and count them, making sure that you have one for each visitor, and be careful that everything is finished. If you did not make or finish gifts, you may propose making a set of

bean-bags, six red and six blue, to be a gift for the visiting class.

The broom drill should be practiced, as you will probably use it as a part of the program for the review.

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *The Playmate of Nazareth* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 115).

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work* for three groups of lessons.

POEM: *Gentle Child of Nazareth.*

HYMN: *The Secret.*

PRAYER (see Lesson XXV).

HYMN (selected).

BENEDICTION (see Lesson XXV).

For the Teacher:

“Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see,
And what I do in everything
To do it as for thee.

“A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as by thy laws
Makes that and the action fine.”

(George Herbert—1593-1632.)

LESSON XXXI

CHILDREN WORKING FOR THEIR FRIENDS

PLAY several singing games and march before you tell the story. The children may like to decide upon the story to be told in the following way: Give the children pencils and paper and ask them to write the name of a story they would like to hear. Give them time to think and have the room very still. Ask a boy to collect the papers and another to read the names of the stories. Tell the story asked for by the greatest number and discuss several others. If you prefer, tell two stories—one of the Bible stories in this group and one of those listed as additional.

Remind the children that another class has been invited to enjoy the next lesson with them and ask them to come early, ready to greet their guests.

Activity:

Rehearse the broom drill and "The Seasons," as these exercises will form part of the entertainment. (See Lesson XXXII.)

Service of Worship:

QUIET MUSIC.

HYMN: *The Playmate of Nazareth* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 115).

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work*, repeated by the children.

PRAYER (see Lesson XXV).

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HYMN: *Father, We Thank Thee* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 15).

BENEDICTION (see Lesson XXV).

Additional Stories About Work: 1. "Where Love is There is God," in many story collections. Told simply and well by Eleanor Marchbanks in her School Ethics. 2. "The Pony Engine," in Happy Tales for Story-time, by E. L. and A. M. Skinner. 3. "The Sailor Man," in Golden Windows, by Laura Richards. 4. "How the Home Was Built," in Mother Stories, by Maud Lindsay.

LESSON XXXII

REVIEW

THE children who remembered and came early may help to make the room ready for visitors. The brooms and dusters may be stacked ready for the drill and the basket with the bean-bags in place, ready for a game. Make the children responsible for the pleasure of all and see that they understand that the guests are to be considered first in everything that takes place during the hour. Appoint two children to show the strangers where to hang their hats and coats.

Form a circle as soon as enough children have arrived, and play several singing games that are familiar to all. A good game of bean-bags may follow, then a march, the leader bringing the children to the chairs that have been placed in a circle, ready for the story period.

Stories: Tell *The Boy Jesus in Nazareth* and *Jesus of Nazareth Who Went About Doing Good* (Lessons XXVI and XXVII), or *A Faithful Worker Whose Name Was Samuel* and *Preparing for a Great Work* (Lessons XXVIII and XXX).

Activity:

The Broom Drill, as a part of the entertainment. When it is over, hand the brooms and dusters to the visitors and let them enjoy the drill through doing it themselves.

The visiting class may have planned some little exercise, for your pleasure, so do not forget to give them an opportunity to perform.

Service of Worship:

QUIET MUSIC.

HYMN (chosen by the visitors).

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work*, repeated by the visitors. *The Memory Work*, repeated by your own class.

POEM: *Gentle Child of Nazareth*.

PRAYER: *The Lord's Prayer*.

HYMN (one that is known and loved by both classes).

BENEDICTION:

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:

The Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee:

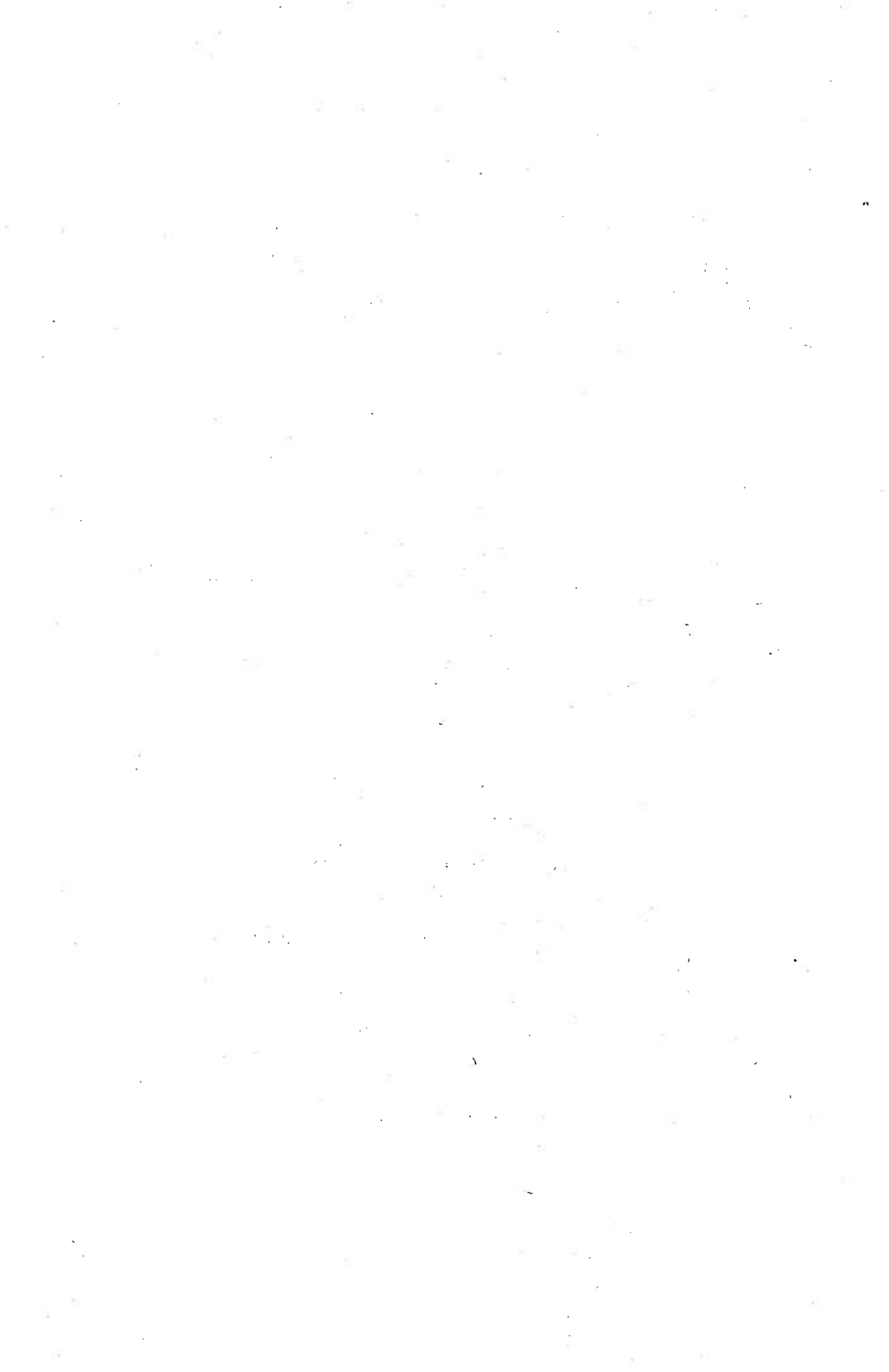
And give thee peace. Amen."

V. LESSONS IN LOYALTY

- XXXIII. Loyalty to God.
- XXXIV. A Boy Who Was Loyal to His King.
- XXXV. A King Loyal to His People.
- XXXVI. A Great Procession.
- XXXVII. The King of Glory (A Drama).
- XXXVIII. Loyal Citizens.
- XXXIX. The Loyal Child.
- XL. Review.

MEMORY WORK:

The earth is Jehovah's, and the fullness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.
For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.
Who shall ascend into the hill of Jehovah? And who shall
stand in his holy place?
He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto falsehood, and hath not
sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive a blessing from Jehovah,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
This is the generation of them that seek after him, that seek
thy face, even Jacob.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors:
And the King of glory will come in.
Who is the King of glory?
Jehovah, strong and mighty, Jehovah mighty in battle.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Yea, lift them up, ye everlasting doors:
And the King of glory will come in.
Who is this King of glory?
Jehovah of hosts,
He is the King of glory.—*Psalms 24.*



LESSON XXXIII

LOYALTY TO GOD

FEBRUARY has come to be the month when patriotism is taught more often than at other times because of the birthdays of two great heroes. In order to help the children to realize the need of a patriotism that is religious we will study the picture of a people enthusiastically creating a symbol of their great unseen leader, Jehovah. These stories of the Children of Israel show very clearly the need of every nation for the leadership of God.

Every child is individually responsible in his relation to God and his country and needs to be taught how to discharge his duty.

The games that have been enjoyed may be dropped for a time and marches and other exercises substituted. If you can, call upon a group of Girl or Boy Scouts for assistance in conducting these lessons. Campfire Girls would be most helpful also, and all of these organizations give credit in some form for such service. These young leaders will need guidance, and your best way will be to plan at the close of each lesson for the next. The "Directions for Leaders" are addressed to the Scouts who take charge of this first short period.

Directions for Leaders:

Leaders should be on hand before the children arrive. Form a line, allowing those who come late to fall in. The leaders should carry the flags, the church flag and the American flag, and lead the children, two by two, into the church, up one aisle and down another. Give all orders clearly and expect obedience. After the march salute both flags and bring the children to the chairs in good order.

Story:

When David was a boy he loved stories. David knew many of the stories that we know and he loved to hear them again and again. He knew the story of Adam and Eve, and about Noah and the Flood, but best of all he liked the stories about the Children of Israel leaving Egypt with Moses, and taking that long, long journey to their new home. The story of how the Children of Israel built their tent church was one of his favorites, and we like to hear it too.

God was showing the Children of Israel the way to their new home. God spoke to Moses and told him how to care for the people, and Moses did as God said. It was a long journey and the people could not travel fast, for there were little children who could not walk very fast and flocks of sheep to be led, and everything to be carried.

When they rested the people pitched their tents and camped. The mothers cooked the children's food over out-of-doors fires and spun the lambs' wool into yarn for making coats and rugs. The fathers took care of the camels and donkeys and led the sheep and goats to places where the grass was green. Sometimes the Children of Israel rested for a long time, and sometimes they gathered up their things and went on very soon. When it was time to go, the mothers rolled up the beds, that were like quilts, and the fathers put the great bundles on the camels' backs. They folded the tents and took down the poles. The donkeys and horses carried the tents and everybody went along in a great procession. The children ran and played as they went and the fathers led the sheep and goats. There was a great deal of noise and excitement, as there always is when people start on a journey, and this was like a city full of people all starting at once!

As they journeyed the Children of Israel came near a mountain called Mount Sinai, and camped there. Moses left the

noisy people and the confusion and went up on Mount Sinai to talk with God. On that quiet mountaintop God told Moses that the Children of Israel were to build a beautiful church where they could go and be still, and know that God was caring for them. God told Moses that the church was to be a tent church, so that the people could take it with them when they went on with their journey. The tent was to be made of fine, soft linen and bright silk, and the poles were to be covered with brass and gold. The church was to be called a tabernacle.

God said that a box must be made of gold, and that the Ten Commandments must be kept in it. God called the box "the ark," and said that there should be two angels made of gold, kneeling upon the top of the box. The angels were to have gold wings, spread, as a bird spreads its wings to fly. And God said when he had told Moses about the ark, "There I will meet with thee."

There were other things to be made for the tabernacle. There was to be a great candlestick—the one that Samuel cared for, you know. There were to be tables covered with gold, and dishes with shining precious stones around the edge. The tabernacle was to be a very wonderful house of God.

There were very clever people among the Children of Israel. Some of them were artists and could make curtains beautiful with colored designs. Some of them could work in brass and gold. They knew how to melt it and shape it into cups and dishes, and they knew how to make it into thin sheets and cover tent poles and tables with it. God had made their hands able to do these things. God spoke to Moses about these artists and said that he had made them able to do this work for the tabernacle.

When Moses came down the mountain after talking with God, his face was bright and shining. He called the people together and told them the things that God had said. When the people heard about the tabernacle that was to be made

they ran to their tents and brought the most lovely things that they had to Moses. Some of them had bracelets and earrings made of gold, and chains and precious stones. Some had bright silks to give, and others brought oil for the lamps. Then the artists whom God had taught made a blue curtain to hang inside of the tabernacle and another curtain to hang in front, for a door. They made the ark and the angels of gold with their wings spread. They made dishes and bowls and the great candlestick with seven lamps in it. They covered the tall poles of cedar with gold, and so, after a great deal of work, the tabernacle was finished, and God was there, and his glory filled the whole place. The people knew that God was there, for when they saw the ark they remembered that he had said to Moses, "There I will meet with thee."

Activity:

Making scrolls on which to write the memory work—Psalm 24. The children write large, and a great deal of space should be provided. The paper that comes with rolls of very wide ribbon can be used, but wrapping paper such as is used in drug stores, about twelve inches wide, is better and stronger. Provide about two feet of paper for each child. For each scroll you will want three pieces of paper; the length on which the writing is to be done, and an oblong to paste at either end to be rolled into the rods. This has been found to be the easiest way of making the scrolls, as wooden sticks are difficult to attach. Paste the three parts together as in Diagram 1. Roll from the ends, and paste firmly when you have rolled to the narrower paper. Diagram 2 shows what the scroll looks like when finished. Tie with red tape or cord and write on the outside the name of the child who made it. Put the scrolls away ready for the next lesson. As you work tell the children that this is the sort of book they had in the days when the Bible stories happened.

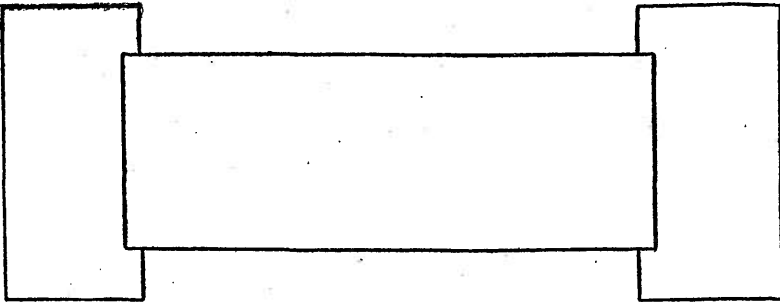


DIAGRAM No. 1

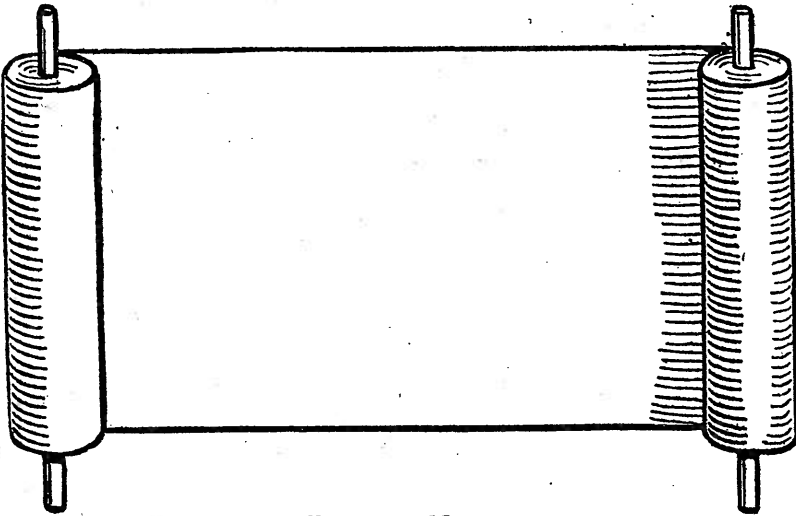


DIAGRAM No. 2

A Talk:

You see I have put the mite box on the table. We will remember to bring money, as we usually do, and this time it is for something specially nice. Shall we buy a present for our Scout, to show him how much we liked having him come to teach us? He *could* be out of doors doing things with big

boys like himself, but he is such a good American that he has said that he would come to us. Of course we will keep it a surprise, and we can be thinking of something that he would like. He might need a pencil, or a compass. We will remember to bring money as we have been doing, for our mite box.

Service of Worship:

PRELUDE: *Quiet Music* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship).

HYMN: *All Things Bright and Beautiful.*

SCRIPTURE READING: *Psalm 24* (read without comment).

PRAYER: O Lord, thou dost meet with us here and wherever we are. Even thy little children do great things because thou art near. We want to help thy kingdom to come on earth as it is in heaven. Amen.

HYMN: *America the Beautiful.*

GOOD NIGHT:

“Good night, Good night!
Far flies the light,
But still God’s love
Shall flame above
Making all bright,
Good night, Good night!” —*Victor Hugo.*

SALUTES TO THE FLAGS:

American Flag

I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the republic for which it stands, one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

Church Flag

I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the Saviour for whose kingdom it stands, one brotherhood uniting all mankind in service and love.

LESSON XXXIV

A BOY WHO WAS LOYAL TO HIS KING

THE loyal child is faithful. "There is nothing possible to a human soul greater than simple faithfulness" (Maltbie Babcock). Being faithful to God means being faithful to God's children and to God's world. The church and the nation are in great need of loyal defenders, and these lessons may help to show the children what they can do and how to do it. In the story for to-day David obeys Saul's call for help and sings Saul's pain away. Remind the children that they sang for friends at Christmas. It helped to make Christmas happy for the people who heard them. It reminded them of Jesus, come to earth to teach love, and that is a happy thought. When David sang about the green pastures and still waters to Saul it made him remember happy things, and he forgot his pain.

Directions for Leaders:

The Scouts or other leaders appointed to take charge of this period should be on hand early, and when the hour for beginning arrives they should be ready to form the children in line for a march, or to put them through some simple exercises. Salute both flags and teach them to obey some of the orders used by the Scout leaders in drilling the Scouts.

Story: Tell again the story of Samuel anointing David.
(Lesson XXX.)

After Samuel anointed David's head with oil David went back to the pasture, and cared for his sheep faithfully, although he had a wonderful thing to think about. He must have made a great many plans that began—"When I am the

king, I will—" He knew that a good king did his duty faithfully, and so David practiced by doing his work for the sheep well and faithfully.

While David was planning and singing in the pasture with the sheep, King Saul became ill and unhappy. The people in the palace did all that they could to make him better, and still King Saul did not get well. His servants thought that if the king could hear sweet music it would cheer him, and help him to forget his pain. So Saul said to his servants, "Get me now a man who can make music and bring him to me." And one of the servants said, "I have seen such a man." He was thinking of David, for he had been to Bethlehem and had heard David sing, and play upon the harp and the pipes that he had made.

Then Saul sent messengers to Jesse's house asking David to come and play for him, and David took his harp and his pipes and went to Saul's house. David's music pleased Saul well. When Saul was ill David would come and sing such lovely songs that Saul forgot his pain.

When Saul was better, and the visit was over, David went back to his sheep, and Saul was so troubled by his enemies and by wars that for a while he forgot David.

Activity:

Bring out the scrolls made at the last lesson, and write the first two verses of Psalm 24. You may place a copy before the children on the blackboard and help them in any way you like.

Service:

HYMN: *O Come and Let Us Worship* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 3).

SCRIPTURE READING: Psalm 24. Repeat a second time, asking the children to say a part—perhaps just "Who is the

King of Glory?" The girls can ask the question and the boys answer, with help, of course.

PRAYER (see Lesson XXXIII).

HYMN (selected).

GOOD NIGHT (see Lesson XXXIII).

For the Teacher: References concerning the history of the ark: Joshua 3 and 6. 1 Samuel 4. 4. 11. 2 Samuel 6. 1. 11. 1 Chronicles 13. 12; 15. 1-15. 2 Samuel 6. 12-15.

"The great war has made clear to us what a force patriotism is—perhaps the most universally powerful force in the world. We who are interested in the religious education of children need to reckon with this force, to purge it of narrowness, of self-seeking, of unthinking loyalty, and interpret it as devotion to the welfare of all, which means making the most of oneself, so that one may serve. We are seeing that patriotism without Christian ideals is anything but ennobling. Think of our responsibility, religious educators—to read into patriotism the highest laws of the God of nations."—*Frances Weld Danielson.*

LESSON XXXV

A KING WHO WAS LOYAL TO HIS PEOPLE

PICTURES of people helpfully active will interest the children in connection with these lessons. Look through the pictures that have been collected, and ask the children to bring those that they find in advertisements and magazines. Talk of the value of what the people in the pictures are doing and keep all pictures that show work being done for others. In reviewing the stories suggested for telling in connection with the lesson story, show that in killing the giant David did a brave deed for his country, and that Abigail was glad to do a helpful thing for David in return for his care of the sheep. The story of Goliath is not given here, but the children probably know it, and it is easily located in primary courses of Sunday-school lessons.

Directions for Leaders:

The Scout should show the children how to fall in line in the proper way, and to understand and obey orders. Lead the children in the salutes to the flags and insist that all the people present—teachers, assistants, and visitors—take part. Explain the use of the countersign or password, and give the children a word to remember and give as they come into the classroom for the next lesson. “Be ready” or “George Washington” would be good for this purpose, or you may think of a better password. Of course this will mean that the assisting Scout will have to be on hand promptly to guard the door and exact the password next time.

Story: (To be told after reviewing the story of Abigail (Lesson VII) and asking a child to tell "David and the Giant.")

A great many interesting and exciting things happened to David before he became king, and then one day a messenger came to him to tell him that Saul and Jonathan had been killed in battle. Another of Saul's sons was made king and reigned for seven years. David often thought of the day when Samuel anointed his head with oil, and he went on planning to do great things when he became king. When the king died, and David was at last the king, he went to live in the city of Jerusalem, and carpenters and builders made a beautiful palace for him to live in. The palace was built on a hill. The people hoped that some day a temple would be built there, and so they called it "the hill of Jehovah."

A high, strong stone wall had been built around the city of Jerusalem, and stone forts and watchtowers were built on top of the walls. The people of Jerusalem thought that they were very safe, for the gates in the stone wall were strong. The gates were closed, and the soldiers on guard opened them when the people wished to go out or come in. The gates were so strong and heavy that they were sometimes called "the everlasting doors." Soldiers in shining helmets and carrying bright spears stood on the wall watching day and night for the armies of other countries, for Jerusalem was beautiful and strong and many kings wanted to be king there.

King David's palace stood on "the hill of Jehovah" and shone in the sunshine, for it was made of white stone and trimmed with gold. This was David's new home, and David came to be a very great man, for God helped him in all that he did.

Activity: Writing on scrolls. Verses 3 and 4, Psalm 24.

Service of Worship:

PRELUDE: *Quiet Music* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 3).

HYMN: *O Come and Let Us Worship.*

PRAYER (see Lesson XXXV).

SCRIPTURE READING: *Psalm 24.* Also *Memory Work* for November (see Lesson IX).

HYMN: *America the Beautiful.*

GOOD NIGHT (see Lesson XXXIII).

LESSON XXXVI

A GREAT PROCESSION

REMINd the children of the pictures you have planned to bring—showing children and grown people working—and have a large sheet of manila paper thumb-tacked to the wall or screen ready to be made into a poster. Leave space at the top of the poster for the title, and say that you will decide what to name the pictures when the poster is finished. The mite box should be on the table during each lesson.

Directions for Leaders:

The story for to-day is longer than usual, and it is to be dramatized at the next lesson. The march should be short, followed by a few Scout orders. Do not forget to ask for the password as the children come to the door. As they leave the class to-day give them "Jehovah of Hosts" as a password for the next lesson.

Story:

David was a good king and he made his people very happy. But he saw them forgetting God, and feeling so safe in their walled city that they were thoughtless and unkind. They had forgotten about the Commandments and the ark, for God had brought the Children of Israel to this, their new home, so many, many years ago that it seemed like a fairy story. But David saw that the people needed to be reminded to thank him and to bless his name.

As David wondered what he could do to help his people to be good, he remembered the story of the tent church in the wilderness. He had loved that story when he was a boy, and

now as he thought about it, he remembered the ark, and that God had said to Moses, "There I will meet with thee."

David knew that was just what the people of Jerusalem needed—to be reminded to be good, brave, and true, as we are by the American flag when we see it waving above us. He knew that when they saw the gold box they would know that God was with them. So David made a plan to bring the ark to Jerusalem. There was no beautiful temple for it to be kept in, but David had a tent of wonderful fine cloth made, and put up on the hill of Jehovah near his palace, for the ark. He remembered that the Children of Israel had called God "The King of glory," and he said, "They need a king more wonderful than I am—they need a King of glory."

For years and years the ark had been left in a house way down in the country and the people in that house had been very happy, for God had been with them.

One morning a splendid procession went out through the city gates, to walk down into the country and bring the ark back to Jerusalem. David was clothed in a robe of fine linen and the priests were in the robes they wore when they preached to the people. They carried a fine soft blue cloth to cover the ark, for they wanted to keep it free from dust as they walked back to Jerusalem over the dry roads and the hot fields. A company of soldiers went too, and as they passed out through the gates the soldiers on the wall gave them the password.

Down through the lovely country they went, and they found the house where the ark was. Four priests lifted it and the others covered it carefully with the blue cloth. Then, up through the country they walked, and it was springtime. The trees were covered with new buds, and the grass was soft and new, and the priests and soldiers saw these things and were glad. They knew now that God was with them, for the ark reminded them that God had said, "There I will meet with thee."

They were so happy and excited that one of the soldiers called out, "The earth is Jehovah's and the fullness thereof!" and somebody answered, "The world, and they that dwell therein!" Others shouted,

"For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods!"

When the procession came near Jerusalem they could see that a great many people had come out of the city to meet them. The men and women and children came running and shouting for joy. They had brought their harps and their cymbals and their trumpets and there was music and gladness. Suddenly one of the people called out: "Who shall ascend into the hill of Jehovah? And who shall stand in his holy place?" And the others answered, "He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart!"

The procession came up to the city gates and halted. The gates were closed. The people were impatient. They wished to march up through the streets of Jerusalem and see the ark placed in the tent that David had made ready for it. The soldiers on the wall did not move, and the people called out,

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates;

And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory will come in!"

The soldiers wanted the password, so they called down, "Who is this King of glory?"

"Jehovah strong and mighty, Jehovah mighty in battle!" cried the people. But that was not the word, so the gates did not open. Then the people called again, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; yea, lift them up, ye everlasting doors: And the King of glory will come in." Again the soldiers on the walls asked, "Who is this King of glory?" The soldiers in the procession tried to remember what the soldiers on the wall had said as they marched away that morning, but the day had been

so full of interesting things that they could not remember. They looked about at the crowds of people and saw that there were hosts and hosts of them. They remembered the hosts and hosts of people in the world and that Jehovah was with them all and that they were his people and the sheep of his pasture. Then one of them remembered and cried aloud, "Jehovah of hosts!" and the others joined him and said, "Jehovah of hosts! he is the King of glory!" That was the password! That was what the soldiers had been told to say! The gates began to rise. Slowly they were lifted up, and the people crowded into the city streets. They followed the procession up and up through the streets of Jerusalem until they came to the Hill of the Lord, and with shoutings and the sound of trumpets they set the ark in the tent which David had made for it.

Now the people would be reminded that God was with them! Now they would not forget so often to love each other and to tell the truth, for God had said, "There will I meet with thee."

Activity:

If the Scout has been kind enough to remain with you, ask him to lead a procession making believe that the ark is to be brought to Jerusalem. The children may repeat the first part of Psalm 24 as they march, and the part beginning, "Lift up your heads," when they return. If you wish to begin the dramatization to-day, see Lesson XXXVII for suggestions.

If there is time, bring out the scrolls and write Psalm 24. 5.

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *O Come and Let Us Worship.*

SCRIPTURE READING: *Psalm 24*, repeated by the children antiphonally.

PRAYER (see Lesson XXXIII).

HYMN: *America the Beautiful.*

GOOD NIGHT (see Lesson XXXIII).



LESSON XXXVII

THE KING OF GLORY

THE story of the ark brought to Jerusalem lends itself in a wonderful way to dramatization. The whole scene is dramatic and the action continuous and splendid. No properties of any kind are needed—the imagination of childhood will find the picture satisfactory if the city wall is made of chairs, and the march through corridors and anterooms will serve for the march through the spring fields to that house in the country.

There is no better way of impressing the episode than by letting the children go through the experience, and they will enjoy it and ask to be allowed to live the story in this way again and again.

Directions for Leaders:

Demand the password as the children enter the room, and after marshaling your forces stand at attention for the salutes to both flags. Review what you have taught in the matter of orders, or physical exercises, and after a few minutes march to the chairs for the story. Give a password for the next lesson. It might be "Abraham Lincoln," or whatever you think appropriate.

Story: Retell *A Great Procession* (see Lesson XXXVI).

Activity:

Dramatizing the story. Arrange the chairs in a semicircle around the reading desk or your table. Divide the children into three companies: The people of Jerusalem (who will re-

main for the present within the semicircle of chairs, the chairs making the city wall) ; the priests and soldiers with King David (who will march down into the country and bring back the ark) ; and the soldiers who guard the wall. The soldiers may take their stand on the wall (on the chairs or back of them in a row) and the procession may start out of the gates (two chairs moved aside and replaced when the procession has passed out). The priests and soldiers march about the room or out into the halls and other rooms, repeating Psalm 24. 1, 2 as they go. They return, the leaders walking as though they were carrying a precious burden. As they draw near the city the gates open and the waiting people crowd out to meet them. One of the leaders repeats verse 3 and is answered by the crowd as they repeat verses 4-6.

The gates were closed after the people crowded out—and now the procession and the people are at the gates wanting to march in, and up to the hill of Jehovah with the ark. They ask the soldiers to open the gates (verse 7). The soldiers on the wall demand the password in their question (verse 8, first phrase). The people hazard (having forgotten for the moment) repeating the remainder of the verse. They have not the right word. The gates do not move. They call again to the soldiers on the wall (verse 9) and again the question comes (verse 10, first phrase). The last two lines of the psalm are said and the gates open. The people crowd in and place an imaginary ark on the desk or table. As the children stand there remind them that David sang praises when the ark was at last in its place and the people knew that God was there. Sing a song of praise—or thanks—that is familiar to the children.

If time remains, bring out the scrolls and write a line of Psalm 24.

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *O Come and Let Us Worship.*

SCRIPTURE READING: *Psalm 24; also the work done in November; Psalm 147. 7, 8.*

PRAYER (see Lesson XXXIII).

HYMN: *America the Beautiful.*

GOOD NIGHT (see Lesson XXXIII).

LESSON XXXVIII

LOYAL CITIZENS

A CHILD's patriotism is a very practical thing. It is a paper thrown in a trash receptacle, a fruit skin (dropped by someone else) pushed off the walk, a stray dog kindly treated, obedience and courtesy, doing all to the glory of God. This lesson and the next will help to bring the ideal of Christian patriotism to the child in a childlike way, and give opportunity for remembering our great heroes, Washington and Lincoln. It is not necessary to give the stories of these great Americans here—the children will come from school with many interesting things to tell about them. Your part will be to show how children can serve God and the nation in fine ways.

Directions for Leaders:

Call for the password as the children come to the door. Give the orders for falling in line for a march and teach the children to march two by two, separating and coming together again. Or review the work you have done, insisting on exact and prompt obedience. Bring them to a circle and give the order to sit on the floor. Show them some of the things that Scouts do, and tell how Scouts serve the nation.

Story:

Once, long ago, before there were stamps and mail boxes, the king of a great walled city wanted to send a message to the king of another city miles and miles away. The king sent for a runner and gave him the message. Runners were men who could run far without getting tired, and they could learn

long messages, and remember them until they reached the person to whom the message was sent. When the runner reached the city over which the king who was to receive the message reigned, he found himself in a very beautiful place. He had heard that it was a great and wonderful city, and he had heard people say, "What a high strong wall the king must have built around such a beautiful place! The kings of other countries will send their armies to take it away from him, and he will need strong forts." And everybody said, "What high strong walls must be about such a city as that!" The runner was surprised when he found that the city had no wall of stone or brick. He walked in through the streets and saw the happy children playing in the sunshine. He saw plants and flowers standing, fresh and tall, for no one had trampled on them or picked their blossoms. He saw fountains sending sprays of mist up toward the sky, and the children and the birds were drinking, for the water was pure and clean. He saw that the streets were clean, safe places where children could play, and the messenger saw the children playing fair and caring very faithfully for the littlest ones. All this and more that was comfortable and good was happening in the city streets, and the people spoke to him and made him welcome. A child took his hand and showed him the way to the king's palace. But the runner could not forget that there was no wall about the city, and when he had kneeled before the king and given him the message that he had brought, he said: "O King, your city is very beautiful, but are you not afraid of the enemies who would like to take it from you? I have looked and looked and I have not seen a fort, nor have you a city wall. A strong wall of good bricks would protect your city and make your people safe."

"But," said the king, "you did not look in the right place for the city wall. I will show you the wall that makes our city safe." And he went to a window and pointed to the streets. "Do you see those people cleaning the streets?" he asked, "and

the children playing fair and without quarreling? Do you see these busy, happy people and not one of them breaking a rule? The people make the city wall, and every one is a brick!"

Then the runner knew that the king was right. A city in which everyone obeys the laws and is helpful is a safe place in which to live. The runner ran back to his own city with a message for his king from the king of the beautiful city. He went in through a strong iron gate in a high brick wall. He saw tall soldiers in armor watching for the enemy, for the people in that city were not bricks. The children were quarreling, and because they all wanted to win nobody played fair. The babies were getting lost and hurt because the big children did not take care of them. The men and women were afraid because they could not trust each other or the children. They could not believe each other, so, of course, they could not think that the people from other countries would keep their promises. When the runner told of the city in which everyone was a brick, they shook their heads and sharpened their spears. They built the wall higher, for they said, "Such strong, brave people will surely make war upon us."

But the city that was so beautiful because everybody who lived there was a brick, grew stronger and more interesting, for the children were growing up. Visitors from other countries came and brought wonderful gifts, but whatever they brought they always carried a gift as useful and good and beautiful away with them. When these visitors reached their homes and told about the good times they had had, the people said, "Why, the people in that city are bricks!"

(Adapted from a Spartan legend.)

Activity:

Writing on scrolls. Making badges. These may be made of red paper, oblong, to look like bricks, about 1x2 inches. Let the children write on them "You are a brick." Punch holes

for red cord or ribbon and tie the badges on the children before they go home.

Service:

HYMN: *O Come and Let Us Worship.*

BIBLE: *Psalm 24; Psalm 147. 7, 8.*

PRAYER (see Lesson XXXIII).

HYMN: *America the Beautiful.*

POEM: *My Land Is God's Land.*

"My land is God's land, mountains, rivers wide;
God built it, blest it, gave it, to be the whole earth's pride,
With lofty silent places and prairies for the free—
My land is God's land that goes from sea to sea.

"My flag is God's flag, and God will see it through,
It shines on sea and mountain, the Red, White and Blue;
It has no need of terror; it lives close to the sky—
My flag is God's flag, and he will keep it high!"

(Annette Wynne. From *For Days and Days*.
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pany. Reprinted by permission.)

SONG: *The Red, White, and Blue.*

GOOD NIGHT (see Lesson XXXIII).

LESSON XXXIX

THE LOYAL CHILD

THE children are already citizens, and we have been developing an ideal of Christian citizenship for them. The story for to-day shows how a loyal child served under present-day conditions. This may help the children who listen to see that they too can be watchful and brave. Explain that a countersign is a password. Talk of Washington and Lincoln as brave and loyal Americans, having learned to be loyal when they were seven years old.

Directions for Leaders:

A long march will be enjoyed to-day, to the music of "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," played on the piano or the victrola. Salute both flags and drill your recruits in prompt obedience to your orders. March to the circle of chairs for the story.

Story: *Pluck.*

Not very far from here there lives a boy named George. On last Washington's Birthday, right after breakfast, George said, "Mother, I want to go down to Main Street and watch for the parade."

"So early?" said his mother. "You will have a long wait, I am afraid."

"But I want a specially good place this year, mother, because Uncle George is going to march."

"Very well," said George's mother, and she went to the door with him. George ran out, and picked up the tongue of his express wagon.

"Must you take your express wagon?" his mother asked.

"Yes, mother," said George, solemnly, "I think I must." They both laughed, and George said, "I'll go to my room and get my gun. Then I will have something to put in my wagon."

Soon the gun was lying in the wagon and George was walking down the street. When he came to his Uncle George's house, he looked down the drive and into the little garage, and there was Uncle George, looking over a kit of tools. Uncle George had come home from France with only one arm. George forgot his hurry and ran down the drive.

"Say, Uncle George," he called, "I thought you were going to march!"

"I am," said Uncle George; "but it's too early to go yet. Come in here and show me your wagon."

"It's new," said George.

"They usually have a name painted on the side, don't they?" And Uncle George looked the new wagon over carefully.

"Yes," said George. "I wish mine had a name."

Uncle George took a can of black paint and a small brush from the shelf. "I'll put any name you want there."

Little George gasped. "Can you make letters with your wrong hand, Uncle George? You must be awful brave." Little George looked at the empty khaki sleeve. "Were you brave about your arm?"

"Some," said Uncle George; "but I wouldn't have been if I hadn't practiced. You see, I have always wanted to be like George Washington, so when I was about your age I began to think about it, and I knew that the way to begin was to be plucky. Every time you are plucky it helps you to be more plucky next time, and then, by and by, you are brave. See?"

"I don't like to think about next time," said George, looking fearfully about.

Uncle George laughed.

"Suppose you name your wagon 'Pluck,'" he suggested.

"It's a fine name and will remind you to be plucky every time you read it."

"I'd rather be patriotic; but 'Patriot' is too many letters to print," said George.

"Well, it's your wagon, of course; but the boy with plenty of pluck is patriotic, and he can't be patriotic without pluck. It takes pluck to take care of our schools and our churches and our homes, sometimes. Of course, it depends on what is the matter how much pluck it takes."

"But I'd rather take care of my country," said George.

"Your church and your school are parts of your country, you know," said Uncle George.

"Well, put 'Pluck' there," said George.

Uncle George carefully painted, and when the letters were finished, George read "Pluck" on both sides of his wagon.

"Now," said Uncle George, "what does Pluck mean?"

"It means," said George—"it means, it means—"

Uncle George looked right into little George's eyes and said, "Pluck means doing anything that needs to be done, no matter how hard it is. You'd better go now and get a good place on the corner. Don't get the wet paint on your clothes."

Uncle George got into his car and disappeared to join the procession. Little George picked up the tongue of his wagon and went down the street.

"It took pluck to go to war and get hungry and wet and want to come home, and to have your arm cut off," thought George.

On the corner stood George's church, built of red brick and with colored windows that looked prettier when you were inside. Just as he was passing the Sunday-school door, the sidewalk began to shiver. George thought he was going to fall. There was a rumbling, long noise. A flower-pot fell from a high window-sill and broke on the sidewalk. Windows broke and glass fell. Somebody screamed, and George saw

bricks fall out of the side of his church and a cloud of dust rise. Then it was still.

George looked to see if his gun and his wagon were all right. "Pluck," said the shiny wet letters. George straightened his shoulders and looked about. He could see 'way into the church, through the hole, and the bricks lay in a heap on the grass. Anybody could go in through that hole, thought George, and he took his gun from his wagon and shouldered it. He paced up and down, guarding the church as he had heard Uncle George tell about guarding shelled buildings in France.

George could hear drums. Up and down, up and down he went. A little dog came down the street and ran up to the pile of bricks.

"Halt!" shouted George. "Who goes there? Give the countersign!"

But the little dog just ran on. He didn't seem to care much about the hole in the church, after all.

Just then a man crossed the grass to look into the hole. He was dirty and his hat was torn.

"Halt!" ordered George. "Give the countersign!"

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Any heat in the building?" he asked, with a shiver. "Big explosion!"

"Give the countersign," said George, sternly. The man went on, down the street.

Another man rounded the corner and ran right up to the pile of dusty bricks. He was George's minister, but George said, "Halt! Who goes there? Give the countersign!"

The minister looked at George and then at the express wagon.

"Pluck," he said, and he saluted.

They could hear the band playing down the street.

"How did you know?" said George, "because, you see, I wasn't really sure myself."

"It's a good word for a countersign, and you are a very

plucky boy, George. I'll take charge here now and you run and see the rest of the parade."

That night, while George was sitting on the step and Uncle George was explaining to him all about explosions, the minister came and sat there with them.

"George guarded the church to-day until I came," said the minister. "Fortunately, I could give the countersign, so he left me in charge. That was a very patriotic thing to do, George."

"Yes, but it's very hard when you hear the drums," said George.

"What was the countersign?" asked Uncle George.

"Pluck," said little George.

Activity:

Write a verse of Psalm XXIV on the scrolls. Place the last pictures on the posters and discuss a title for it. Suggest "Bricks" as being a good name for a poster made of pictures of children and men and women doing helpful things. Letter the word "BRICKS" across the top of the poster in red.

Tell the class that each member may bring a friend to the next lesson and that you are going to play again the twenty-fourth psalm.

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *O Come and Let Us Worship.*

POEM: "My Land Is God's Land" (see Lesson XXXVIII).

PRAYER: *The Lord's Prayer.*

SCRIPTURE READING: *Psalm 24 and verses 7 and 8 from Psalm 146.*

HYMN: *America.*

GOOD NIGHT (see Lesson XXXIII)..

LESSON XL

REVIEW

If this is the last time that the Scout is coming to lead, the gift voted upon some time ago should be presented. A pocket compass, a notebook, a pencil, or a knife would be appropriate, and the children should be reminded to thank him for coming to help.

Directions for Leaders:

Review all that you have done with the children, and after saluting the flags bring them to order for the stories. Visitors should join in the salutes.

Stories:

A King Helping His People (see Lesson XXXV).

A Great Procession (see Lesson XXXVI).

Activity:

The King of Glory—A Dramatization (see Lesson XXXVII).

Service of Worship: (As you stand in the place you have chosen to call "The hill of Jehovah").

HYMN: *O Come and Let Us Worship*.

SCRIPTURE READING: *Psalm 24*. (Read from the scrolls.)

POEM: *"My Land Is God's Land"* (see Lesson XXXVIII).

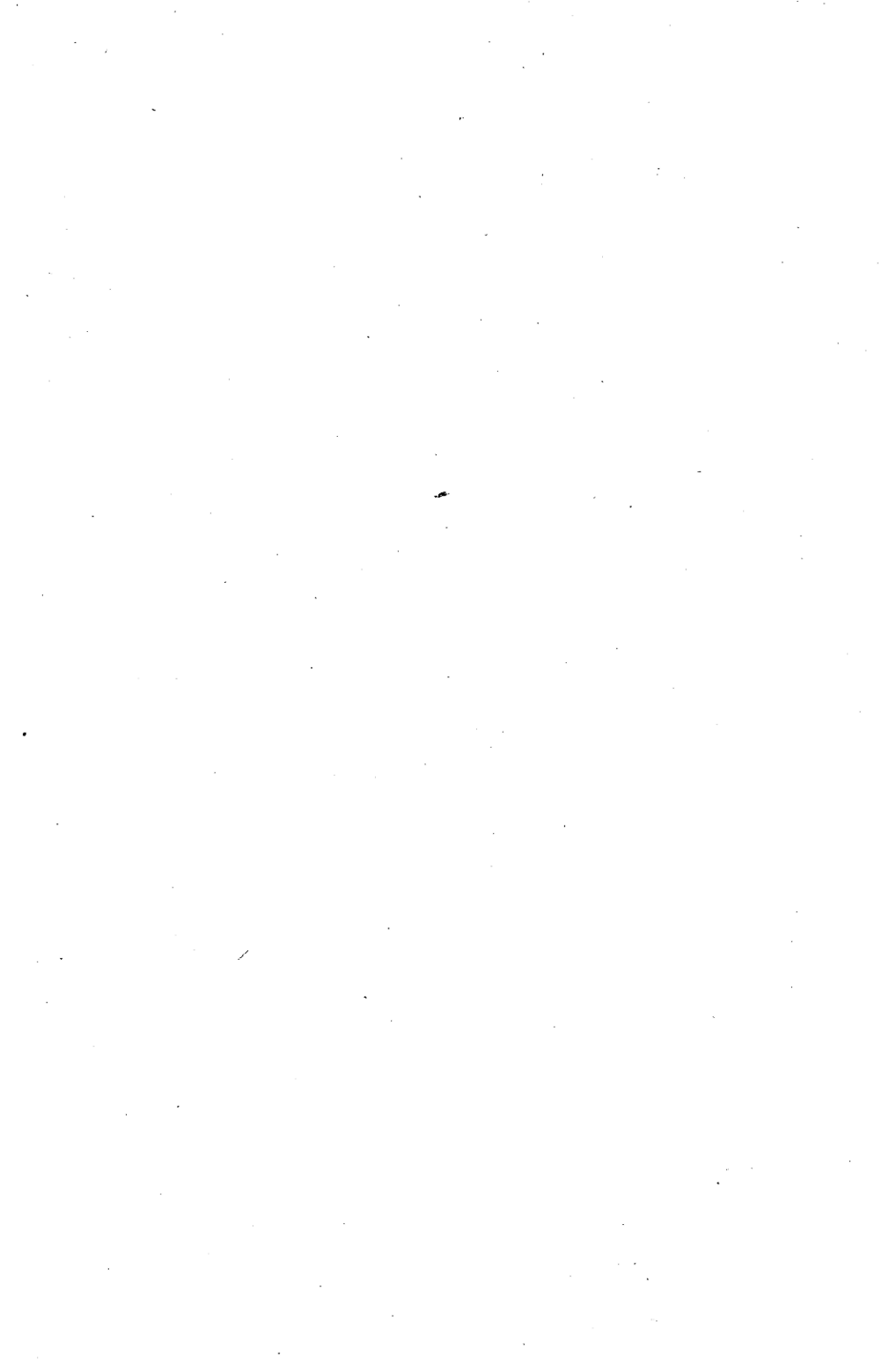
HYMN: *Good Night.*

“Good night, Good night!
Far flies the light,
But still God’s love
Shall flame above,
Making all bright,
Good night, Good night!”

NOTE: The scrolls may be taken home.

Additional Material: 1. “The Knights of the Silver Shield,” in *Why the Chimes Rang*, by Raymond MacDonald Alden. 2. “Little Hero of Harlem,” in many story collections. 3. “The Soldier Boy,” in *Story-Telling Time*, by Frances Weld Danielson. 4. “Lift Up Your Heads,” an anthem in the Junior Choir Series. (Not difficult and the leaflet contains much valuable material.)

NOTE: Read the next lesson and gather twigs suitable for use in making popcorn blossoms, to take with you—one for each child.



VI. LEARNING TO OBEY

- XLI. In the Garden of Eden.
- XLII. Following the Cloud.
- XLIII. The Children of Israel Obey and Disobey.
- XLIV. The Commandments.
- XLV. Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother.
- XLVI. The Whole Law.
- XLVII. An Obedient Child.
- XLVIII. Review. An Indoor Picnic.

To know the divinity of Jesus' teachings, we must do his will with definite intention. Moral disobedience is mental darkness, but to submit our wills in loyalty to his law is to open our minds to the light of his truth.—*Maltbie Babcock*.

THE MEMORY WORK:

I will hear what God Jehovah will speak.—*Psalm 85. 8.*

All that Jehovah hath spoken will we do, and be obedient.—*Exodus 24. 7.*

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the great and first commandment. And a second like *unto it* is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thy self.—*Matthew 22. 38.*

Even the wind and the sea obey him.—*Mark 4. 41.*



LESSON XLI

IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN

THE necessity and the beauty of obedience can be made clear to the children through stories of unmistakable meaning and through the cheerful mediums of work and play.

If your children already know that *your* interests and desires are the same as theirs, and that you are one in sympathy and understanding, your task will be simple. Expect confidently that during these lessons you will be obeyed, supplying opportunities for practice, and explain why you ask certain things of them. At seven they are beginning to reason, and all obedience is not blind.

The Garden of Eden, a happy, charming place destroyed by disobedience, provides a negative lesson which you will need for the sake of contrast.

Bring out the bean-bags and play the games suggested in Lesson XXV, adhering strictly to the rules of the game. "Every man that striveth in the games exercises self-control in all things."

Story:

When the world was new the Lord God planted a garden. It was called the Garden of Eden. It was a sweet, fresh, lovely place, for God made flowers, and shady trees, and vines to grow there. There were trees that bore fruit, and the grass was soft and green. There was a river that flowed through the garden to water the roots of the trees and to keep the grass and flowers fresh. And God made animals to live in the gar-

den. There were big animals and little animals and some were afraid and lived in the rocks and caves, but some of them were glad to play on the grass and climb among the trees. There were birds too in the garden, red and blue and yellow. The birds lived in the trees and sang most wonderful songs. All of the animals and birds found what they wanted to eat and they drank from the river of clear water when they were thirsty. Besides the birds and animals there were all manner of creeping things, and lovely butterflies and other flying insects.

The Lord God walked in the garden, and looked at all things that he had made and was pleased with them. God saw that the garden was a place where children and their mothers and fathers would be very happy. He made a man and a woman and put them to live there and told them to take care of the pretty place. The name of the man was Adam and the woman's name was Eve, and she was Adam's wife. God spoke to Adam and said, "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: but of the tree of learning, thou shalt not eat of it." And Adam looked at the fruit that hung on the trees, red and ripe, and he picked it and ate it and was happy, for God had made it for him to eat. The birds pecked at the fruit, and the butterflies and all flying things found the honey that God had put into the flowers for them.

Adam and Eve often looked at the tree of learning and wondered about it. They wondered how the fruit tasted. They knew that God had said, "Of the tree of learning thou shalt not eat," and they wondered why. Eve often looked at the beautiful apples that hung so red and ripe, and they were a delight to the eyes. One day she broke the stem of an apple that hung low, and as she looked at it she said: "This apple is from the tree called the tree of learning. Perhaps if we eat it it will teach us many things, and Adam needs to be wise." Then Eve disobeyed the Lord God. She ate the apple, and

gave one from the same tree, the tree of learning, to Adam, and he ate also.

They heard God's voice that night when the sun went down, for God walked in that garden in the evening. And Adam and Eve hid themselves among the trees. God called unto Adam, "Where art thou?" Then Adam answered and said, "I heard thy voice in the garden, but I was afraid, and hid." "Hast thou eaten of the fruit of the tree of learning?" God asked, and Adam began to make excuses. "Eve gave me the fruit and I did eat," he said.

God punished Adam and Eve for their disobedience by sending them out of the Garden of Eden. The world outside of the garden was a sad and lonely place. Thorns and thistles grew there. The trees did not bear fruit ready to be eaten, and Adam and Eve had to clear away the stones and plow, and plant seeds, and pull up the weeds. They worked until their faces were wet with sweat, and they were sad and tired and sometimes they were ill and in pain.

But God did not punish Adam and Eve forever. When they had worked hard and had learned to obey, God took them to heaven to live with him. Heaven is a place more beautiful than the Garden of Eden; God's children will live there with him forever and ever.

Activity:

Making popcorn blossoms. If your class is small and you are privileged to use a kitchen, pop the corn. If you cannot give the children this pleasure, bring the corn already popped and give each child a handful of the fluffy white kernels. Ask the children to select the largest and whitest and lay them in a row on the table before them ready for use. Give each a twig that you have brought, following the instructions that completed the text of the last lesson.

Ask the children to hold the twigs in the left hand while you

go around the table dropping a little glue (not paste or mucilage) on the twig in a place where a blossom might naturally appear. A kernel of popped corn should be held in place there for a moment. When each twig has four or five blossoms, sing a flower song or anything the children choose, still holding the twigs and giving the glue a chance to dry. Then stand the twigs in the openings on the radiators and registers, and when the children are ready to go home the glue will be dry enough to make the journey. Little leaves may be cut from green paper and glued here and there on the twigs, but the blossoms are complete without them. The popcorn not used may be eaten, and a twig in full bloom may be sent to an absent child.

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *When the Winter Winds Do Blow* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 50).

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work*:

"I will hear what God Jehovah will speak."

"All that Jehovah hath spoken will we do, and be obedient."

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the great and first commandment. And a second like *unto it* is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

"Even the wind and the sea obey him."

NOTE: The children should be helped to make their own prayers. To-day they may form a sentence prayer about obedience. Write what is decided upon and repeat it as a prayer, following it with the Lord's Prayer. Tell the children that the prayer they have written will be said again next week and that they may add a line at that time.

HYMN: *The Playmate of Nazareth*.

BENEDICTION :

"Gentle Child of Nazareth,
Let thy life so meek and tender,
Make us glad obedience render
To our father and our mother,
And be kind to one another,
Gentle Child of Nazareth. Amen."

LESSON XLII

THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL LEARNING TO OBEY

THE Children of Israel, freed slaves as they were, had to learn the meaning of *real* freedom, which is willing obedience to law. Firmness on the part of a leader and prompt obedience from the group are necessary, and this is proved again and again in the account of the sad wanderings of the children in the wilderness, and also by the happenings of to-day. God is the author of all laws that govern the free, and that is what this lesson seeks to show.

In telling of the fire drills in the public schools Luther Gulick says: "There have been several fires in New York city schools, but in not one has there been loss of life. . . . Nothing but plain, straight obedience can meet situations such as these—obedience to authority, immediate, prompt, all-inclusive."

Lead the children in a march, carrying the flag. Tell the children that the flag will give them *silent orders* and caution them to watch it carefully. When the flag stands still, the children must. When it moves, all move.

Conduct a fire drill (see Lesson VI).

Story: Review the story of the Children of Israel leaving Egypt (see Lesson IX).

The Children of Israel were free. They were out of the land of Egypt, and the journey to the new home was begun. As the great procession journeyed God went before the people in a soft, misty, white cloud. You have seen soft, white clouds move across the sky. This cloud was shaped like a pillar, reaching up toward the sky, as our flag points upward when we march. Whenever the Children of Israel looked up they

could see the cloud, even in the night, for when the sun set and it grew dark the cloud glowed and was bright like fire. The bright cloud gave light at night, so that when it moved and they went on they could see how to go. And God was in the cloud, and he did not take it away from the people day or night.

When the cloud moved, the Children of Israel obeyed and moved too. When the cloud was still, they rested. They put up their tents and camped, sometimes for days and days, sometimes for weeks and weeks, and sometimes only for a few hours. When the cloud moved, the tents were taken down and folded and the children were made ready for a journey.

The fathers went to the green places where the sheep and goats were pastured and led them to the place where the procession was forming. There must have been a great deal of noise and confusion, for everybody talked and the children were excited. The fires were stamped out and great bundles were tied on the backs of the patient little donkeys. The sheep were frightened and cried, and the procession began to move, on and on through the wilderness.

The wilderness was a lonely place. The people walked across hot, soft sand, and past bushes that were covered with thorns. There were so few shady places that they were glad to rest for a while in the shadows of the great rocks. It almost never rained, and the only water that could be found came bubbling up through the sand. These places are called wells and springs, and the people looked across the sand hoping to see green grass and palm trees, for where they saw the palm trees waving their great leaves in the breeze they knew that there were springs. The trees would not grow without water, and the water that overflows and runs away over the sand makes the grass grow. These are the places the thirsty travelers are glad to see. How the Children of Israel must have hoped that when the cloud stood still there would be springs and palm

trees! For they were sometimes hungry and thirsty and very tired, and they complained to Moses, forgetting that God was in the cloud. But Moses talked with God and obeyed him, and one day the cloud stood still over a green, shady place where there were twelve wells and seventy palm trees. How glad they all were! Now they could rest! There was water enough for all—cool and fresh and clear. The thirsty people drank and drank. They gave water to the sheep and goats and donkeys. And there by the wells of water they rested for a while, and the cloud was there, soft and white by day, but glowing with light by night.

So the cloud led the people on and on, and one day, when Moses had been talking with God, he told the Children of Israel what God had said that they must do. God had told Moses and the people to build the tent church, and you remember how they obeyed. They worked hard and every one did as he was told and one day the tent church was finished and very beautiful. It was God's house, and the pillar of cloud that had shown the people the way came over the tabernacle and covered it. And God was there and his glory filled the place.

Activity:

Making books. Give each child a few loose-leaf sheets not smaller than 5x8 inches, and two sheets of colored or tinted paper for the cover. The cover should be an inch larger both ways than the pages. Tinted typewriter paper is good for this purpose or the kindergarten papers can be bought in sheets. Tie the books together with ribbons or worsted. Chicken-leg rings are very good for this purpose, as a clever Vermont teacher has discovered, for the rings make it easy to add leaves to the book and are much cheaper than the patented metal rings made for holding papers together.

The book plate given here may be traced and mounted as a

cover design. The tracing should be done by the teacher, and given to the children to be mounted. If there is time, the letters may be colored or the background tinted with crayons in any color most liked for the purpose. As an activity for the lessons in this group the children will write in these books the memory work concerning obedience, the prayer made by the class, and possibly a hymn. Do not hurry the work, for the coloring may be done at another time.

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *O Come and Let Us Worship.*

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work.* Ask the children to repeat as much of it as they can with you, going over it several times.

HYMN: *Night and Day* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 12).

"When I run about all day,
When I kneel at night to pray,
God sees, God sees.

"When I'm dreaming in the dark,
When I lie awake and hark,
God sees, God sees.

"Need I ever know a fear?
Night and day my Father's near
God sees, God sees."

(The Century Company, owners of copyright
of poem.)

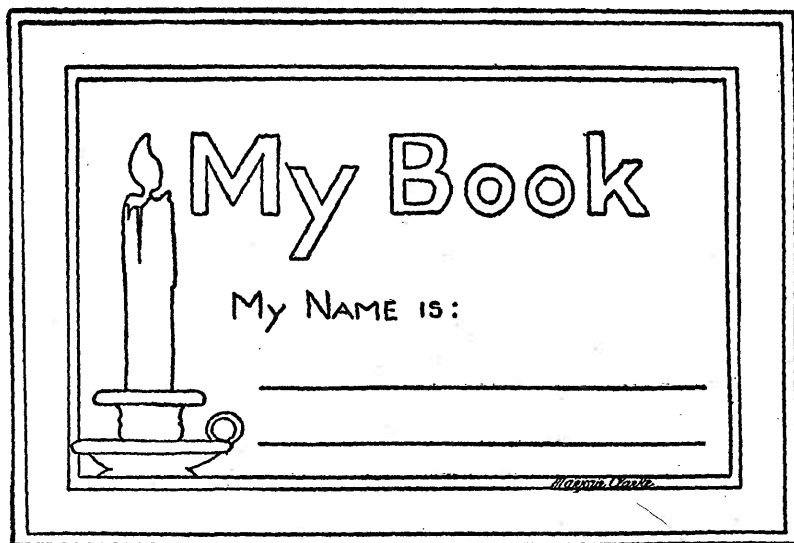
PRAYER: Recall the sentence formed at the last service and ask if anything can be added to-day. Take time to help ideas to form and add what you decide upon to the first sentence. Use this prayer and the Lord's Prayer.

HYMN (chosen by a child).

BENEDICTION :

"Gentle Child of Nazareth,
Let thy life so meek and tender,
Make us glad obedience render
To our father and our mother,
And be kind to one another,
Gentle Child of Nazareth. Amen."

NOTE: In helping the children to think of what they wish to say as they pray, refer to the stories about obedience and ask if they think it necessary for everybody to obey, and if they think it very hard sometimes. Then we need help, and the heavenly Father will help if we ask him. Suppose we ask him to help us. How shall we say it?



LESSON XLIII

THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL OBEY AND DISOBEY

ANY of the games and drills that depend upon obedience for a perfect effect will illustrate the theme, so recall some of the games played in connection with the lessons in loyalty and use the broom drill. If the day is fine, give the first children to arrive brooms, and before they take off their hats and coats let them sweep the court or the steps of the building. Where there is a light snow this is very much enjoyed, and it is a real help to the janitor.

Story:

The Children of Israel were happy in that pleasant place where there were twelve wells and seventy palm trees, but one day the cloud moved! The Children of Israel followed the cloud and were sad. They cried bitterly, for they were led out on the dry sands again, and there was nothing for them to eat.

Again they spoke crossly to Moses, and complained. "Why did you bring us away from Egypt?" they said. "At least we were not hungry there." Then Moses talked with God, and God said, "In the morning ye shall be filled with bread."

Night came and the cloud was still. The people slept in their tents and it was quiet. Dew fell from the sky and the ground was wet with it. The dew falls when it is dark and cool and when the sun rises and it is morning, the dew dries. When the dew dried that morning, the ground was covered with small white things that looked like frost. The Children of Israel awoke and opened their tents. They came out to begin the day—and they wondered! They had never seen the

ground covered with white things like frost before. "What is it?" they asked. They picked it up and looked at it. The children picked it up and put it into their mouths. It was sweet like cakes made with honey! "What is it?" they asked. And because they did not know what it was they called it "What is it?" and the word that means "What is it?" in their language was "manna."

Moses said: "This is the bread which the Lord has given you to eat. This is the thing which the Lord hath commanded; gather of it, each man, enough for all who live in his tent." And the Children of Israel gathered the sweet white cakes in baskets, and some gathered more and some less, for in some tents there were more children than there were in other tents.

Then Moses said, "Let no man keep manna in his tent until the morning." But a great many disobeyed, and kept baskets full of manna in their tents until the morning. And the manna melted away and spoiled. When morning came Moses was angry because the people had disobeyed.

Every morning for a week, when the dew dried and the sun rose, manna, fresh and sweet, lay upon the ground. Every morning the people gathered it in baskets, enough for all. Every day when the sun was hot, at noon, the manna melted and was gone. Then came the day before the Sabbath, and Moses said: "To-morrow will be the Sabbath day, when everyone should rest. So gather enough manna for to-day and to-morrow, also." They obeyed Moses, and in the morning when the Sabbath day had come the manna they had gathered was fresh and good. On that day there was no manna on the ground. God was taking care of the Children of Israel in a wonderful way, and yet some of the people did not understand and still disobeyed. They could not believe that Moses was wise, and they went out with baskets on the Sabbath morning to gather manna—and found none!

When all these wonderful things had happened, and the

people had had time to think, they began to understand about obeying, and they gathered the manna just as they were told. It was a beautiful, loving way for God to care for his people, and Moses wanted them to remember it always and be thankful. So he saved some of the manna to show, when the children who ate it in the wilderness were old, and told their little grandchildren about it. Moses put the manna in the ark—that beautiful gold box in the tabernacle. God kept the manna fresh and good, and it helped the people to obey when they remembered that it was there.

The Children of Israel could not plant gardens; the bright cloud might move before the wheat and vegetables were ripe. So God sent manna, and the Children of Israel ate of it for forty years, until their journey was ended and they came to the land called Canaan, that new home that God had promised them. (Recall the story in Lesson XII, and ask the children to tell it.)

Activity:

Finish making the books. If the work was not finished at the last lesson, mount the book plates and color them. Write the children's names in the spaces designed for that purpose. If this was accomplished, have the children write the first verse of the memory work in the books. Put a copy on the blackboard and go around the table, helping and encouraging.

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *America the Beautiful*. (Speak of the "fruited plains." God feeds us in *that* way.)

SCRIPTURE READING: Ask the children to repeat the *Memory Work* with you, stressing and commenting upon the first two sentences. Repeat the *Memory Work* learned at Thanksgiving also.

HYMN: *Father, We Thank Thee.*

POEM: *A Blessing* (see Lesson XII).

PRAYER: Add a phrase to the prayer the children are making. Read to them what they have already composed and with bowed heads repeat the whole, adding the Lord's Prayer. Refer to our request for "daily bread" and ask if God answers that prayer. Explain again that daily bread means "food."

HYMN (the children's choice).

BENEDICTION:

"Gentle Child of Nazareth,
 Let thy life so meek and tender,
 Make us glad obedience render,
 To our father and our mother,
 And be kind to one another,
 Gentle Child of Nazareth. Amen."

LESSON XLIV

THE COMMANDMENTS

THE games played to-day should impress the theme, obedience, very definitely. Ring games may be enjoyed, and when all have arrived, a march should be led by the teacher, who should give definite orders and insist upon prompt obedience. The children who fail to obey should be asked to leave the line and stand where they can observe. Point out the fact that a good march is impossible without obedience. Show how interesting a march may be when all obey. Suggestions will be found in the Loyalty lessons for this exercise.

Story: *Tables of Stone.*

As the Children of Israel traveled in the wilderness they came to a mountain called Mount Sinai. God was still in the cloud that went before to show the people how to go, and when they came to the mountain the cloud settled on the mountain so that the people could not see the top of it, and God was there and it was wondrously bright. It was like a fire burning in the cloud. God called Moses up into the rocks and cliffs at the top of the mountain. Moses obeyed, and as he climbed he went into the cloud and the people could not see him. God gave Moses a message for the people. God said to Moses, "Thus shalt thou say to the Children of Israel: 'Ye have crossed the Red Sea, and ye saw how I helped you. I have cared for you as the eagle mothers care for the little eagles, when they carry them on strong wings to safe places. If ye will obey me, and keep my commandments ye shall be very dear to me, always in my care.'"

When Moses repeated this message to the Children of Is-

rael they were glad and they promised to obey God and to serve him. And again God spoke to Moses and said, "Come up to me on the mountain and I will give thee a law and commandment for thee to teach the Children of Israel to obey." Again Moses went up the mountain, and the cloud covered him. God spoke to him there on Mount Sinai the Commandments which the Children of Israel were to obey; and the people stood in a crowd on the sand and saw the bright cloud and heard God's voice. They wondered and were afraid. They ran farther away from the mountain, but still they heard God's voice telling them how to obey him. And these Commandments were for all of God's children, everywhere, and *now*, as well as in that olden time. Everywhere and always God's children must obey his laws if they are to be good and well and happy.

God gave unto Moses two stones called tables of stone, and behold, his commandments were written on the stone!

When Moses came down from the mountain he wrote in a book what God had said to him and read to the people what he had written.

One of God's commandments was especially for children. God commanded all children to honor their fathers and their mothers. To honor is to obey and to respect and to love.

God also commanded that his children should not take what belonged to someone else. He said, "Thou shalt not steal." He commanded us to tell the truth, and to do only kind and helpful things. And God said, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." "Holy" means "good." When we are good, and when we do good on God's day we are obeying his command.

Activity:

Make clay tablets and write on them "Honor thy father and thy mother." Give each child a piece of moist clay or plasticine

and show how to make it into a flat square tablet. Smooth the surface with a table knife and give the children match sticks or knitting needles to write with. Mistakes may be smoothed away with the table knife and the tablets set carefully away to be shellacked at the next lesson. Or, if there is time, they may be finished to-day and left to dry. If working in clay is not practical, write a phrase in the books.

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *O Come and Let Us Worship.*

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work*: Asking all who remember it to say it with you. Also read aloud the fourth commandment.

PRAYER: Add a sentence about obeying parents, and use the prayer, following it with the Lord's Prayer. Comment simply on the phrase "Thy will be done." God's will is that we should obey him. If we mean what we say when we pray, we will try to obey his commandments.

HYMN: *The Playmate of Nazareth.*

BENEDICTION (see Lesson XLI).

LESSON XLV

HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER

WHEN enough children have gathered to make the street scenes a success play them again and add: "Show me what you would do if I were your mother and called you to come home." "What would you do if I were your grandmother and came down the street carrying a box?" "What would you do if your father asked you to do an errand?" etc.

Story: To be told after reviewing "How Jesus worked and played" (Lesson XVI).

So Jesus worked and played, and was happy, and then, one Christmas Day, he was twelve years old! All of the children with whom Jesus played looked forward to being twelve, for then they were old enough and strong enough to take a long journey. Little children could not take such long walks as the people did in those days when they went from one place to another.

The great journey that all the children longed to be strong enough to take was to Jerusalem. Every year Joseph and Mary—and, indeed, all of the fathers and mothers in Nazareth and in other places too—went up to Jerusalem to a great celebration. The boys and girls were just as excited about this celebration as you are about the Fourth of July. On the Fourth of July we celebrate the time when America became free. We are glad that our country is free, and we are trying to be good and to obey the laws so that our country will always *be* free. The children in Palestine, the land where Jesus lived, were glad that they were free. When they went up to Jerusalem they celebrated the time when, long, long before, their grandfathers, who were the Children of Israel, crossed the Red Sea.

God led them and made them free, and so every year they went up to the Temple to a beautiful service, to sing their thankfulness. It was long, long ago that our country was made "the land of the free," and yet we love to hear about it. It was long, long before Jesus was a little boy in Nazareth that the Children of Israel had come across the Red Sea, and yet all of the children loved to hear about Moses and about all that happened on the long journey through the wilderness to Canaan, the home that God had promised to give the Children of Israel. It is no wonder that the children looked forward to going up to Jerusalem, for it was a wonderful celebration and it lasted about a week! When Jesus was twelve and strong and well, and good, Mary and Joseph took him to the celebration.

They started early in the morning, and it was springtime. A great many people traveled with them, for nearly everyone was going to Jerusalem. It was a happy time. They walked in the sunshine, visiting with the people they met, and the children ran ahead, and into the fields to gather lilies, and lingered behind to play. When it was noon they sat on the grass and ate some of the food they had brought. They drank from the wells along the way, and when night came they slept in the fields. Some of the people carried tents, and when it was bedtime they put the tents up and the children slept in them. But a great many people lay on the grass and looked up at the dark-blue night sky and the stars until they went to sleep.

For three whole days they walked, and they spent three nights under the stars. Then they came to a high place in the road and they could see Jerusalem! When Jesus was a little boy he used to climb a hill and make believe that he could see Jerusalem, and probably he had made stories about it and talked with his brothers about the time when *they* would be twelve years old.

The children looked at Jerusalem, and their eyes were wide and bright. They looked for the Temple. Yes, there it was, standing on a hill, beautiful and shining, with the sun on it. There was the wall, and there were the gates, those strong gates that had been called "everlasting doors." Then they hurried down the last slope and went in through one of the gates into the streets of Jerusalem.

Joseph and Mary and Jesus walked up the streets, past the flat-roofed clay houses to the Temple. There was a gate through which they had to go, and a court around the Temple, and as they went in they sang,

"Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,
And into his courts with praise."

The beautiful Temple was crowded with people and there was music and preaching.

After the service Mary and Joseph took Jesus to the house where they had been invited to visit. That night in every house the people sat down to eat together and to tell the wonderful stories of the Children of Israel over and over again.

The people stayed in Jerusalem for a whole week, and the children saw a great many interesting sights. Soldiers walked about with their shining helmets and flashing spears. Camels carried bright little red-and-gold tents in which rode strange-looking people from far-away parts of the country. Men were selling doves and lambs, and there was much noise and confusion.

The children loved it all, but one day it was all over and the people started to walk back to their homes. Out through the city gates the people went in great crowds and Mary and Joseph went too. Jesus was not with them, but there were so many people that at first they did not miss him, and *then* they thought that he was walking with the other children. But when the children lay down on the grass to sleep, and it was

dark, Jesus had not been found. Mary went quietly about among the children, bending down to look at their little faces to see if perhaps Jesus was among them, but she did not find him. Mary and Joseph were troubled and worried, and they started back on the road to Jerusalem to look for Jesus. They looked for him in the streets and in the houses where they had visited, but they did not find him. They went to the Temple, and there, sitting on the floor, listening to the wise ministers as they taught, they found Jesus. Jesus was asking questions and listening to every word, whether he understood or not.

How glad Mary and Joseph were! But Mary remembered how frightened she had been and she said, "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold, thy father and I sought thee sorrowing." And he said unto them, "Knew ye not that I must be in my Father's house?" But he rose up, and Mary took his hand and they went away together, and Jesus did just as Joseph and Mary wished to have him do. He honored them, and loved them, and they went back to Nazareth together and were happy. Mary remembered what Jesus had said about his Father's house. She was glad that he loved to be there. And Jesus grew, and learned, and everyone loved him.

"Gentle Child of Nazareth,
Let thy life so meek and tender,
Make us glad obedience render,
To our father and our mother,
And be kind to one another,
Gentle Child of Nazareth.

"Wondrous Child of Nazareth,
Let thy early love of learning,
Set our youthful spirits yearning
Daily to be growing wiser,
Thou our teacher and adviser,
Wondrous Child of Nazareth,

“Holy Child of Nazareth,
 Help us use the powers lent us,
 Do the work of Him who sent us,
 Draw to thee in closer union,
 Share thy people's sweet communion,
 Holy Child of Nazareth.”

Activity: Shellac the tablets, or write in books “Honor thy father and thy mother.”

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *The Playmate of Nazareth.*

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work* and *Psalm 24* (repeated by the children).

PRAYER: The children's prayer, to which they may add a phrase to-day, and the Lord's Prayer. “Thy will be done.” God wishes us to honor our fathers and mothers. That is his will.

HYMN: *Father, We Thank Thee.*

BENEDICTION.

For the Teacher: “Spiritual teaching is the implanting of a spirit. It is aiding the scholar to solve his moral problems—*his* problems, not his teacher's nor his grandfather's. The word “spiritual” does not refer to the subject taught, but to the object to be gained. The thing we teach is life, power, liberty. The things with which we teach—words, pictures, printers' ink, maps, crayons, sand piles, or what not—are all so many symbols and nothing more, and no one of these things is more sacred than another.”

(Milton Littlefield, in *Handwork in the Sunday School*.
 Used by permission.)

LESSON XLVI

THE WHOLE LAW

GATHER about the piano and sing any songs asked for by the children, and when enough have arrived, play "Behavior on Street Cars." It will take time to assign the parts and to make suitable arrangements of chairs, bundles, and so on. The dramatization should be performed twice, the second time with very little help from the teacher.

The children may play that they are going to a church service, and at the end of the second performance the conductor may call out: "End of the line! All out for the First Church!" (or the name of *your* church). Have chimes or a hymn played, as the children come to the chairs for the service. The story for this lesson takes the form of a little sermon.

Service of Worship:

HYMN.

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work for December, Luke 2. 8-16.* Also verses for this group, concerning obedience. The children should repeat it all.

HYMN: *I Should Like to Have Been With Him Then* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 27).

POEM: *Gentle Child of Nazareth* (see Lesson XXVI).

SERMON: Do you remember the story of how God gave the Commandments to Moses, to read to the Children of Israel? That happened many long years before Jesus came to live on the earth. All through these long years the people had known the Commandments by heart, and many people had

tried to obey them. But it was very hard because Jesus had not come to teach them how to love each other in the right way. When we love a person it is easy to obey, and we cannot even think of taking what belongs to our dear people, for we want them to be happy. Can you imagine taking your baby's mug away from him and drinking his milk? You could not take even a broken toy from him, could you?

It was hard for the people who tried to obey without loving. And then Jesus came! One day Jesus was teaching some men who had come to study with him. They were talking about the Commandments and one of them asked, "Teacher, which is the greatest, the most important commandment for us to obey?"

"And he said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the great and first commandment. And a second like *unto it* is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

There is a story in the Bible about a woman who loved her neighbors as she loved herself. Her name was Dorcas and she lived in a little town called Joppa. Joppa was on the seashore, and when Dorcas was a little girl she played in the sand with the other children. Dorcas loved the children and she told them stories and made them happy. Dorcas knew a great many of the stories that we know. She knew the story of the Garden of Eden, and about the Children of Israel. She loved to tell about the wonderful things that happened to them as they journeyed to their new home, and she knew that in an old Book there was a promise that she loved to think about. It was the same promise that the Wise Men had read and the shepherds had been taught. It was God's promise that some day Jesus would come to live on the earth.

Dorcas grew up, and kept on doing lovely, helpful things for everyone who needed her, and Jesus came, and taught, and *Dorcas did not hear about him!* No, she kept on hoping that

he would come, but no one came to tell the people of Joppa the story of Christmas, and that Jesus had grown up and was doing God's wonderful work.

And then, one day, one of Jesus' friends came to Joppa to teach the people, and he told them the stories of Jesus. He taught them the two great commandments about loving and obeying, and, of course, Dorcas was there and heard it all!

After that Dorcas worked harder than ever. She made warm little coats for the children to wear when the wind blew from the sea and was cold. She made little cakes and loaves of bread for hungry people, and when they were ill she went to them and took loving care of them. How the neighbors in Joppa must have loved Dorcas! And, you see, she was showing them how to keep the two great commandments by loving them.

PRAYER: The children's prayer, followed by the *Lord's Prayer*.

HYMN: *Thank the Lord for All His Love* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 18).

"We plow the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.

Refrain

"All good gifts around us
Are sent from heav'n above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
For all his love.

"He only is the maker
 Of all things near and far;
 He paints the wayside flower,
 He lights the evening star;
 The winds and waves obey him,
 By him the birds are fed;
 Much more to us the children,
 He gives our daily bread."

BENEDICTION.

AN "ALMSDEED." Open the mite box and count the money. Suggest going to a store together for an orange, or a flower to leave with a neighbor who is ill or without a reason, other than that you know and love her. Or write verses on colored paper and take them home to mothers, or grandmothers. Ask if the people at home like to hear stories, and suggest writing on a slip of paper, "Would you like me to tell you a story?" the paper to be folded into father's napkin. Recall the stories told with these lessons in obedience and urge the children to tell them at home.

A GOOD-BY SONG: *Good Night* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 8).

For the Teacher: "Joppa: The name of the city is derived from 'Japheh,' meaning 'beautiful,' and it is mentioned as a Canaanite port on tablets which still exist and date from the fifteenth century B. C. The harbor is only the semblance of a harbor; great reefs guard its entrance and the sea dashes over them with fury, making an entry often impossible.

"The streets are narrow and most picturesque, with people from every nation under heaven thronging them. In true Oriental fashion, cooking and various household economies were going on in broad daylight in the open, and we threaded our way through many distracting interests: past supercilious

camels and ambling donkeys and persuasive sweetmeat-sellers.

"Lydda is only a few miles away. In Lydda Saint Peter was staying when that holy woman who was full of good works died in Joppa.

"How graphic the scene is!—the widows who stood about weeping and showing the coats and garments Dorcas had made for them, and their joy when she was 'presented unto them alive!'"

(From *A Brief Pilgrimage in the Holy Land*, by Caroline Hazard. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.)

BEHAVIOR ON STREET CARS

(*Scene: Street Corner.*)

(*Three boys and three girls waiting for car. As it comes along, EMILY starts to cross to it without looking up or down the street.*)

BESSIE: Look out, Emily, that auto will run over you!

EMILY (*stopping just in time*): Oh, my! That was a narrow escape. I never think to look before I cross the street.

(*Car stops. Seats arranged to suggest car. BILLY and LOUIS hurry toward steps.*)

BILLY: Come on, boys, let's get seats in front.

ELMER: Plenty of room. Let's stand aside and let the girls get on first.

(*Boys stand aside while girls get on car. The boys follow. NELL drops a package. BILLY picks it up—returns it, at the same time raising his hat.*)

NELL: Thank you, Billy.

(CONDUCTOR *collects fares; overlooks LOUIS.*)

LOUIS (*to other boys*): He didn't get my fare. I'll treat as soon as we get off.

ELMER: Do you really think that's the honest thing to do?

LOUIS: Well, I don't know. I always thought that if you offered your money and the conductor didn't take it, that was his fault. But I guess you're right, Elmer. I've had the ride and I ought to pay for it.

(CONDUCTOR *comes by again.*)

LOUIS: Conductor, you forgot to take my fare. (*Holds up money.*)

CONDUCTOR: There's an honest boy. Thank you.



CHILDREN DRAMATIZING BEHAVIOR ON STREET CARS

BILLY (*to conductor*): Please stop at Seventh Street.

(*Car stops. Boys rise.*)

CONDUCTOR: Wait until the car stops, boys.

BOYS: We will, Conductor.

(*As they get off the car an old lady with a bundle is waiting to get on.*)

BILLY: Permit me, madam; let me hold your bundle while you get on.

OLD LADY: Thank you, my boy, you are very kind.

(*LOUIS helps LADY up steps. BILLY hands bundle up. BOYS raise hats and go down street. LADY smiles and bows.*)

(Reprinted by permission from "Training in Courtesy" Bulletin, 1917, No. 54, Department of the Interior, Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C.)

LESSON XLVII

AN OBEDIENT CHILD

THIS lesson will serve to teach obedience and also world brotherhood. It may be counted as one of the missionary lessons, which, of course, all world brotherhood lessons are. Begin on the hour playing "Lame Chicken" and let the children join the game as they arrive. If this game does not appeal, use the street-car scene again, and if there is time, the street scenes from Lesson III.

LAME CHICKEN

One of the best and jolliest of games is "Lame Chicken." If you have never played it, do try it. It is really great fun. Boys and girls in Japan play it with their slippers; small blocks of wood or bean-bags or little stones will do as well. Each player donates a slipper to the game, and holds up the shoeless foot in imitation of a lame chicken. They place the shoes in straight rows with spaces of about ten inches between the shoes. The players line up and in turn hop on one foot over each shoe until the end of the line is reached. The last shoe is then kicked away, the player using his "lame foot," after which it must be picked up without putting the lame foot to the ground and carried back over the same route to the first end of the line. If the player has made no slips or mistakes, he hops back again, kicks away the last shoe on the line, returns, and so on until he fails. Only one foot may touch the ground at a time. The hopping must be very deftly done. No shoes may be touched excepting the end one which is to be picked up. When "lame chicken" breaks or infringes any of

the rules, he must instantly give place to another player. At the end of the game the winner has most shoes to his credit.

Parks in Japan teem with children playing lame chicken.
(Christian Herald. Used by permission.)

Story: *What Happened When Tada Obeyed.*

The people who live in Japan—far away across the ocean, tell their children a great many lovely stories, and you are going to hear one of them now. It is about an old grandfather whose name was Hamaguchi and his little grandson, Tada. Hamaguchi and Tada lived together in a little Japanese house on the top of a high, steep mountain of rock. If they looked over the edge of the rock they saw a sandy beach and the great ocean. They saw little houses like their own, built on the sand, and people moving about in gay kimonos. They could see the children playing in the sand. If they turned and looked the other way, they saw little gardens where rice was growing, for the people who lived on the sand came up to the top of the mountain of rock to plant their gardens. Of course they could not make gardens in the sand that is washed by the salt sea. When the people went up to visit Hamaguchi and Tada and to take care of their gardens they climbed up steps that they had cut in the rock.

The waves ran up on the shore, and then out again, as waves do, and some were little and slow, and some of them were big, and came way up, so that the people had to run! Then sometimes there comes a wave so strong and big that it strikes the mountain of rock and washes away the little houses as it goes out again. These terrible waves are called tidal waves, and it is about one of them that I am going to tell you. Sometimes these tidal waves do not come for years and years, and the people forget, and do not think of them at all. They build their houses on the sand, and when Tada was a little boy

Hamaguchi was the only person old enough to remember a tidal wave.

One day, when the rice was ripe and ready to cut, Hamaguchi stood looking down at the pretty beach and the people in their red and blue kimonos, the mothers carrying their dear little babies on their backs, and the children playing in the sand. Then he raised his eyes and looked off across the water to the place where the sky and the water seemed to come together, and he saw a great tidal wave rising higher and higher! He saw it coming nearer and nearer and growing bigger and bigger. He looked down at the people so busy and gay, and he knew that when the wave came it would wash away the little houses and the people too unless he could save them.

"Tada! Tada!" called Hamaguchi, and little Tada came running to his grandfather. "Light a torch! and bring it to me!" said Hamaguchi, and Tada ran and lighted the end of a pine stick at the little fire in their kitchen and brought it to Hamaguchi. Then they ran to the rice gardens and Tada saw his grandfather set fire to the rice! The rice that the people would need so much, to eat when the winter came! The rice was dry and it caught at once and the people down on the beach could see the smoke and flames.

Tada cried and was frightened. "Why do you burn the good rice, O, why do you?" he asked, but Hamaguchi was looking way out on the water, shading his eyes with his hand, and did not answer.

Then Tada looked down and saw that the people were climbing up the steps cut in the stone. Up, and up they came, and everybody was coming to try to put the fire out. They were sorry and worried, for their good rice was burning! The whole village was coming! Even the old, old grandmothers and the mothers with babies on their backs were climbing up. Then everyone from the village stood on top of the mountain, looking sadly at the fire. Tada was still crying, and Hamaguchi

said, "Is everybody here?" "Yes," they said, "but why did you set fire to our rice?" Then Hamaguchi pointed to the ocean. The great wave was rolling in, and it was quite near now. As they watched it, it rushed up on the beach with a noise like thunder, and struck against the mountain of stone. When the wave ran out, every one of the little houses was washed away! The people looked down and there was nothing but sand—just a sandy beach, where their homes had been! How they stared!

Then Hamaguchi said, "That was why I set fire to your rice. So that you would come up here and be safe." Then Tada ran to his grandfather and took his hand. "Tada lighted the torch quickly when I told him to, for I am too lame to run as fast as he can."

How glad Tada was! for every one was safe, and the people were glad too, and they thanked Hamaguchi and Tada again and again.

(Adapted from "Gleanings in Buddha-Fields," by Lafcadio Hearn. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Used by permission.)

Activity:

Finish writing the memory work in the books made for the purpose. To-day the books may be taken home. Plan an indoor picnic for the review lesson. It will be a game of make believe, except for the food, which is, after all, the main feature of all picnics. The children may each bring a few crackers or an apple or you may provide crackers and raisins, or an orange to quarter and serve. If edibles are thought to be undesirable, make baskets after the directions given in Lesson XII. Cut pictures of fruit and candy from advertisements.

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *O Come and Let Us Worship.*

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work* learned in February and the work done with these obedience lessons, repeated by the children.

PRAYER: The children's prayer—the Lord's Prayer.

HYMN: *Father, We Thank Thee.*

BENEDICTION: Repeat "Gentle Child of Nazareth" together.

A PICNIC

(Boys and girls walking. Boys carry boxes and baskets for girls.)

JACK: What a fine oak tree! That is just the place for a picnic.

MARY: So near the spring too.

ELSIE: See these lovely ferns.

WILL: These rocks are just what we want for the fire-place.

HELEN (*clapping her hands*): Just look up there on that hill at the cream cups and baby-blue-eyes.

ALL: Let's stay right here.

TOM: Come on, boys. We'll bring wood and make the fire while the girls spread the table.

ALL THE BOYS: All right, Captain Tom.

(All work at various tasks.)

ELSIE: Lunch is ready! Find your places. Please start the sandwiches, Lucy, while I pour the lemonade.

WILL: What delicious salad this is! Your mother is a good cook, Mary.

BOB: These sandwiches are fine too.

HELEN: Please pass the cake, Jack. Thank you.

(*All eat and pass the things, using as they do so various polite phrases.*)

MARY: Goodness me, but haven't we had a fine lunch! Now, let's play games.

WILL: Good! What shall we play?

TOM: No games until we have picked up orange peels and tin cans, burned all these soiled papers, put out the fire, and left this spot as beautiful as we found it.

HELEN: Hurrah for Tom! We'll all help.

(*All pick up scraps, etc.*)

ALL: Now are you satisfied, Captain Tom?

TOM: Yes, indeed. This lovely place is all ready for another picnic party.

ALL: I hope they'll have as good a time as we had.

(Reprinted by permission from "Training in Courtesy,"
Bulletin, 1917, No. 54. Department of the Interior,
Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C.)

Additional Stories: 1. "The Lame Boy," in First Book of Religion, by Mrs. Charles A. Lane. 2. "The Little Cowherd Brother," in Story-telling in the Home and School, by E. N. and G. E. Partridge. 3. "The Sailor Man," The Golden Windows, by Laura E. Richards. 4. "The Plate of Pancakes," "The Lions in the Way," "The Little Shepherd," The Story-Teller, by Maud Lindsay. 5. "Wishing Wishes," More Mother Stories, by Maud Lindsay. 6. "The Disobedient Ducklings," Story-Telling Time, by Frances Weld Danielson.

LESSON XLVIII

REVIEW

MAKE believe that you are going on a picnic and will need to take the street car to the picnic grounds. Use the dramatization in Lesson XLVI. The conductor may call, "All out for the picnic grounds." Leave the car, carrying baskets and wraps.

"A Picnic," another little play with a definite purpose, is given here and will provide you with ideas, even though you do not carry it out in detail.

After the lunch has been disposed of play ring games or "Lame Chicken." Allow the children to call for their favorites among these stories on obedience, and tell at least two of them.

Count the number of times the children have obeyed to-day, and make it clear that because they were obedient the picnic was a success.

A Talk:

Have you done anything to-day because you love your neighbor? Did you do anything for the sake of the people whom you have never seen? (For example, making the place neat for the next picnic party.) Why may we not ride on the platform? Why do we see signs that say "Spitting is forbidden," "Smoking is forbidden"? It is all a part of loving our neighbors, isn't it?

Now, if you will listen, you will hear a sound that you can obey.

The Chimes.

Service of Worship:

Use the service arranged for Lesson XLVII, selecting other hymns perhaps and making any changes that you like.

VII. WONDER AND WORSHIP

XLIX. A Wonderful Journey to Jerusalem.

L. The Story of Easter.

LI. The Flowers Appear on the Earth.

LII. The Time of the Singing of Birds.

LIII. God's Trees.

LIV. When We Pray.

LV. The Wonderful World.

LVI. Review.

Because I live, ye shall live also.—*John 14. 19.*

THE MEMORY WORK:

"Praise ye Jehovah.

Praise ye him, sun and moon:

Praise him, all ye stars of light.

Mountains and all hills;

Fruitful trees and all cedars;

Beasts and all cattle;

Creeping things and flying birds;

Kings of the earth and all peoples;

His glory is above the earth and the heavens.

Praise ye Jehovah."—*Psalms 148.*

LESSON XLIX

A WONDERFUL JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM

THE April lessons should be taught out of doors, for wonderful things are happening because spring is here. The lessons are arranged so that half of the hour can be spent in the open air, and also there are plans for the classroom.

Since Easter is a movable feast, you will need to study the lessons well in advance and rearrange them according to the church calendar.

If it is possible, give the children the experience of digging and planting. "To own a bit of ground, to scratch it with a hoe, to plant seeds and watch their renewal of life—this is the commonest delight of the race, the most satisfactory thing one can do" (Charles Dudley Warner).

If you are a lover of gardens, you will see an opportunity in a narrow strip of unpaved ground beside a wall or close to a building. Perhaps there is a space where a vine can be planted against the building, or a corner where they will allow you to plant shrubs. There are places in the courtyards of many schools and churches that need attention of some sort, and many a space where a bed 2x8 or 10 feet would improve matters very much.

Such a bed seeded with zinnias or some other coarse, bright flower would be a delight to many all summer. Also you will need a good site for planting a tree.

For to-day meet the children in the courtyard and tell them of these plans. Cut willow wands and start them in water in the classroom. Later you may want to plant those that have sprouted well, for a group of willow saplings can be planted in the grass where you may not cut the sod.

Buy the seeds that you have decided to plant or call upon a

neighbor previously consulted who will give you seeds and slips. People are glad to cooperate, and we do not include them in our projects often enough.

A plan for the classroom: Write a letter to a teacher in the country enclosing postage and ask her to let her class send you willow wands and horse chestnut twigs to grow in water. Make Easter cards for friends, using the crocus design given here. It can be cut from paper or drawn and then colored. If the flowers are cut, use colored paper and mount on cards. Write an Easter message above the flowers and let the children take the cards home.

Service of Worship: *The Chimes.*

HYMN: March to the chairs singing, "Onward, Christian Soldiers!"

STORY: *A Wonderful Journey to Jerusalem.*

It was springtime in Palestine, the country where Jesus lived, and the olive trees were covered with little new gray buds. The redbirds and bluebirds were building their new nests, and in the pastures new fresh grass was beginning to show. Jesus and his friends started on a journey in the fresh spring air. They were going to Jerusalem, to the celebration to which Jesus had gone for the first time when he was twelve years old.

A great many people had seen Jesus, and everyone who had heard of the wonderful things that he did wanted to see him, so the people crowded around him. As Jesus walked down the road, mothers brought their babies to him, and he took them in his arms and blessed them. Jesus loved every child in the world, and it made him happy to hold these little ones and to talk to them, but his friends did not understand. They thought that Jesus was too tired and that the children bothered him. They shook their heads and told the mothers to take the children away, but Jesus said, "Suffer the little children, and for-

bid them not, to come unto me: for to such belongeth the kingdom of heaven."

When the happy children went with their mothers to their homes again, Jesus went on toward Jerusalem, and as he went ten men who were terribly ill came near and called to Jesus. They did not come close because the disease that they had other people could take. They stood afar off and called, "Jesus, have mercy on us!" When Jesus saw how ill they were, he said, "Go to the priests." In those days when people had been ill with diseases that other people could take from them they went to the priests when they got well for permission to go back to their work, and to be with other people again.

The sick men obeyed Jesus at once. They turned immediately and went toward the church, but they did not know why; they were still weak and ill. Then a wonderful thing came to pass. As they walked the sick men began to feel better and soon they were *well!*

(Tell the story of the blind man—Lesson XIV.)

Yes, there were great crowds on the roads on those lovely spring days. There was a man named Zacchæus who wanted to see Jesus. But he was a small man, and the tall people crowded in front of him. Zacchæus ran and climbed into the branches of a tree by the roadside. He looked down and saw Jesus walking with his friends and the people crowding close to him. Jesus looked up into the tree, and when he saw Zacchæus he said, "Come down, for to-day I need to rest in your house." Zacchæus was very happy. He climbed down from his place in the tree and took Jesus joyfully to his house. Everyone was surprised, for they did not like Zacchæus, and many of the people thought that he did wrong things. But Jesus wanted to talk with Zacchæus and help him to understand about being good, for that was Jesus' work, and it was what the heavenly Father sent him to live in the world to do.

In the morning Jesus and his friends started again to walk

to Jerusalem, and the people in the city wondered when Jesus would come. Some of them said, "Let us go out of the city gates to meet him!" So they went out through the gates, and the children went too. They carried palm leaves to wave as we wave flags when we are glad. They sang and were happy. The children sang, "Hosanna; Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

When Jesus came, and the people saw him, he was riding on a colt. It had been loaned to him, and his friends had put their cloaks on the colt's back for a saddle. The people shouted and sang and called his name when they saw Jesus, for many of them knew him and loved him. He had made some of them well and he had blessed their little children.

And so Jesus came to Jerusalem, and went to the beautiful Temple, to the service of celebration, as he did when he was twelve and went with Mary and Joseph.

HYMN: *Fair Are the Meadows* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 41).

"Fair are the meadows;
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Our God is fairer,
Our God is purer,
And unto him the children sing.

"Fair is the sunshine;
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling stars on high;
Our God shines brighter;
Our God shines purer
Than all the glory of the sky."

PRAYER: Heavenly Father, help us to think of Jesus when we see flowers and hear birds sing. Let them remind us of him, for we are going to live with him forever in heaven. Amen.

SCRIPTURE READING:

"Praise ye Jehovah.
Praise ye Jehovah from the heavens:
Praise him in the heights.

Praise ye him, sun and moon:
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

Mountains and all hills;
Fruitful trees and all cedars;
Beasts and all cattle;
Creeping things and flying birds;
Kings of the earth and all peoples;

Let them praise the name of Jehovah;

His glory is above the earth and the heavens.

Praise ye Jehovah."—*Psalms 148*.

NOTE: This selection of beautiful and interesting calls to praise from Psalm 148 need not be explained. Answer any questions and leave the rest to make an impression of the greatness of God. If it is too difficult omit a part of it.

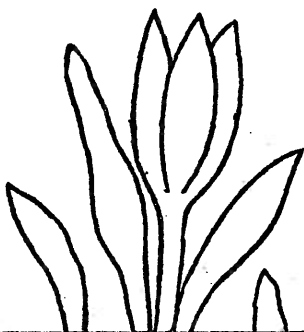
HYMN: *All Things Bright and Beautiful*.

BENEDICTION: May the blessings of the heavenly Father be upon us and all children forever and ever. Amen.

NOTE: You will want to use some of the offering for seeds and plants, and these things interest the children so much that it will delight them to plan for their spring work.

Recall some of the interesting things that have been done with the children's money and encourage them to continue to give. The April mite box may be brought out.

HAPPY EASTER!



EASTER GREETING



LESSON L

THE LESSON OF EASTER

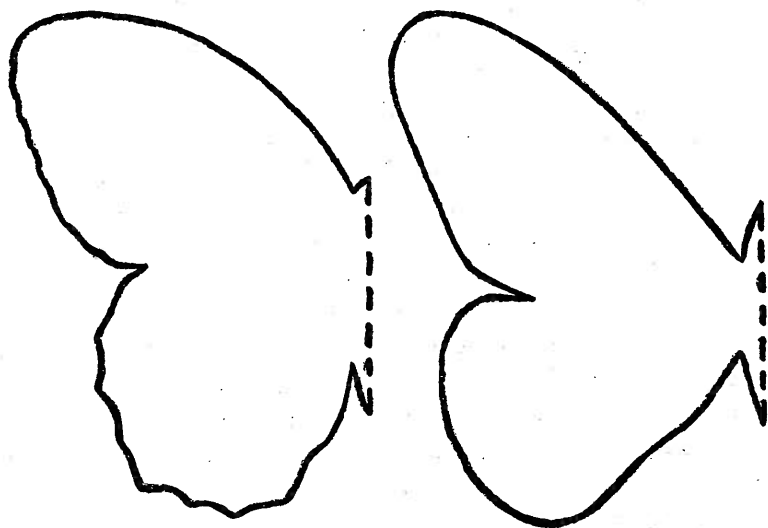
MEET the children in the yard and do all that you can about your planting project. Call at the house of your garden sympathizer for seeds that have been promised, or dig your space up ready for planting. If you love gardens, many plans will suggest themselves to you, and your ideas will be the ones for you to carry out, as the conditions in which you are working differ from the conditions of others in many respects, no doubt, and you know your own advantages and disadvantages. Show the children how to stake out the bed, if you are going to plant flowers, and let them help break up the soil. If the bed is ready, plant the seeds. Sow them thick, so that you will have a satisfactory spot of color later on. Or go to the woods and let each child bring home a plant to put in the bed and care for. Visit a class of older children and tell them of your plan for planting a tree. Ask them to come to your class and help the children to make a bird house to put in their tree. Ask them to let you know what material will be needed. Arrange this with the teacher and invite her class to join yours when you teach Lesson LII. Suggest combining classes on that day, and also for the tree-planting planned for Lesson LIII.

If you make the path or walk untidy with your digging, send the children for their brooms and make it neat again.

A Plan for the Classroom:

Work again on Easter cards. Make butterflies. One way would be to use tinted or colored paper (yellow and blue are best), and the white butterflies are lovely. Fold the paper

and draw as shown in the diagram (the dotted line indicates the fold). Cut on the lines drawn, and open. Indicate the markings with ink and small brushes or pens, or with water color, on one wing, and fold over before the paint or ink is dry. This will make the wings nearly enough alike to be very real. Bring a butterfly book from home or one taken from the



library. Show the colored plates to the children, and if they like, they may copy the markings with paints or crayons. Two small black pins placed in the head of a paper butterfly with which to pin it to the board or on the wall makes a very lifelike effect. The outlines given here are a good size and can be traced for patterns. Let each child take a butterfly home to color and mark. An Easter message may be written on the under side of the wings and they may be used as Easter cards. It would surprise the Sunday school to find a dozen or more of these butterflies of varying shapes and colors apparently fluttering over the bulletin board on Easter Sunday.

Service of Worship:**THE CHIMES:**

HYMN: *Fair Are the Meadows* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 41).

STORY: *A Story of Easter.*

Two children stood looking at the flowers in a beautiful garden. They often came to look through the gate, for they loved to watch the gardener at work, weeding and digging among the lilies. The garden belonged to a man named Joseph of Arimathea. There were great rocks in the garden and bright flowers and pretty vines grew in the cracks and between the rocks.

The children lived in a little square clay house by the side of the dusty road. They had no garden, but they often gathered the lilies that grew in the fields near by and sometimes they played at making gardens, and built stone walls around them like the wall around the garden of Joseph of Arimathea. The children came often to look through the gate in the wall.

To-day they went slowly in, hand in hand, for a stone-cutter was chipping away the stone in a cave in one of the rocks. He chipped and the children watched, until the cave was a clean and sparkling place.

The children wondered. They wanted to ask the stone-cutter about it. The little, white, sparkling chips of stone lay on the path and on the grass. The children came nearer and picked them up. Their hands were full of the pretty chips. They could use them in many ways in their play.

But they wondered about the little room in the rock, and one of them said, "Why do you chip the stone?"

The stone-cutter answered, "The man who owns this garden wants this room made beautiful, for his dear friend is very tired and is to rest here for a while."

"Who is his dear friend?" asked one of the children.

"Jesus of Nazareth, who went about doing good," said the stone-cutter.

"We know Jesus!" cried both children; and then one said, "He is my friend, too, for only the other day he stopped to watch us play at making gardens, and he took my little brother in his arms."

"And we saw him down on the shore of the lake," said the other child. "We were playing with shells and he came, and a great many people came with him. He told stories and I am sure never to forget what he said."

"We were glad when we heard that he was coming to Jerusalem, not many days ago," said the taller of the children, "for we wanted to see him again. A great many people ran out of the city gates to meet him and we ran too. He came, riding on a colt, and his friends were with him. The children crowded to the roadside so that they could see him. We all sang, 'Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!' We waved branches of palm as he passed. Some of the children had gathered lilies, and these they threw into the road before him to make it more beautiful. Every one was glad to see him coming. Is he so tired?"

"Perhaps," said the other, "he went to the hill to-day with those who carried crosses. There have been such heavy clouds, that we could not see for the storm that was coming. Was Jesus with them, do you think?"

"Jesus was there," said the stone-cutter, "and those who did not know him nailed him to a cross. His friends will soon bring him here to rest for a while in this little white room." The stone-cutter stood up and looked down the road, shading his eyes with his hand. "Yes," he said, "they are coming now."

The children looked and saw the loving friends of Jesus carry him gently through the garden gate and lay him in the

little room in the rock. The children were sad, but they were sure that Jesus would rest in such a beautiful place. They saw the friends who had brought him roll a great stone across the door of the room.

When the stone-cutter turned and saw the children still standing there, outside the gate, he said, "Run, run to your home, little children, and tell those who are there that Jesus is at rest." And the children ran down the road to their home with their hands full of sparkling chips of stone.

They thought often of Jesus, asleep in that quiet room, and early on the sabbath day they started very early, for they were going to the garden to look through the gate. When they came to the garden wall they heard voices, and it surprised them that there should be people in the garden so early. The sun had just risen and the wet lily buds were not yet open.

As the children looked through the gate they saw a woman, and at first they thought that she was speaking with the gardener, but no! it was Jesus, the friend of the children—Jesus of Nazareth, who went about doing good! Now the children knew that he was rested. They saw that the great stone was rolled away from the door of the room in the rock, and they looked in, but the room was so bright now that they had to close their eyes. It was like looking at the bright summer sun.

"Come!" said the tall child, and they went away very quietly, for they did not wish to disturb their Friend, as he walked among the lily buds that were just opening because morning had come. They went up the road toward Jerusalem, and they went to the temple and heard the ministers teaching the people. Late in the afternoon as they were coming home they met two men walking, and Jesus was with them.

It was just as the stone-cutter had said. Jesus had rested and now he walked with his friends again. But sometimes he was with them when they could not see him, as he is with us, now.

276 A SECOND PRIMARY BOOK IN RELIGION

One day some of the friends of Jesus came by, telling a wonderful thing. The people crowded around them to hear what they had to tell, and the children were with them. They heard the friends of Jesus say, "We were with him, and he said, 'Lo, I am with you always.' A soft cloud of mist came about him and we saw him no more."

But the people said, "If Jesus has gone from you where you cannot see him, why do your eyes shine, and why are you glad?"

The friends of Jesus said, "He is with us now, and we will be with him, forever."

The children heard and were happy, for they knew that Jesus was with them, even to the end of the world.

(From *The Mayflower*. Used by permission.)

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work*.

HYMN: *Christ Is Risen* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 94).

POEM: *The Lowly King*.

"Jesus of Nazareth, . . . who went about doing good."

"There was a King in Nazareth;
(Men did not know he was a King)
By humble ways he went about,
With love for everything.

"He had no crown, but he was kind;
He had no throne, but he was strong;
Good deeds he did, and loving words
He said, the whole day long.

"He was a King, and went again
Unto his kingdom, but he still
Is staying in our hearts, and we
Can serve him if we will.

“By gentle thought and loving words
And deeds of kindness, day by day,
Our feet can follow where he went,
Along the lowly way.”

(Nancy Byrd Turner.)

BENEDICTION.

For the Teacher. One knows it sometimes when one gets up at the tender, solemn dawn-time and goes out and stands alone and throws one's head far back and looks up and up and watches the pale sky slowly changing and flushing and marvelous unknown things happening until the east almost makes one cry out and one's heart stands still at the strange unchanging majesty of the rising of the sun—which has been happening every morning for thousands and thousands and thousands of years. One knows it then for a moment or so. And one knows it sometimes when one stands by oneself in a wood at sunset and the mysterious deep gold stillness slanting through and under the branches seems to be saying slowly again and again something one cannot quite hear, however much one tries.—*The Secret Garden, by Frances Hodgson Burnett.*

LESSON LI

THE FLOWERS APPEAR ON THE EARTH

It may be too early in your climate for blossoms of any sort, and yet we have just had the story of a beautiful garden, and Easter is a time when we see flowers, if only in the shop windows. The flower is one of God's ways of telling us of life eternal, for this we will need, and he has provided, seeds as well as flowers. We are building a faith in these children that will be strong because it will be upheld and strengthened by so many of the things that are common—things that we see often. We can help the children to see God in the flowers, and someone has interpreted from the Arabic this: "Moses asked of God where he was, and God said, 'Know that when thou hast sought me thou hast already found me.'"

Continue with the project you have started out of doors, or take a walk in the country looking for buds or blossoms. Take a note book and write what the children report that they have discovered, and when you return to the classroom, read the notes and see which child has seen the most. If you live and work in the heart of a city, walk to a florist's and count the flowers in the window.

A Plan for the Classroom:

Study the colored plates in a flower book. Draw and color a flower and as you work repeat flower verses and songs learned by the children in school and Sunday school. Outline drawings of "the lilies of the field" are published with the supplemental material for use with A First Primary Book in Re-

ligion and can be colored. Or trace the outline drawing given with this lesson for each child to color.

Service of Worship:

When the chimes are heard, go to the circle of chairs for the service.

HYMN: *Christ Is Risen* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 94).

Story: *A Boy Who Wondered and Found Out.*

Here is another story about Japan, the country where Hamaguchi and Tada lived. The boy in this story was Neesima. One day Neesima was alone in the house where he lived, for his mother and father had gone to the temple to pray to a great idol. Neesima stood in the kitchen looking at a row of idols on the shelf. They were very ugly to look at and they were carved from wood and painted as some of our toys are made. One of them was the kitchen god. Neesima's father had taught him to bow before the kitchen god, and to bring it rice and tea. Neesima had been told that if he forgot to bring food to the idol he would be hungry himself, so he never forgot.

When Neesima put the rice into the hand of the kitchen god he found the hard little grain of rice that he had put there the day before. He remembered that he always found the rice that he had put there just as he had left it, and he wondered! How could the kitchen god eat? Neesima had never seen it move so much as its little wooden hand. He knew that it was whittled from wood, and he had stood and watched the idol-maker across the street make a great many kitchen gods and sell them. Neesima wished with all his heart that he really knew about these strange things, and then he thought of a way of finding out. "I will put the idol in the ground, and if it really is a god it will not stay there," he said. It frightened

Neesima a little to think of doing this. He thought of his mother and father in the temple, praying to the great idol that always seemed to be asleep, although everyone who went to the temple to pray paid to have bells rung to waken it. Neesima wondered about that too. Why was it?

Neesima lifted the kitchen god from the shelf and carried it into the garden. He dug a shallow hole in the soft earth and laid the kitchen god in it. Then he covered it with earth and patted the place smooth with his hands.

For a week he watched the place, but nothing happened. Then one morning when he ran out to look, he found a little green shoot like a blade of new grass just showing above the ground. Neesima was excited. "I wonder if the kitchen god has done this!" he thought. He dug the earth away with his hands and there, just where he had put it was the kitchen god. It had not changed a bit. But one of the grains of rice that Neesima had put in its hand had sprouted! It was pushing up to catch the sunshine. Soon there would be a tiny flower on it! How wonderful! The little hard white grain of rice had life! "Now I know!" said Neesima. "The kitchen god did not have life, but the rice did. Who gave the rice its life?" Neesima wondered and wondered.

And then a great and wonderful thing happened to Neesima. He was sent to school. It was one of the schools that our missionaries have in those far-away lands where the children wonder about the beautiful things in God's world. That is where the wondering children find out what they want to know. Neesima very soon learned to read, and then a beautiful book was given to him. It was the Holy Bible! We could not have read it, for it was printed in Japanese letters that we would not understand. But Neesima opened it and read the very first words. He read, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Then Neesima knew! He had found out. It was God, the heavenly Father, who had made heaven

and earth, who gave the rice its life. Of course the old idol-maker could not put life into the idols he whittled! But God had put life into the idol-maker! Neesima looked out at the blue sky and the green grass. He saw cherry trees covered with bright pink flowers. "God made all of these things, and he made me!" Neesima had found out the things that he wanted to know.

HAYIME NI KAUURI TEN TO CHI TO-O TSUKURI TANAEKI

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These are the words that Neesima read in his Bible. It is a language which we cannot understand. We cannot read it or speak it. But the heavenly Father understands everything that his children say to him, no matter where they live or how they speak.

Show the Japanese characters to the children. Show them a globe and point to your home and to Japan. Repeat the words that Neesima read and point to the seas and to the land, marveling that God made it all. Mention flowers, fruits, and trees, and point to the places where they grow.

PRAYER:

HYMN: *Fair Are the Meadows.*

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work.*

HYMN: *Christ Is Risen.*

"Hear the joy-bells ringing, ringing,
In the far-off towers swinging,
Hear the children's voices singing,

Refrain

'Christ is risen! Christ is risen!'
Hallelujah! Christ is risen!'

"Far and near the chimes are telling,
On each word the sweet tones dwelling,
Soft and low, then loudly swelling.

Refrain

"Easter morn is saying, saying,
While its chimes are softly playing,
And all hearts with joy are praying."

Refrain

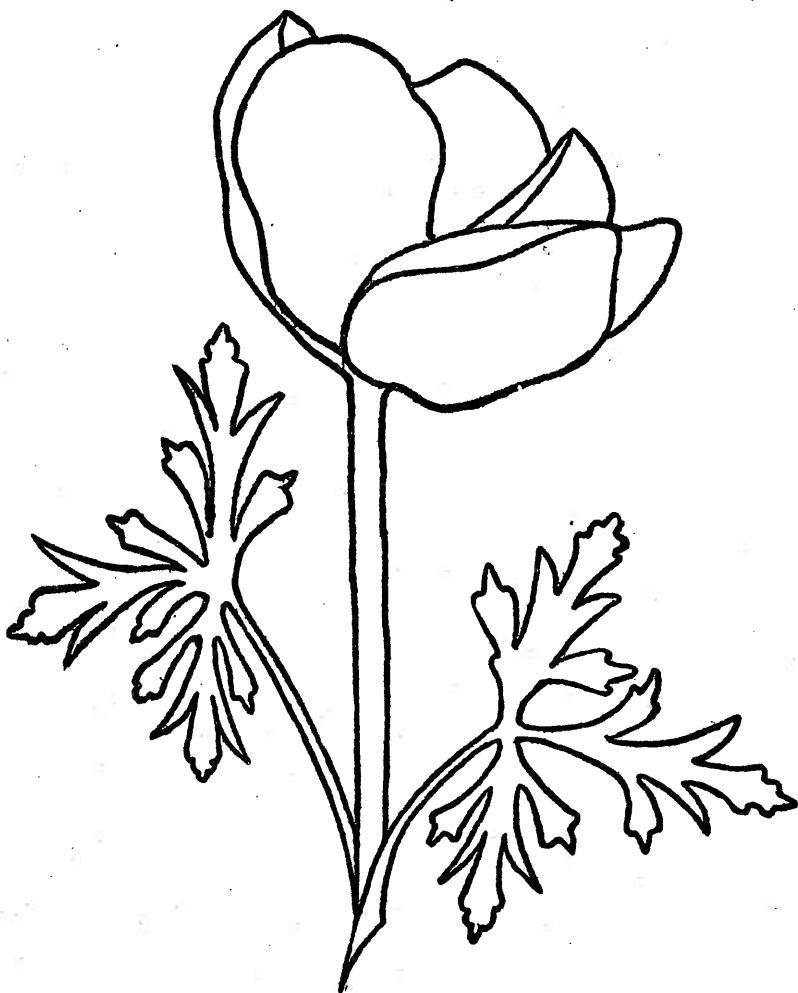
(Mary L. Butler.)

BENEDICTION.

For the Teacher: Here is a picture of Palestine in spring-time painted for us by Mrs. Gaskoin: "A flush of rich color, bathing the generally gray monotony in bloom. . . . Sweet as the first flowers of our own woods and meadows are, the tints of most of them are somewhat pale and delicate, whereas in Palestine the fields are transfigured, after the sudden impetuous rains of the early spring, by what looks like a flood of living fire. For scarlet is the prevailing color of the flowers. There, indeed, bloom blue scillas, white narcissus, purple stocks, golden marigolds, and pink phlox, besides white and pink and yellow rock-roses, and many other fair blossoms. But, from a distance, the varying tints of these are thrown into comparative shade by the mantle of burning scarlet which the sudden spring flings down upon the Holy Land. Not only scarlet poppies but scarlet tulips, scarlet lilies, scarlet anemones, which we cultivate as choice flowers in our English gardens,

there glow in careless, untended profusion. And over their beauty butterflies gayly flutter, while the yellow wagtail and other birds plume themselves in the genial sunshine."

(Mrs. Herman Gaskoin.)



Artist—Marjorie Clarke.

LESSON LII

THE TIME OF THE SINGING OF BIRDS

LET this lesson be full of music. We understand too little the meaning of praise. When the world was young, man did not know that he needed words. Then words came, with companionship, and when he began to wonder and to seek for God, he added song, for there were too few words to express his feeling.

Ever since that long-ago time singing has been our way of expressing our deepest joys and sorrows and our blessed faith. Forget, if you are musical, that the children's voices are untrained. Do not urge them to sing louder, but help them through your attitude, and the joyous things that you have to tell, truly to praise God.

If your garden is planted and it does not rain, water it with the help of the children. If you are so situated that you can, go to the real country for an hour, away from street and city sounds, and listen for nature sounds. Stand still and listen. "Be still and know that I am God." Note the sounds as they untangle and then sing a hymn—one of the hymns of praise learned with these lessons of wonder. Play several ring and singing games, and stay for your service of worship. Or, if it is too cool, return to the classroom. Bring buds and blossoms, sprays of new leaves, a last year's nest or any other object lessons found and valued by the children. Even though you return for the service, repeat the memory work in the open and recall the first words of the Bible—the words that Neesima read with so much joy—as you regard with seeing eyes the heavens and the earth.

A Plan for the Classroom:

Form a circle and play singing games. March to music, on tiptoe when the music is soft, and with a firm tread when the music is more vigorous. You may be able to borrow a number of bird charts from a kindergarten or library. When the children go to the table have several illustrated bird books lying there for them to examine. The colored plates will delight them and you may add to their pleasure by going around the table commenting and sympathizing. Look among the pictures collected for bird pictures and cut and mount them, to be taken home. Or give each child a bird picture ordered from the Perry Picture Company.

Service of Worship:

CHIMES.

HYMN: *Fair Are the Meadows* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 41).

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work* repeated. Read aloud *Song of Solomon* 2. 11-13; *Psalm* 19. 1; *Genesis* 1. 1.

STORY: *The Time of the Singing of the Birds.*

Long years ago there lived a man whose name was Francis. Francis was a kind and gentle man, and so good to everyone, both man and beast, that they called him "saint." "Saint" means "holy," and all holy things are good. The country in which Saint Francis lived was warm and sunny. There were flowers everywhere and the sky was blue by day, and bluer still by night. At night it was a dark blue sky, filled with stars, and Francis loved to sleep out of doors on the ground with the sky for a roof. As he lay on the ground looking at the stars and thinking of God, who made them, he heard the little sounds the birds and animals make when they say "Good night." Francis loved the birds and animals and he understood

their language. He called the birds his little sisters and brothers, and when he called them they flew to him and perched on his shoulders and ate from his hand. Even the fierce wolves and the sly foxes came when Saint Francis called them.

An old wolf who was cross and fierce lived in a cave near the place where Saint Francis loved to spend his days. The wolf frightened the children who came to gather berries near the forest, and when the children told Saint Francis about him Saint Francis called, "Brother Wolf, come to me." The old wolf came shyly nearer and nearer and then he lay down at Saint Francis' feet. "Brother Wolf," said Saint Francis, "it is cruel to frighten the children. They would like to be your friends and give you food. The gentle birds and rabbits are their playmates. Be gentle, Brother Wolf!"

A friend once gave Saint Francis a little lamb. The lamb loved Saint Francis dearly, but one day Saint Francis started on a long journey and left all of his animals and birds to be cared for by his friends. He was gone so long that the little lamb grew to be a great sheep while he was away, and as the cooler days were coming, the friends sheared the sheep and made a warm cloak for Francis from the wool. Saint Francis was very glad to wear the warm cloak and he thanked the sheep for the wool, and also the friends who made the wool into yarn and wove it into a cloak for him.

One day Saint Francis walked to town on an errand, and in the market place he saw a boy trying to sell two little wild doves. The boy had caught them in a trap, and the doves were so frightened that it made Saint Francis very unhappy to hear them cry. "Give them to me!" he begged, and the boy handed Saint Francis the little frightened doves. He walked back to the forest with a dove in each hand and he spoke so gently to them that they stopped crying and were happy and contented. They were *very* happy when Saint Francis set them free in the forest, and they built a nest in a tree near the

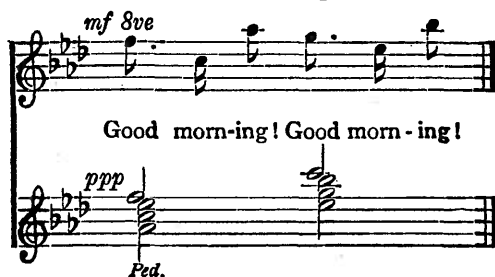
little home that Saint Francis had made for himself. They never flew very far away from their good friend, and he knew that their soft cooing meant, "Thank you, thank you!" and that they loved him.

Saint Francis called the birds to him one day and they came by hundreds. When the branches of the trees were filled with birds and the ground was covered with them, Saint Francis preached a little sermon to them.

He said: "My little sisters and brothers, God has given you your soft wings, and he has taught you to fly. He gave you your pretty coats of feathers and he gives you good things to eat. Sing your sweetest songs for him, little birds, for God is good." When the little sermon was over, Saint Francis smoothed the bright feathers of his little bird friends and then they flew away, singing most lovely songs.

One morning, before it was light, Saint Francis stood in the forest waiting to hear the birds sing their good-morning songs. At first it was very still. The stars were still shining and the whole world seemed to be asleep. But the world grew gray and then the stars faded, as a bright place came in the sky just over the hills. A sleepy little bird sang softly:

Sleep Song



and another bird took his soft little brown head out from under his wing and answered. He sang:

Dawn Chirp



Sing all ye, and praise the Lord!

It was a beautiful song and the sleepy birds took their heads out from under their wings. They opened their eyes, and listened, as the thrush sang his morning sermon. Then they too began to sing, for the thrush was telling them, "Sing! Sing! Sing!" It made Saint Francis happy to hear them. It would make anyone happy to hear a forest full of birds singing their morning song. Saint Francis thought he heard the thrush say:

"Sing! brothers, sisters, little ones in the nest!

Sing! for morning has come and God has given us a new day!

Sing! for the darkness has gone;

Night is good for rest; for seeing many stars, for coolness and sweet wood odors.

But now the world wakes to gladness and the day is here!

Sing! and let your songs be all of joy, to tell to every creature that God is love;

Sing all ye! and praise the Lord!"

Morning Song



NOTE: Harry S. Mason has harmonized the notes of the thrush's songs for us. The chords should be played very softly (pressure touch) and both pedals used freely. As you repeat the words of the song as they come in the story, the piano should carry the tune. Speak the lines clearly and without haste. The music may be repeated several times; as often as need be, while you are speaking, and once softly after you finish, as a postlude. The music should be a background for the words that you are saying, and not a tune that you attempt to sing.

PRAYER: A prayer song, *Father, We Thank Thee* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 15).

POEM:

"Praise to God for things we see,
The growing flower, the waving tree,
Our mother's face, the bright blue sky,
Where birds and clouds come floating by—
Praise to God for seeing.

"Praise the Lord for sounds we hear,
Voices of our playmates dear,
Merry bells and songs of birds,
Stories, tunes and kindly words,
Praise the Lord for hearing."

BENEDICTION.

For the Teacher: Read "The Return of the Birds," in Wake Robin; "The Spring Birds' Procession," in Field and Study, both by John Burroughs.

LESSON LIII

GOD'S TREES

TEACH this lesson as near Tree Day as you can, and plant a tree if you have a suitable place and can gain permission. There are organizations in many States and cities with which teachers can cooperate, and the literature published by such organizations will help you to know what to plant and how to plant it. Write to the Department of Agriculture and also to the Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., for pamphlets.

This would be a time when several classes could combine to great advantage. You may be able to plant your tree and hold your tree-planting exercises with the first and third primary classes, or even with classes of older children, and different organizations. This would make it necessary for you to plan for this occasion weeks ahead. If you join other classes, a committee will probably arrange a program. But if you are to work alone, the material given here will be helpful.

If you buy and plant a tree, you will find a small evergreen to be a wise choice. They are hardy, and while the growth is slow they give you a spot of green all winter and will serve as an outdoor Christmas tree when next the blessed season comes round. You will perhaps have the joy of watching birds all winter if you place the right bird house in your tree to attract them, and feed them properly.

If a tree is out of the question, plant a vine. A florist will sell you a well-rooted vine, and Virginia Creeper is a good choice. Amphilopsis is also satisfactory and climbs without help if planted against a stone or brick wall. The sunny side of any school or church building—if there are a few inches

between the wall and the pavement—will be a good place for planting, and if the children water the vine for a few weeks until it is well started, it will be a great pleasure to many and provide you with red leaves in the fall.

If you plant a vine quite by yourselves, meet the children in the yard and do your planting before you go into the classroom for the service.

A Plan for the Classroom:

If you really cannot manage a planting, arrange a basket of fruit in the center of the table before the children arrive. Let it all be the fruit of trees—although this is late in the season for it. An orange, dates, figs, apples, a cone and an acorn will give you what you need for your lesson, and maple sugar in small pieces will be an added pleasure. Ask the children to help you place squares of paper for doilies and chairs for all. When you are seated take each of the fruits in turn and tell some interesting thing about them, remembering that the trees on which these beautiful things grew were made by God.

Apple: Recall the story of the Garden of Eden (Lesson XLI). Cut the apple in two midway between the stem and the blossom and show the star formed by the seeds and seed cases. Show a seed and note how small a thing it is to contain an apple tree! Give each child a small piece of apple to eat. Have the children seen apple trees? Speak of the blossoms.

Orange: Oranges grow in the countries where it is always warm. The orange tree is very beautiful with its shining green leaves, and the white blossoms, and oranges like yellow lanterns are as gay as a Christmas tree.

“‘What shall I send,’ said the mother tree,
 ‘To my children living over the sea?’
 The oranges all waved to and fro
 And said, ‘We’ll go! We’ll go!’

"Over the sea so wide and deep,
Rocked by the waves till they fell asleep,
On they were carried, till each one came
To the home of a child—do you know his name?"
(Author Unknown.)

Each child may have an orange quarter.

Date: Tell or let the children tell "The Palm Tree Village" (Lesson IV).

Fig: The Children of Israel ate figs and dates when they came to wells of water and palm trees. These came from that part of the world. (Cut the fruit up and give each child a taste.)

Cone: This is fruit too—fruit for the birds. The part that they eat is in these little pockets. Perhaps if I shake it, some of the bird food will come out. Yes, here it is, with a wing to help it fly. When these little seeds fall out, and the birds do not find them, the wind carries them to a place where a tree is to grow, and the sun and the rain and the earth help them. Tall pine trees grow from these little winged seeds. We will plant this and perhaps it may grow for us.

Acorn: This is the fruit for squirrels. Great oak trees are folded up and packed away in acorns. I am going to tell you a story about an acorn when we go to service. We will watch for oak trees that grew from acorns when we take our next walk. Shall we bow our heads and thank the heavenly Father for creating all of these splendid trees?

We thank thee for all trees, for they are shady and lovely. They give us fruit to eat and the birds build their nests in them. We wonder how the world can be so beautiful! Amen.

Play:

Each child waves uplifted arms, making believe he is a tree. Ask the children in turn which of the trees they are and why.

Service of Worship:

THE CHIMES.

HYMN: *Trees* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 61).

"Trees are good to have for friends
Who live right near to you;
They love to whisper secrets
Meant only for a few.

"Elms and maples serve you well
On front lawns, with their shade;
They bow to welcome callers
On pleasure come or trade.

"Quite near the back door planted
Are apple, peach, and pear;
In blossom time the fruit trees
With fragrance fill the air.

"They let you climb their branches;
They hold your long rope swing;
And hidden by their green leaves
The birds are heard to sing.

"Only God could make a tree
From tiny brownish seed;
Wherever he has placed one,
We have a friend indeed."

SCRIPTURE READING: *Memory Work.*

HYMN: *Fair Are the Meadows.*

STORY: *The Little Acorn.*

It was a little acorn that hung on the bough of a tree. It had a tender green cup and a beautifully carved saucer to hold it. The mother oak fed it with sweet sap every day, the birds

sang good-night songs above it, and the wind rocked it gently to and fro. The oak leaves made a soft green shade above it, so the sun could not shine too warm on its green cover, and it was as happy as an acorn could be.

There were many other acorns on the tree, and I am sure the mother often whispered loving words to all her babies.

The summer days were so bright and pleasant that the acorn never thought of anything but sunshine and an occasional shower to wash the dust off the leaves.

But you know that summer ends and the autumn days come. The green cup of the acorn turned to a brown cup, and it was well that it grew stiffer and harder, for the cold winds began to blow.

The leaves turned from green to golden brown, and some of them were whisked away by the rough wind. The little acorn began to grow uneasy.

"Isn't life all summer?" it said.

"No," whispered the mother oak, "the cold days come and the leaves must go and the acorns too. I must soon lose my babies."

"Oh! I could never leave this kind bough," said the frightened acorn. "I should be lost and forgotten if I were to fall."

So it tried to cling all the closer to its bough; but at last it was alone there. The leaves were blown away, and some of them had made a blanket for the brown acorns lying on the ground.

One night the tree whispered this message to the lonely acorn: "This tree is only your home for a time. This is not your true life. Your brown shell is only the cover for a living plant, which can never be set free until the hard shell drops away, and that can never happen until you are buried in the ground and wait for the spring to call you into life. So let go, little acorn, and fall to the ground, and some day you will wake to a new and glorious life."

The acorn listened and believed, for was not the tree its sheltering mother? So it bade her farewell, and, loosing its hold, dropped to the ground.

Then, indeed, it seemed as if the acorn were lost. That night a high wind blew and covered it deep under a heap of oak leaves. The next day a cold rain washed the leaves closer together, and trickling streams from the hillside swept some earth over them. The acorn was buried. "But I shall wake again," it said, and so it fell asleep. It might have been cold; but the frost fairies wove a soft, white snow blanket to cover it, and so it was kept warm.

If you had walked through the woods that winter, you would have said the acorn was gone, but then you could not have seen the life slumbering within the brown cover. But spring came and called to all the sleeping things underground to waken and come forth. The acorn heard and tried to move, but the brown shell held it fast. Some raindrops trickled through the ground to moisten the shell, and one day the pushing life within was set free. The brown shell was of no more use and was lost in the ground, but the young plant was to live. It heard voices calling it upward. It must arise. "A new and glorious life," the mother oak had said.

"I must arise," the acorn said, and up the living plant came, up to the world of sunshine and beauty. It looked around. There was the same green moss in the woods, the same singing brook.

"And I shall live and grow," it said.

"Yes," called the mother oak, "you are now an oak tree. This is your real life."

And the tiny oak tree was glad and tried to stretch higher toward the sun.

(Lucy Wheelock. Used by permission.)

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

Additional Material: 1. For tree-planting ceremonies, see *Arbor Day*, one of the books in Our American Holiday Series, by Robert Haven Schauffler. 2. "Why the Evergreen Trees Keep Their Leaves in Winter." 3. "Why the Morning Glory Climbs," in *How to Tell Stories to Children*, by Sara Cone Bryant. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 4. "The Coming of the Wonder Tree," *Educating by Story-Telling*, by Katherine Dunlap Cather. World Book Company, Yonkers, N. Y. 5. "The Silver Cones" (Lesson XVI).

For the Teacher:

For there is hope of a tree,
If it be cut down, that it will sprout again,
And that the tender branch thereof will not cease.
Though the root thereof wax old in the earth,
And the stock thereof die in the ground,
Yet through the scent of water it will bud,
And put forth boughs like a plant.

(From the Book of Job.)

Read "Trees," by Joyce Kilmer.

"The Wonder," in *The Emerald Story Book*, by Ada M. Skinner. Duffield, New York.

"A Day of Sunshine," by Henry W. Longfellow.

LESSON LIV

WHEN WE PRAY

THE services following these lessons might take place in the church or chapel. This lesson certainly should, unless you can be in the country or the woods. Give the first half of the hour to caring for the tree or vine planted a few days ago. It will need to be watered unless there has been a good rain. Those who have planted a garden bed will need to water that too. Sweep the path and sidewalk with the little brooms. Weed the garden bed and soften the earth around the tree or vine; or go to the park, carrying a tree book, and bring home leaves to draw and color.

A Plan for the Classroom:

Bring budding branches and study the blossoms and new leaves. Give each child a card (stiff manila paper will do) about 8x10 inches. Make freehand drawings of leaves, or lay a leaf on the card and draw around it. Then copy the veining, and color. Under the drawing, write the prayer for these lessons, and tie a loop of green worsted or ribbon in the top so that the child can hang the prayer card in his room.

March to church or to the chairs, as usual, for the service. Stand while you sing.

Service of Worship:

THE CHIMES.

HYMN: *Christ Is Risen* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 94).

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work* for these lessons.

HYMNS. *Fair Are the Meadows* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 41); *On a Spring Day* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 5).

STORY: *The Prayer That Jesus Taught.*

There is a hill in the country where Jesus lived called the Mount of Olives. It was a beautiful place, and the people who went to the top and looked way off could see the city of Jerusalem. They could see the river, and a lot of little villages where people lived in little clay houses and went every day to the well for water, as Mary did in Nazareth. The hill was a shady place, and the breeze was cool, if you sat under the olive trees.

One day Jesus went to the Mount of Olives with his friends Peter and Andrew and James and the others. These were the friends whom Jesus had asked to leave their homes and their work, and go with him, to help him and to learn how to teach as he taught.

They rested part way up the hill, in the shade, and Jesus left his friends and went away alone, to talk to his heavenly Father. Peter and Andrew and James and John knew that Jesus talked to the heavenly Father in a different way. So many of the people when they prayed called out loudly to God in the streets and everyone could hear. These people did not mean what they said, and did not think what they were saying.

Even these good friends who helped Jesus so much did not know how to pray as Jesus did. They saw that when Jesus had been talking with God he was happy, and that before he began his work he asked God to help him. And so when he came to them that day on the Mount of Olives after talking with his heavenly Father, they said, "Lord, teach *us* to pray." And Jesus taught them the prayer that we say so often. He said, "When ye pray, say, Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be

done, on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen." The friends of Jesus listened, and remembered, and said the prayer that Jesus had taught them, again and again. Then they taught it to a great many people, and the people who heard them say it said it too, and so through all these many, many years people have said it and we say it! It is called the Lord's Prayer because the Lord first taught it. To-day there are a great many people in Japan, Neesima's country, who say this prayer in a different language from ours. You know how very different it is. The people up in the cold country, where the snow stays all the year, are saying those words to the heavenly Father in *their* language. The people who live in the hot countries, where the oranges grow, are saying it too, and the heavenly Father hears and understands everyone!

The heavenly Father wants his children to talk to him. He wants them to ask for the things that they want, and he wants us to pray about other people. And now I am going to tell you a very wonderful thing—he wants us to help him to answer our prayers! How can we help to make his kingdom come, on earth as it is in heaven? Why, by being happy and good and making other people happy and good also. (Speak of ways of making others good and happy. By our tree, just planted, by singing for them, by making presents for them, etc.) Here is a story about a boy who helped a prayer to be answered:

ANOTHER STORY ABOUT LITTLE TROT

Little Trot was playing on the beach near his home. He had made a big mountain of sand. It was almost as high as the rocks that lie asleep all day in the sun.

When Trot had worked for a long time, Jane, his nurse, brought him a roll and a piece of chocolate. Trot turned the mountain into an armchair, and sat happily biting his roll and nibbling his chocolate.

Then something happened. A little boy came wandering down the beach. Trot stopped eating and stared. He had never seen a boy so dirty before. The boy's feet were bare and his shirt was torn. The boy stopped and looked at Trot. Trot crammed the last bit of roll into his mouth.

"Have you had your lunch?" he asked.

"No," said the boy. "There wasn't any."

"Did your mother forget to go to market?" Trot wondered how a mother *could* forget her little boy.

The boy did not answer.

Trot sat thinking. "Then you are hungry. If I had known you were coming I could have saved my roll."

The boy made holes in the sand with his bare toes.

Then Trot asked, "Do you ask God to give you your daily bread?"

"No," said the boy. "Is it true about God?"

"Why, of course," said Trot. "We talk to him every day, and he takes care of my daddy, when he is on the sea, and he gives us our daily bread, and jam, and chocolate too."

Trot looked at the boy and decided that he really did not have much to say thank you for. He had no hat, no shoes, no bath, and no lunch.

"Where is God?" asked the boy.

"Everywhere, 'specially in churches," Trot answered. "He hears everything you say. To-night, before you go to bed, ask him to send you a roll for lunch to-morrow, and you will get it."

"Where shall I find it?" and the boy looked doubtful.

Trot looked around for a good place. There were little caves in the rocks where the water never came.

"Ask God to put it in that little cave in the rock," said Trot. "When you go to bed to-night, say to God, 'Please put a roll for me in the little cave in the rock where Trot keeps his spade. Amen.'"

The boy nodded and ran down the beach the way he had come.

The next day when Trot went to play on the beach he ran to the little cave in the rock. He looked in, and put his hand in and felt around, but there was nothing there but his spade. He wondered.

Then Jane came calling, "Trot, Trot! here is your lunch."

Trot ran and took the roll Jane offered and put it quickly into the cave. When he turned, the little ragged boy was coming, hungry for his roll.

When the boy had swallowed the last crumb Trot asked, "Was it good?"

"Yes, very," said the boy. "But God did not put it there. You did. I saw you."

Trot was very solemn. "Yes, I did," he said, "but I think God told me to. He needs us all to help him sometimes. My mother told me so. I help him plant seeds, and feed chickens, and I suppose he wanted me to help him with that roll."

"Oh!" said the boy. "Shall I say it again to-night?"

"Yes, do," said Trot. And the boy ran off.

"Jane," said Trot, when he was ready to play on the beach next day, "please bring two rolls, this morning;" and Jane did.

(From *Mon Petit Trot*, by A. Lichtenberger. Translated and adapted. Reprinted from *The Mayflower*. Used by permission of The Pilgrim Press.)

PRAYER: *A Prayer of Wonder* and *The Lord's Prayer*.

HYMN: A prayer song, *Father, We Thank Thee* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 15).

POEM: *Prayer.*

"If at night when day is done,
Kneeling by your bed,
You can only think of Him,
Though no word is said;
If in crowds you think of Him
Who gives you life and air,
God will know, in his love,
That you mean a prayer."
(W. H. Neidlinger. Used by permission.)

BENEDICTION.

For the Teacher: Read Chapters VIII and IX in *Training Children in Religion*, by George Hodges. Read "A Child's Thought of God," by Elizabeth Barrett Browning. For the words and music of "Prayer" write to The Neidlinger School of Music, East Orange, New Jersey. Read "The Olive Tree," by S. Baring-Gould, in *Golden Numbers* and other collections of poetry.

LESSON LV

GOD'S WONDERFUL WORLD

HERE is a lesson that should be taught where the children can get a view. The roof of the building may be a safe place to go to, that the children may see far. Or there may be a tall building in the neighborhood, with a roof garden. Take your Bible with you and read the story of creation as the children are enjoying the small part of it that lies before them. Point out the land and the water, the green things that grow, and the birds.

On your return water the tree or vine, and the garden, before you go to the classroom.

A Plan for the Classroom:

You will need a globe, and a copy of Harold Copping's picture "The Hope of the World."

Bring out all of the collected pictures and make a poster of all that illustrate "God created the heavens and the earth." Use a large square of new manila paper and letter the words across the top. Mount the pictures of trees, flowers, sky, birds, and animals, arranging them prettily. Pin the poster where all can see it when you have your service.

March or play "Making Pictures." Ask them to pose in turn, leaving the others to guess what the picture is. Begin by showing them just what you mean, by shading your eyes and looking afar off. You are looking at the trees and lakes and birds that God made. Stand looking up—at the stars that God made. Stoop to pick a flower that God made. And so on.

Service of Worship:

THE CHIMES.

HYMN: *Fair Are the Meadows* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 41).

STORY: *The World.*

(Use a map or a globe.) Jesus said: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation."

This is a little make-believe world. It is as much like the world as a little doll is like a child. But it makes us think of the world and that is because the world is a ball, but a great, wonderful, beautiful one.

This is a map of the world. We can think of the big world when we look at a picture of it like this. The world is a big, wonderful ball. It turns and turns, and we forget that it is turning and never think about it at all. Sometimes we forget about the people who live on the other side of the world, for, of course, we cannot see them. This blue part of the picture shows where the oceans are. (Point.) Have you ever seen a ship that can go away across these wide oceans? The ships go very fast, and yet the journey takes days and days, and nights and nights, because the world is so big. The countries are very big too. When people want to go across a country they have to eat and sleep on board a train, and even when the engine goes very fast they have to stay in the cars for days and days.

These crooked lines (point) are put here to show where the rivers are. Have you ever seen a river? Some are very wide, and steamboats sail on them. Some are quite narrow and not deep at all, so that children can wade in them. These little marks (point) are here to show where beautiful, big mountains are. These dots (point) are cities. There are cities in all the countries, you see (point), and people, people, everywhere. They live close together in the cities, on farms in the country, and all up and down beside the rivers. People live here on these islands too. (Point.) The beautiful water

of the ocean curls up around these islands, and there are beaches, fine places for children to play. The big, round, hot sun shines and makes things bright and happy. The sun makes the food grow and the people well.

God made this wonderful world for his children. He made warm countries here (point) at the biggest part, and put his brown children to live there. Some of his children live here (point) at the top of the world, where it is always cold and snowy, even in summer. His yellow children live here (point to China), and we, who are his children too, live here (point). We will say our verse again, all together: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation." The world is sometimes called the whole creation, and when Jesus said that he meant that he wanted everybody to know and to love the heavenly Father. But, do you know, even though a great many people have obeyed what he said and have gone here, and here, and here (point), and have told all the people they could, lots of people haven't heard about the heavenly Father yet.

In some of these countries far away from us, people do the strangest things. They make images and call them gods. They think that one of the images makes the sun shine, and that another makes the plants grow. They have images (which are called idols, you know) for everything. They sometimes think that their idols are cross, and that when they are ill the idols have made them so. These far-away people have no good, kind doctors like ours, and very often the brown and yellow children are sick and sad. Jesus said, "Let the little children come unto me." (Show the picture, "The Hope of the World.") And in this picture we can see that he loves them all. This little girl on his knee lives here (point). Her country is called India. This little boy is from China (point). This little boy sitting on the ground is from Africa (point). And this little girl is from the islands of the sea (point to the

Philippines). A little girl from our own part of the big world stands here (point). They are all listening to what Jesus is saying. He is telling them about the heavenly Father.

When everybody knows how to love and how to pray, the world will be a safe, beautiful place for all the children. Everybody, even children, must help. Those who cannot go "to the whole creation" must give money to build schools and churches. We can send letters and pictures to the missionaries and do a great many things to help.

POEM: *Neighbors.*

"Beneath my feet the floor so long,
Beneath the floor the earth so strong,
Earth holds my house, and earth holds me,
It is my wide, wide home, you see.

"Above my head the roof is high,
Above the roof the bending sky,
It covers house, it covers me—
Sky is my wide, wide roof, you see.

"Within this wide house lives my kin,
In many lands, like rooms shut in,
We are one family, don't you see—
In this wide house they live with me."

(Mary E. Laing.)

God's Other Lads (Lesson IV).

The Secret (Lesson XXVIII).

PRAYER.

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work*, repeated by the children.

HYMN.

BENEDICTION.

LESSON LVI

REVIEW

THERE are a number of interesting ways in which these lessons can be reviewed, both in doors and out of doors. You will want to inspect any planting that you have done, and you may find a need for water. Seeds may have sprouted and the vine may have grown. Are there any signs of housekeeping in the bird house? Sweep the path, steps, and walk, with the little brooms. Invite another class to join you and go to the park together, returning for the service, or tell several of the stories in a neighbor's garden. Go to the roof or remain in the classroom, bringing out the butterflies, posters, prayer cards, Easter cards, and the globe. Entertain the guests with poems and songs and ask them to tell what *they* have learned. See if there is not a butterfly or an Easter card for each guest. A variation of the game of twenty questions can be played, a child announcing that he is thinking of something that God made. He may have chosen a star or a child or a flower for you to guess. You will need to take the lead, the first time at least.

The first half hour may be spent in any of these ways, before the chimes call you to service.

Service of Worship:

HYMN (selected).

STORIES: *A Wonderful Journey to Jerusalem* (Lesson XLI). *The Story of Easter* (Lesson XLII).

PRAYER.

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work.*

POEMS: *Neighbors* (see Lesson LV). *Praise to God for Things We See* (see Lesson LII). Have the Children repeat *God's Other Lads*.

HYMNS (selected).

BENEDICTION: May the blessing of the heavenly Father be upon us and upon all children forever and ever. Amen.

Additional Material: For instructions concerning bird houses see Lesson V.

For directions for making simple bird houses see *Things to Make*, by Gertrude Hutton.

The Butterfly, in *The Emerald Story Book*, by Ada M. Skinner.

VIII. THE HAPPY CHILD

- LVII. A Lesson in Friendliness.
- LVIII. Thankfulness.
- LIX. How to Love One Another.
- LX. Learning to Work.
- LXI. The Meaning of Loyalty.
- LXII. The Great Lesson of Obedience.
- LXIII. Worship Through Wonder.
- LXIV. Summer is Here.

REVIEW

RE-VIEW. That is it. The mind, and especially the little child's mind, needs to re-view frequently what it is learning. New thoughts take root but slowly and at first insecurely. Unfamiliar mental pictures at the beginning are often but dim outlines and need to be painted afresh. Early impressions of truth and its meaning are somewhat hazy when first grasped, and must be cleared by repetition and new associations. Hence *re-view*.

Children love to repeat the familiar, and especially do they enjoy repeating favorite stories and prayers, or verses they have memorized. Here, then, is the teacher's opportunity. But she must remember that only the alert, active, interested mind which is compelled by a mood of willingness and response will really assimilate new thoughts, deepen its impressions, or paint in more vivid colors its mental pictures.

In this last section of lessons, therefore, make sure that the finest thoughts, the best lessons, the most helpful songs, and the most valuable memory materials are brought frequently to the minds and hearts of the children. Repeat, re-view, reenforce, make secure what you would have your class carry away with them from your course.



LESSON LVII

A LESSON IN FRIENDLINESS

MAY shall be a month of interesting reviews of the year's work. The most important and worth-while stories and hymns have been selected for review, and the memory work should be repeated often, although these seven-year-old children memorize in a wonderful way and seem to retain a great deal of what they learn. One of the stories listed as additional can be told each time if something new is desired, but the emphasis should be upon the Bible stories.

Play: Act the little street scenes (see Lesson III).

Stories: *Jesus, Friend of Children* (see Lesson II). *Two Friendly People and Another* (see Lesson VII).

Activity:

Bring out all the materials that you have left from the winter's work and make what you can, possibly each child making a different thing, to be taken to personal friends of the children, about whom you might inquire as you work. Or write letters to friends, for which you will have ready paper, pencils, and stamps, and if the children know the addresses, the letters can be mailed on the way home. Suggest saying, "I am your friend, and a friend loveth at all times," or a sentence containing the thought of friendship.

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *Jesus, Friend of Little Children* (Songs for Little People, No. 29).

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SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work:*

"I have called you friends, . . . I chose you."

"A friend loveth at all times."

"Ye are my friends, if ye do the things which I command you."

"I say unto you, my friends, Be not afraid."

PRAYER: Jesus, gentle friend of all children, everywhere, we are glad that you called us your friends. Help us to do friendly things that will make our friends happy. Bless the friends we love and who love us. Amen.

HYMN.

BENEDICTION:

"Heavenly Father, wilt thou hear me?

Bless thy little child to-night;

Through the darkness be thou near me;

Keep me safe till morning light.

"All this day thy hand has led me;

And I thank thee for thy care;

Thou hast clothed me, warmed me, fed me;

Listen to my evening prayer."

(Words and music to be found in "Songs for the Little Child," by Clara Belle Baker and Caroline Kohlsaatt. The Abingdon Press.)

Additional Story: "The Lame Boy," in First Book of Religion, by Mrs. Charles A. Lane.

LESSON LVIII

THANKFULNESS

Roof gardens, churchyards, and parks, if not the open country, should be the scene of these lessons, even though you may have to omit the handwork. Play games and give an occasional opportunity for free play.

Begin the lesson to-day by telling the stories, as you will want to dramatize them. Retell briefly "A Baby's Friends" (Lesson I), and follow your dramatization with the march to the Red Sea.

The next lesson will be your recognition of Mother's Day, and it should be planned at this time. The children know a great many interesting stories, lovely poems and Scripture verses as a result of the winter's work. No rehearsal will be necessary for carrying out the program given as the next lesson, but it will be wise to talk with the children and tell them what you purpose doing. You can send postcard invitations and use the handwork period for practicing if you like.

This recitation will add greatly to the program for the Mother's Day celebration, and if you plan to use it, give the verses written clearly or typed to three children to take home to-day, and learn.

OUR MOTHERS

FIRST CHILD

I know somebody with soft, quick hands,
And a heart that's gentle and understands.
It's my mother.

SECOND CHILD

I know somebody with soft, quick hands,
Her voice is as sweet as a happy song.
It's my mother.

THIRD CHILD

I know somebody with face so bright,
When she comes to the window she shines like a light.
It's my mother.

THREE CHILDREN IN UNISON

It's our mothers!

(Reprinted from "The Pilgrim Elementary Teacher."

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Stories: *A Joyful Noise* (see Lesson IX). *All Manner of Precious Fruits* (see Lesson XII).

Play: Dramatize stories.

Handwork:

Making baskets in which to deliver invitations to the Mother's Day meeting. Outline the baskets on an unthreaded sewing machine. They can then be torn quite readily by the children and pasted together along the edges (see Diagram I).

If you can gather flowers or arrange to have violets or other wild flowers sent to you, you may like to carry out an idea given us by a teacher in a congested city neighborhood. The children in her class went to the park and were allowed to gather violets. On their return they made covers for drinking glasses in which to arrange the flowers. She drew circles (Diagram 2 is the right size) on green paper, and the children cut them and wrote or printed "Mother's Day, May , 192 , " on the outer edge as shown below. The flowers were thrust through the hole in the center before they were presented, and the children were shown how to place the disc over the glass.

If the baskets are made, write invitations and put one in each little basket to be carried home to a mother.

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *America the Beautiful.*

SCRIPTURE READING:

Sing unto Jehovah with thanksgiving;
Sing praises upon the harp unto our God,
Who covereth the heavens with clouds,
Who prepareth rain for the earth,
Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.

—*Psalm 147.*

HYMN: *Can a Little Child Like Me* (Songs for Little People, No. 52).

PRAYER: We thank thee, dear heavenly Father, for music, and all lovely sounds, for all beautiful things that we love to see, for food and all growing things, for sunshine and for rain, for our friends and for Jesus, who said, "Fear not," we thank thee! Amen.

BENEDICTION (see Lesson LVII).

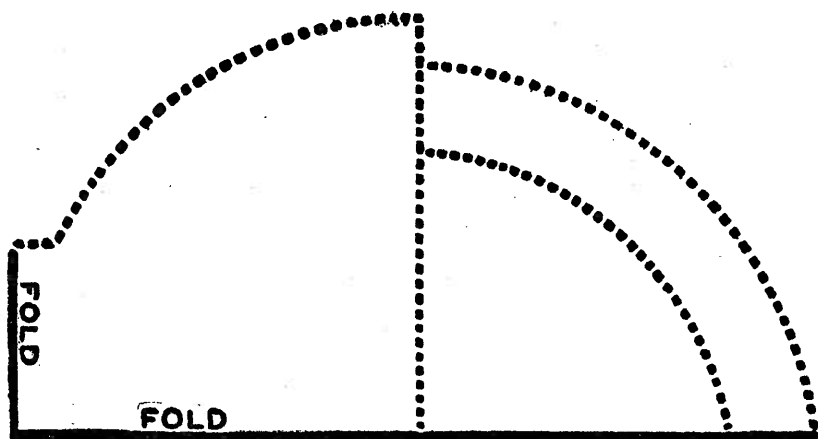


DIAGRAM I

(Used by permission of the Baptist Publication Society,
Philadelphia.)



DIAGRAM 2

LESSON LIX

HOW TO LOVE ONE ANOTHER

THE season best loved by the children is the time when we celebrate the birth of Christ. They will be glad to hear again some of the Christmas stories, even though the spring has come. The lesson of love, the love that "came down at Christmas," is most important at all times and you can have a very beautiful hour at this season when we might celebrate the Annunciation, and when the freshness of the nature world reminds us that because he lives we shall live also.

Bring out your copy of the "Sistine Madonna" and make the room as attractive as you can. Except for the recitation (see Lesson LVIII) the program should be nothing more than an hour with the children, as they follow very informally the ideas suggested here.

A Program for Mother's Day:

(Bright, sweet music, played while the children show the mothers to seats.)

HYMN.

RECITATION FOR THREE CHILDREN (see Lesson LVIII).

STORIES: *The Birth of Jesus Christ* (see Lesson XIX).
The Visit of the Wise Men (see Lesson XX).

HYMN.

POEM: *If I Had Been a Shepherd Boy* (see Lesson XIX).
Ask a boy to repeat the poem and if he needs prompting, ask a child who knows to do it.

HYMN.

PRAYER: *The Lord's Prayer*.

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work* for December.
MARCH.

BROOM DRILL (see Lesson XXIX).

DRAMATIZATION: *Street Scenes* (see Lesson III).

PRESENTATION: Bouquets in drinking glass covers (if these were planned).

HYMN.

BENEDICTION (see Lesson LVII).

Additional Stories: 1. "Hans and the Wonderful Flower," in *For the Children's Hour*, by Bailey and Lewis. 2. "Ander's New Cap," in *For the Story-Teller*, by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.

LESSON LX

LEARNING TO WORK

If you can, go to the playground, park, or fields, taking your bean-bags with you. After a good game (Lesson XXV) tell the children that you are going to gather flowers, pretty green leaves, and whatever there is that you may pick, and make bouquets to leave for friends as you pass their homes on your way back to the classroom. Produce cards on which you have written or typed, "A May Day bouquet from the children of the Week-day Class," or something that is more appropriate. As you assemble and tie the bouquets decide upon the places where you will leave them. If you can get materials for bouquets, this can be done in the classroom, and the flowers can be left for friends on the way home. May baskets can be made or the drinking glass covers used again if you like.

Stories: *How Jesus Worked and Played* (see Lesson XXVI). *Jesus of Nazareth Who Went About Doing Good* (see Lesson XXVII).

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *The Playmate of Nazareth.*

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work* for January with explanations (see Lesson XXIX).

HYMN (chosen by the children).

POEM: *Gentle Child of Nazareth* (see Lesson XXVI).

PRAYER: Dear Jesus, friend of children, who went about doing good, be with us in our work and in our play. Help us

PRAYER: *The Lord's Prayer.*

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work* for December.
MARCH.

BROOM DRILL (see Lesson XXIX).

DRAMATIZATION: *Street Scenes* (see Lesson III).

PRESENTATION: Bouquets in drinking glass covers (if these were planned).

HYMN.

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PRAYER: Dear Jesus, friend of children, who went about doing good, be with us in our work and in our play. Help us

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to play fair and to work well. Make us willing to be glad when others win, and keep us loving and busy. Amen.

HYMN (one that should be reviewed).

BENEDICTION.

NOTE: Ask the children to bring the scrolls on which they wrote Psalm 24, when they come to the next lesson.

LESSON LXI

LOYALTY

THIS lesson can be taught just as it is, in the classroom or out of doors. Changes should be made if other stories and activities seem more important than those that have been selected for this review.

March:

The leaders should carry the Christian flag and the American flag. After the march stand and salute both flags.

Stories: *Loyalty to God* (see Lesson XXXIII). *A Boy Who Was Loyal to His King* (see Lesson XXXIV). *A King Who Was Loyal to His People* (see Lesson XXXV). *A Great Procession* (see Lesson XXXVI).

Dramatization: (see Lesson XXXVII).

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *America the Beautiful*.

POEM: *My Land Is God's Land* (see Lesson XXXVIII).

HYMN: *America*.

SCRIPTURE READING: *Psalms 24* (read from scrolls if the children brought them).

PRAYER: O Lord, thou art with us here and everywhere! Even thy little children can do great things because thou art near. We want to help thy kingdom to come on earth as it is in heaven. Amen.

HYMN: *Fair Are the Meadows* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 41).

BENEDICTION (see Lesson LVII).

LESSON LXII

THE GREAT LESSON OF OBEDIENCE

A GOOD game of "Lame Chicken" (see Lesson XLVII) or bean-bags will be all that there will be time for to-day, for the stories are rather long and the dramatization, "Behavior on Street Cars," is to follow. Print the street-car rules on large cards and place them where they can be read easily: "Do not stand on the platform," "Do not put your feet on the seat," "Do not talk to the motorman," "Do not put your head out of the window" are a few that we have all read. See that these and any others that occur to you are obeyed and show that there are good reasons for these rules.

Stories: *Following the Cloud* (see Lesson XLII). *The Children of Israel Obey and Disobey* (see Lesson XLIII). *The Commandments* (see Lesson XLIV).

Play: "Behavior on Street Cars" (see Lesson XLVI).

Service of Worship:

THE CHIMES. (Church bells call us to service and should be obeyed.)

HYMN.

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work* for March.

"I will hear what God Jehovah will speak."

"All that Jehovah hath spoken will we do, and be obedient."

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the

great and first commandment. And a second like *unto it* is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

"Even the wind and the sea obey him."

HYMN: *Father, We Thank Thee* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 15).

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION:

"Gentle Child of Nazareth,
Let thy life so meek and tender,
Make us glad obedience render
To our father and our mother
And be kind to one another,
Gentle Child of Nazareth. Amen."

LESSON LXIII

WORSHIP THROUGH WONDER

IF there is work to be done in the garden, or you can walk on a country road where you may dig up weeds and plants if you like, spend the whole hour out of doors. It would be interesting to ask each child to tell what of all the things he had ever seen was the most wonderful. That would help you to know what the April lessons have taught. Make a list of wonderful things that you see as you go, to-day, and point out the wonder of some of the things that are commonplace because so familiar. You could take paper bags or small flower pots and allow each child to dig up a plant to take home. Take a reading glass and look at the centers of flowers through it. You can do this in the classroom. Take a few wild flowers with you when you go to the class, if you must have your lesson indoors.

Stories: *A Wonderful Journey to Jerusalem* (see Lesson XLIV). *A Story of Easter* (see Lesson L).

Service of Worship:

QUIET MUSIC: *Thrush's Song* (see Lesson LII).

HYMN: *Fair Are the Meadows*.

POEM: *The Lowly King* (see Lesson L).

HYMN: *Thank the Lord for All His Love* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 18).

PRAYER: Heavenly Father, help us to think of Jesus when we see flowers and hear birds sing. Let every beautiful thing

remind us of him, and we are glad for we are going to live with him forever in heaven. Amen.

SCRIPTURE READING: *The Memory Work* for April.

"Praise ye Jehovah.

Praise ye Jehovah from the heavens:

Praise him in the heights.

Praise ye him, sun and moon:

Praise him, all ye stars of light.

Mountains and all hills;

Fruitful trees and all cedars;

Beasts and all cattle;

Creeping things and flying birds;

Kings of the earth and all peoples;

Let them praise the name of Jehovah;

His glory is above the earth and the heavens.

Praise ye Jehovah."—*Psalms 148*.

LESSON LXIV

SUMMER IS HERE

IF the mothers of the children will help you, you can take the children to the park or woods for a picnic. It may be possible to have afternoon refreshments carried in baskets, if having early supper together out of doors makes too long an afternoon. Invite everybody who has been helpful and friendly to join you. The Scout who directed your play in February and the woman who allowed you to come to her garden might like to go on a picnic, and they would be sure to like an invitation, even though they cannot accept. The children can bring what their mothers want them to eat, and the excursion will give many opportunities for reviewing these lessons, if you will help the children to observe. Point out what you wish them to see, and make the little Street Scenes come true, when the boys (even if they have to be reminded) carry the baskets for the girls and are generally helpful. Play "A Picnic" (Lesson XLVIII) which will be great fun with real food, and real boxes and papers to gather up. Play ring games and any of the plays the children may choose.

Find a good place for the service, making it comfortable with coats and wraps, and call the children to order.

Service of Worship:

HYMN: *America the Beautiful.*

STORY: *The Gift of the Shining Stranger.*

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Boris, who lived with his mother and his granny in a little cottage just on the edge of the village. The cottage was quite old and the

shingles on the roof were very loose, so that the rain sometimes came through and the windows rattled when the wind blew 'round the edges in the winter, for Boris' mother was poor and worked hard to keep even that little home for granny and Boris and herself.

Of course she loved her little boy more than anything in the world, and many, many times she thought, "Oh, how I wish I could give Boris something that would give him happiness all his life long and help him to be a splendid, noble man!" As she washed the dishes or scrubbed the floor of the little cottage she would sing softly to herself while she thought, "Now, if a fairy were to give me *one* wish, what would I wish for little Boris?" Then she would think, "I might wish him to have wealth; but no, that alone would never make him happy. In fact, it might make him very miserable! I wonder if wisdom would be best for him? Yet if he had just wisdom, he might forget all about the little, simple everyday things and the people right around him. No, just the wisdom in books would never make him the fine man I want him to be." So she thought and thought, but could never decide on the one great gift she would like little Boris to have.

One evening, after he had had a particularly jolly time romping with the other children in the little village and had brought in the wood for his mother and helped wipe the dishes, he was lying in front of the fire studying away at his little old spelling book. Granny was sitting knitting in the chimney corner, and his mother was resting after the long, hard day. As she looked at little Boris, with the fire-light turning his hair to gold and his cheeks to red poppies, she was thinking about what he would be when he was a man—just as all mothers do, sometimes, you know. Suddenly there was a gentle knock at the door. It was so soft that at first they scarcely heard it, then it came again, a little louder—"Rap-rap."

Boris jumped up and ran to the door. There in the soft

darkness stood a Shining Stranger. He smiled at the little boy gazing at him in such surprise, and held out a little lamp, that, even in the darkness, Boris could see was very beautiful, made of shining gold all carved and burnished, and the little flame burning in it was the clearest, whitest, steadiest flame Boris had ever seen.

"Here, little Boris," said the Shining Stranger, "is the gift your mother has so often wished for you which will help you to become a man honored and beloved among the people. Only you must keep it bright and shining, and the flame burning clear and steady! Guard it carefully, little Boris!"

Then, before Boris could say "Thank you," or ask a question as to *how* he was to keep it bright and clear, the Shining Stranger was gone.

"Oh, mother, mother," he cried, turning back into the cottage. "See what the Shining Stranger has given me! Isn't it beautiful!"

As Boris ran back to show his mother and granny the little lamp, the whole bare room of the cottage seemed to grow beautiful. It glowed with a soft, rosy light and you couldn't see the cracks in the walls nor the stains the rain had made in the plaster. His mother's dress looked soft and pretty, like silk, and her face—oh, her face! It seemed to little Boris as he looked up at her that it was more beautiful than he had ever seen it.

Later, when he held the lamp to light granny into her little bedroom behind the big chimney, the flame seemed to him higher and clearer and the lamp to grow even *more* shining, if that were possible. Granny said, as she kissed him good night, that it seemed to her the floor was less uneven and she could walk better, and she was sure she never knew her bed to be so soft and downy.

You can imagine that Boris went to bed that night a very proud and happy little boy. The last thing he saw before he

closed his eyes was his lamp, glowing softly on the chimney piece.

The next morning he could hardly wait to eat his breakfast, he was so eager to run into the village and show his new, wonderful treasure to the other children. He was in such a hurry that he was rather impatient with his mother for not having the porridge cooked up more quickly and he grumbled that it was a great nuisance to have to get the wood and bring the water from the well! When, after their little breakfast, his mother asked him to go out and get the eggs for her to take to market, he answered quite crossly, "Oh, no, mother, I don't want to go after the old eggs! I have to show my new lamp to Cedric and Bertram and Ethelyn and Gerald and ever so many others before school time!" But when he turned to take his lamp from the chimney shelf he was terribly disappointed to see that there were streaks of tarnish all up its pretty sides and the flame was smaller and duller than it had been the night before. In fact, it was so much less attractive than he thought it was that he didn't want to show it to anyone and went disappointedly out after the eggs.

But when he came running home from school he had forgotten all about being cross. He had not missed a single word in his spelling lesson and the teacher had praised him for studying so earnestly. The boys had chosen him leader for their games, because, they said, he was fair and didn't grab everything himself. Last of all, just before he reached home, he had found a tiny little girl clinging to a tree and sobbing with fright because a big dog, who was really only a puppy, was jumping and barking around her. He was only trying to get her to play with him, but she was too little to know that and she was all alone and dreadfully frightened. So Boris called the dog away and threw a stick as far as he could for him to chase. Then he took the little girl by the hand and led her home to her mother. The little thing had clung to him so

tightly and her mother had been so thankful to find her that Boris felt like a grown-up man and protector, and, somehow, wonderfully happy inside!

When he reached home the first thing he saw was his lamp shining as brightly as ever it had the night before, and not a streak of tarnish anywhere.

"Oh, mother," he cried, "did you shine it up for me?"

"No," his mother answered, "I have been too busy."

"Humph," said Boris, staring at the lamp, "that's queer. It was black enough this morning!"

It wasn't long before everyone in the village had heard of, and seen, Boris' wonderful lamp. People came from far and near to feast their eyes on its soft, glowing beauty, and always they went away feeling somehow happier. Usually it was as shining and the flame as clear as one could wish. When it did grow dull, Boris soon got so that he would stop and stare at it thoughtfully a moment, and then usually he would remember about an errand his mother had asked him to do, or a cross word he had said to granny or mother or a playmate. He soon found out that all the rubbing and polishing he could give the lamp wouldn't take off the tarnished spots. They came—and they went away—by themselves, but Boris began to suspect, just as you have, that he knew *why* they came and what took them away!

Everyone loved the lamp so much that Boris used to carry it over to sick or sad people's houses and leave it there for them to see, and as he grew a bigger boy he was able to carry it further away to places where such a beautiful thing had never been seen before. Always the lamp seemed at such times to be especially beautiful. It came about too that people were almost as glad to see Boris as his wonderful lamp—he was always so cheery and helpful and kind. They began to ask him questions that troubled them and to tell him their secrets and ask his advice. Everyone honored and loved him.

So it was that when Boris was almost a man and was deciding what he should do he said one day to his mother :

"Mother, I think I will take my little lamp and travel up and down the earth, showing it to people and making dark places bright. It is selfish of me to keep such a lovely thing as my lamp just for myself and the people in my village. I should like to carry it to everyone, everywhere!"

So one day his mother kissed him good-by, and there was a happy light in her eyes, for she knew her little Boris had grown to be the kind of a man she had so often wished that he might be. Taking his lamp, Boris started on his travels. I wish I had time to tell you all his adventures as he journeyed over the mountains and plains and rivers, but everywhere he went his lamp carried happiness, and people were never quite so sad or lonely again nor the place so dark.

At last Boris grew very tired and he said, "I will give my lamp to someone else to carry while I go home and rest."

He sat down by a village well to watch for someone to whom he could entrust his beautiful lamp.

"I must choose carefully," he thought. "It should be someone who will learn little by little, just as I did, to care for the lamp."

Just then a merry band of children raced by. "Oh," cried one, "see what a beautiful lamp the man has. May we look, please?" and they crowded around him to see and admire the lamp.

"I can't see *anything*," wailed a little voice back in the crowd.

Quickly a jolly, laughing boy leaned down and tossed a wee girl to his shoulder.

"There you are," he cried. "Rollin's shoulder's strong!"

"Oh," cried the children in a chorus. "See! the light is all pink and the lamp glows like the sun."

As the children ran on, Boris smiled to himself, and just as the stars were coming out one by one he knocked at the door

of the cottage where the little boy with the jolly laugh lived, the one who had lifted up the little girl that afternoon.

When the little boy himself opened the door, Boris said, just as the Shining Stranger had said to him years before, "Here is the gift your mother has so often wished for you, which will help you to become a man honored and beloved among the people. Only you must keep it bright and shining and the flame burning clear and steady. Guard it carefully, little Rollin!"

He smiled to himself, as he stepped away in the darkness, to hear Rollin cry, just as he had once before, "Oh, mother, mother, see what the Shining Stranger has given me! Isn't it beautiful!"

(Ora Winifred Wood.)

HYMN: *All Things Bright and Beautiful* (A First Book in Hymns and Worship, No. 44).

PRAYER: Heavenly Father, help us to think of Jesus when we see flowers and hear birds sing. Let every beautiful thing remind us of him, and we are glad that we are going to live with him in heaven forever and ever. Amen.

MEMORY WORK: See how much of the year's work the children can repeat.

HYMN (a favorite).

BENEDICTION: The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God be with us all evermore. Amen.

During the summer vacation the children can:

Repeat the memory work.

Sing the songs we have learned for anyone who wants to hear them.

Gather bouquets for grown-up people.

Tell the stories to other children.

Collect shells, seeds, cones, and pictures.

Remember to honor fathers and mothers.

Care for the class flower bed, and water the tree or vine.

Make a notebook and write in it the things most enjoyed.

Write verses about the trees, sunsets, and flowers.

Write a letter to the teacher.

Pray the prayers learned with these lessons.

BREATHE THOU UPON US, LORD,
 THY SPIRIT'S LIVING FLAME,
THAT SO WITH ONE ACCORD
 OUR LIPS MAY TELL THY NAME;
GIVE THOU THE HEARING EAR,
 FIX THOU THE WANDERING THOUGHT,
THAT THOSE WE TEACH MAY HEAR
 THE GREAT THINGS THOU HAST WROUGHT.

"We get no good
By being ungenerous, even to a book,
And calculating profits—so much help
By so much reading. It is, rather, when
We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
Soulfoward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—
'Tis then we get the right good from a book."
—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

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Appleton and Company, New York.

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John. The Pilgrim Press, Boston.

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Manual of Stories, William Byron Forbush. George W. Jacobs & Company, Philadelphia.

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Mother Stories, Maud Lindsay. Milton Bradley Company, Springfield, Massachusetts.

A First Primary Book in Religion, Elizabeth Colson. The Abingdon Press, New York.

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Near East Picture Stories, Agnes W. Osborne. Missionary Education Movement, New York.

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Joyous Book of Singing Games, John Hornby. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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Songs for Little People, Frances Weld Danielson and Grace Wilbur Conant. The Pilgrim Press, Boston.

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The Posy Ring, Wiggin and Smith. McClure Phillips, New York.

For Days and Days, Annette Wynne. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

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A Child's Garden of Verses, Robert Louis Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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